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BUCCANEER

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TRAVEL ISSU

CRAIG

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
Luckies are less acid!
Recent chemical tests show*
that other popular brands
have an excess of acidity over
Lucky Strike of from 53% to 100%
Copyright, 1936, The American Tobacco Company
Luckies – a light smoke
OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO — "IT'S TOASTED"
*RESULTS VERIFIED BY INDEPENDENT CHEMICAL LABORATORIES AND RESEARCH GROUPS

SCANDALOUS

A lobbyist was trying his powers on a congressman from way out thar. "You wouldn't vote for the university appropriation, would you?" he leered. "Wal," came the reply, "I guess they learn 'em all right." "But, my good man, you know it's co-educational. Every one that goes in has to matriculate, and they both use the same curriculum. And every girl has to show her thesis before she graduates!"

—*Exchange.*

Blessings on the lady, who once and for all squelched the bugaboo of false modesty. During vacation she barged into the bathroom where her son, a Stanford senior, was shaving before the mirror. He had just taken a bath and was still wearing nothing but the shaving cream on his face. Hastily, he picked up a towel and held it in front of him. His mother stared at him with wide-eyed astonishment.

"Why all the modesty, son?" she asked. "Have you anything the other men haven't got?"

—*Chaparral.*

NUISANCE

A honeymooning couple were making a tour of eastern Europe. In some of the cities they found the hotel accommodations were terrible. There were seldom any bathtubs, and frequently not even water pitchers in their rooms.

One night, the bride, looking around the room in disgust, suddenly screamed: "I hate Istamboul."

"Me, too," agreed the groom. "It ain't got no handle on it."

—*Drexerd.*

NEWS ITEM

(With apologies to Dorothy Parker)

Men seldom make passes
At girls with mustaches.

—*V. H., in Pelican.*

FIZZZ

The doctor was visiting Rastus' wife to deliver her twelfth offspring. While riding along with Rastus he saw a duck in the road.

Doctor—Whose duck is that?

Rastus—That ain't no duck. That's the stork with his legs wore off. —*Punch Bowl.*

A young lady finding herself stranded in a small town, asked an old man at the station where she might spend the night.

"There ain't no hotel here," he said, "but you can sleep with the station agent."

"Sir," she exclaimed, "I'll have you know I'm a lady."

"That's all right," drawled the old man, "so is the station agent." —*The Log.*

Maw and Paw had an awful time getting married. Maw wouldn't marry Paw when he was drunk and Paw wouldn't marry Maw when he was sober.

—*Sagehen.*

UNCOVERED

Politician—The people won't elect me because of my youth.

Supporter—But you are fifty and your youth is spent.

Politician—That's the trouble—they found out how I spent it.

—*Log.*

And then there was the butcher that backed into the slicing machine and got a little behind in his work.

—*Mountain Goat.*

Psych. Prof.—What is the most wonderful thing in the world?

Stude—The most wonderful thing in the world, Professor, is Mae West.

Prof.—No. The most wonderful thing in the world is sleep.

Stude—Yes, sir, next to Mae West.—*Indiana Board Walk.*

HIGH PRESSURE

"Hello, operator, will you give me Information, please?"

"Informaaashun."

"Information, give me the number of the Great Marthound Bus Station, please."

"One moment." (Pause.) "Central 4567."

"Hello, Great Marthound Bus Station?"

"Yes ma'am. Guaranteed to get you there on time. Quote, 'Neither rain, nor storm, nor snow, nor wind can,' end quote, delay our buses. Our slogan, 'Our customers always come back for more.' "

"O. K. sister. It's sir, not ma'am. Can you tell me if the buses are running to New York in this weather?"

"Service is our motto, ma'am. A Marthound customer is always satisfied. I will connect you with our Information Bureau."

"Information Bureau speaking. We will tell you how to travel the *cheap* way to Albercerque, Florida, and Callander, the home of those five little cuties, the Dionne quints. We can—"

"Can you tell me if the buses are running today?"

"First-hand information. Another free service gladly given. Just one moment, ma'am, we will connect you with our chief dispatcher, outside."

(Rumbling noise.) "Hello, Chief Dispatcher speaking." (Rumbling noise.) "Sorry to have kept you waiting but a trolley just went by. Great Marthound at your service, ma'am."

"Listen, I want to know (rumbling noise)———in this weather."

"Sorry, madame, you have the wrong number, the Weather Bureau is Bul. 7623." (Click.)

"What sort of toothbrush do you want?"

"Lemme have a big one—there's thirty men in our fraternity." —*Penn State Froth.*

THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER

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Buccaneer
May, 1936

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Vol. 13
No. 1

CROOKED

No. 1: Do you actually think John is crooked?

No. 2: Crooked? Jeez, if I'd stick out my tongue he'd hook the coat off it.

—*Penn State Froth.*

Patient: Doctor, how are my chances?

Doc: Oh, pretty good, but I wouldn't start reading any continued stories yet. —*Sniper.*

Judge: "You can take your choice, ten dollars or ten days."

Prisoner: "I'll take the money, your Honor." —*Sundial.*

St. Peter—How did you get up here?

Latest Arrival—Flu.

—*Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern.*

LAST RESORT

If you are caught in hot water, he nonchalant; take a bath.

—*Ranger.*

My love hath flew, he done me dirt; I did not know he was a flirt.
To you who am schooled, oh! let me bid don't be fooled as I wuz did.
Oh! he be gone and am he went and left poor I alone.
Oh! cruel fate to be so blind to take he forth
And leave I hind. It could not wuz. —*Unknown.*

We print for your edification a very excellent summary of the difference between a diplomat and a lady . . .

When a diplomat says "Yes," he means "Perhaps." When he says "Perhaps," he means "No." When he says "No," he ceases to be a diplomat.

When a lady says "No," she means "Perhaps." When she says "Perhaps," she means "Yes." When she says "Yes," she ceases to be a lady.

—*Mountain Goat.*

UNDOUBTEDLY

If a man is drunk and is still a gentleman, he belongs to a good fraternity. —*Analyst.*

YES, WHERE?

Teacher (warning her pupils against catching cold): "I had a little brother seven years old, and one day he took his new sled out in the snow. He caught pneumonia, and three days later he died."

Voice from the rear: "Where's his sled?" —*Log.*

Editor: Whyd'ya clip this joke. You know that the censor board will cut it out?

Gagman: I know, but think of the fun they'll have reading it.

—*Bored Walk.*

FOUND—Roll of five-dollar bills. Will the owner please form a line at the north entrance to Main Building? —*Ohioan.*

Wisecrack Yourself a Free Box of Life Savers!

Now your pet wisecracks can get you more than a grin. Here's a prize contest where your funny-bone can tickle your sweet tooth.

Send us in your best laugh-maker. An attractive cellophane wrapped assortment of all Life Saver flavors will be awarded for the best joke submitted each month by one of the students.

Contributions will be judged by the editors of this publication and the right to publish any jokes is reserved. All editors' decisions are final.

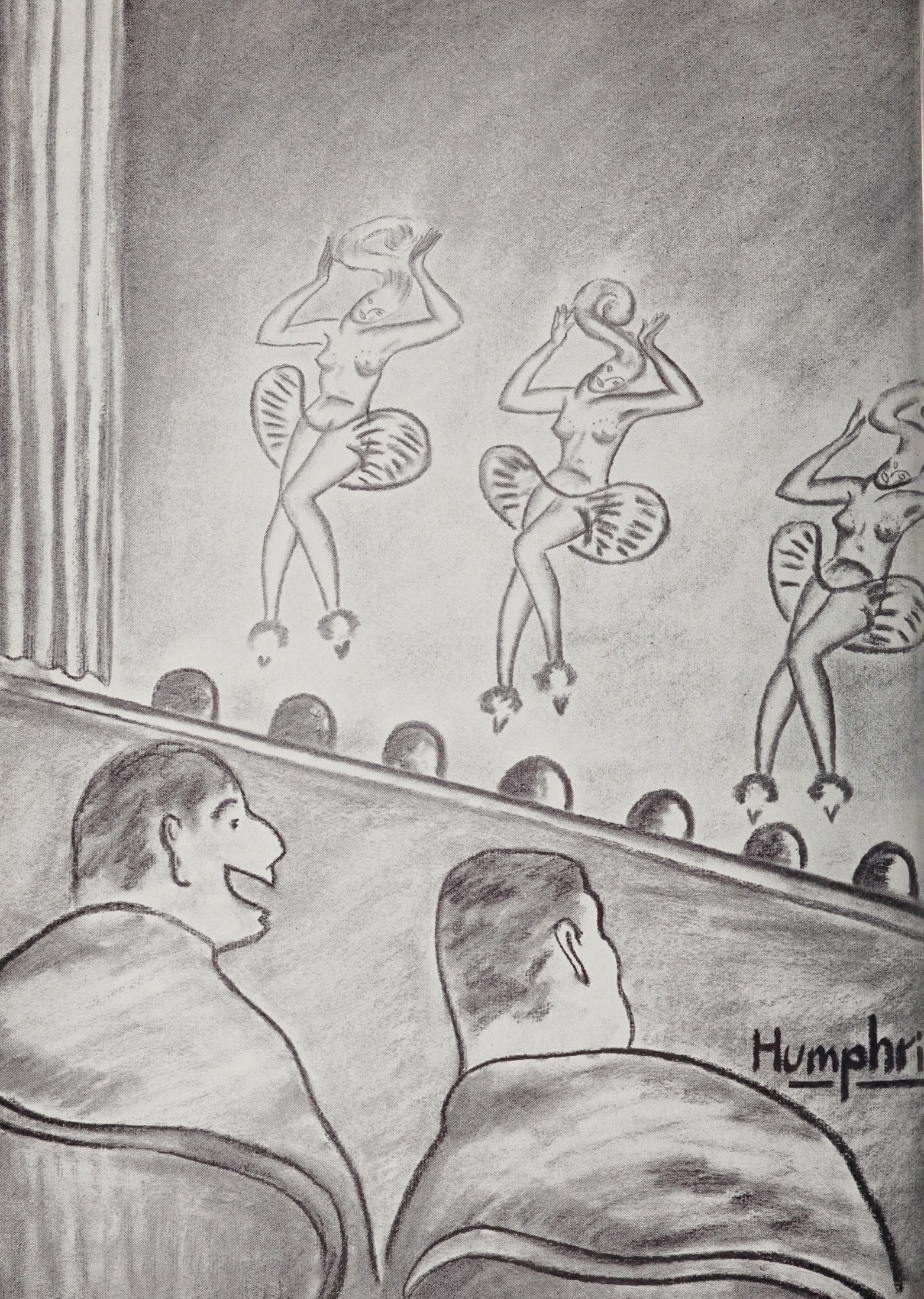
How about that wisecrack you like to pull? Win a sweet prize with it.

WINNER LAST MONTH:

John Moore

Old East Dormitory

Let's sit down, Jim
PEP-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS
THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE
LIFE SAVER
LIFE SAVER
LIFE SAVER
PEP-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS ARE SUDDEN DEATH TO LIQUOR BREATH!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The Carolina Buccaneer

University of North Carolina

VOLUME XIII MAY, 1936 NUMBER 1

PIECES OF EIGHT

● *Front's Win*

Some weeks ago, two Old Easters, bent upon slipping into the recital by Miss Gladys Swarthout, slink over to Memorial Hall. Not finding a window satisfactory for their purposes, they steal around to the front. With false authority, they walk through the door and down the aisle, telling the door-man to send the head-usher back stage when he arrives.

Backstage, one tells the other to watch the window to see that none may slip in. Members of the stage crew hearing this, think our Old Easter is the stage manager, so they go over and ask them what they should do. He tells them to do this and do that until all are busy except him. Finally, the head-usher comes back and tells our man to let in Miss Swarthout and pianist and no one else. In due time Miss Swarthout and pianist arrive and the show goes on.

In the course of the performance our Old Easter takes it easy except for some small incidents. Once, to lift the lid of the piano to receive the applause of the audience, and again to throw a man off the stage, who turns out to be the president of the Music Fraternity sponsoring the entertainment.

When all is over and the performers are ready to leave, Miss Swarthout screams and tells all that her $300 vanity-case is gone. Throwing aside the assumed stagemanagership and taking on the role of Knight-Errant, the Old Easter tells her not to worry for he will find it for her.

The lost compact is found, and taking it to the Inn our friend is shown to the room of Miss Swarthout, who, in the mean time, has changed to more comfortable clothes. Spying the vanity, she falls upon her hero's shoulder and weeps for joy." I had picked it up in a museum," she told him. "Isn't there anything I can do for you, to show my appreciation."

Not expecting anything of this sort, our Old Easter, as all good Knight-Errants should, can only ask her to smile for him as he has been backstage during the entire performance and hadn't had a chance to see her from the front. She smiles her broadest and best and asks him if there wasn't something tangible she could give him as a reward. He knows of nothing, so she suggests a picture of herself. He gapes but finally is able to stutter out his acceptance. So, on one of these pictures that you've all stared at, she sits down and writes, "To Franklin Brown with Gratitude, from Gladys Swarthout."

● *Graham Strategy*

To write an article about President Graham, to show his real personality, is impossible. Many have tried it and failed utterly. Many more will try and also fail. It can't be done. All that can be written of him are words and mere words cannot describe the emotional, the spiritual, and as someone called it, moral grandeur. The best that can be done is to tell incidents of his life and even this is hard to do to anyone that doesn't know him or hasn't seen him in action. There is one incident, not well-known, that is somewhat different from the usual thing one might expect to hear about him.

Back in the past when O. J. Coffin was still a young man and just married, President Graham called upon the Coffins to pay his respects. O. J. having a lot of work to do, asked to be excused and left for his office early in the evening. President Graham suggested that Mrs. Coffin and her Aunt who was visiting her, come go to the movie with him. Arriving at the town cinema, President Graham turned to Mrs. Coffin and asked her if he could bother her for the loan of ninety cents with which to buy the tickets. And Mrs. Coffin not having her pocket book, had to borrow the money from her visiting Aunt.

● *"And Then She Took Two More Drinks, and . . .Etc."*

It might be that these were two of the same past-middle-age townswomen that always attend Sunday afternoon programs at Graham Memorial. It isn't very important anyhow. It is known though, that they were women, and that they live in Chapel Hill.

There were two of them and one had telephoned the other for the latest of the bestest of the news. In the course of the

←

"This subsidization of the Playmakers is the nuts!"

245263

conversation one was called to lunch, so she left the telephone, forgetting to hang up the receiver. Passing the telephone after eating, she noticed the receiver off the hook, so picking it up she found her friend still talking.

● *Life Comments*

Today, *Life* is one of the few humor publications that has stood the gaff of time's untimely depressions and more than evident disinterest in humor. *Judge* has gone under. *College Humor* left the ranks to return under a new management, *Ballyhoo* rose and fell, others came and went, but *Life* lingered on. It stayed because it was good. It remained because it carried interesting and readable material. But looking through *Life* the other day it was found that precision was not always necessary to make material readable, for there was an article on ungodly school colors and somehow the author got into his lines that the colors of the University of North Carolina were *pink* and *green.*

● *Easter Greetings 'Stroidinary*

An incident occurred to one of our freshmen that bears relating. Due regrets are proffered if there be any toe-trodding.

It was Easter Sunday, and the lilies on the altar proudly raised their heads and gazed around—as everyone else was doing—to inspect the new Easter frocks and annual cutaways of the fashionable congregation. Belated stragglers poured in, and a middle-aged gentleman with his wife came to the pew in which our meeker freshman was seated with his mother and father. They showed intention of seeking a seat next to our hero's father.

As there had been some fracture between the two men when law partners to the extent that they hadn't spoken to each other in some years, they were naturally the cynosure of all eyes. By the help of his cane, the elderly gentleman, who was a warden in the church, stood up to let the couple through, much to his chagrin as there were other vacant pews in the rear. Some fifteen minutes elapsed when the father leaned over and whispered into our docile Freshman's ear, "That's a s— o— b—, if I've ever seen one," then calmly resumed praying. . . . and still the service went on.

● *Emphatic D-d-denunciation*

Cures for Stuttering was the subject of Dr. English Bagby's lecture the other day, to his sprinkling of 8:30 Psychology students. These ambitious early risers heard also the causes for speech defects of this sort and some of the results. Said Dr. Bagby, "stuttering is caused by many things, namely, use of over complicated language, speaking too rapidly, and changing of natural actions. e.g. Young child starts stuttering when his mother tries to make him eat with his right hand when he has been eating from the beginning with his left." We never thought of this, so knowledge of one of the causes came as a jolt.

"Resulting," continued Bagby, "in constant embarrassment, nervousness, anxiousness, as well as inferiority complex." By this time students who were awake, were interested in cures for causes of what they thought might be their worst ailment. Possible cures were given by Dr. Bagby, but the one that seemed most logical was the one making the stutterer place his thumb upon the first joint of each finger as each word was spoken.

Meeting a friend of his who had attended a finishing school for stutterers, Dr. Bagby asked him how he was getting along. The friend, placing his thumb upon the creases of each joint respectively replied with as much emphasis as possible, "I - have - learned - to - talk - this - way - but d-d-d-d-d-dammit I don't like it."

● *Come In and Have a Seat*

Ralph Greely, a freshman S.A.E. from Glouchester, Mass., went up to visit his girl for the week-end. She did not know he was coming, but this fact didn't alter proceedings. Riding up to the house with his bags, Greely found that the girl was out. He told the maid, however, that he was planning to stay a spell, so she showed him up to his room and layed out his things. Somewhat tired after the long trip, the unexpected guest needed freshening up, so in the course of preparing, used the adjoining bath to take a shower. It was one of these nooky sort of baths with no curtains around the shower over the tub.

Downstairs, Greely's girl arrived with a girl friend who had also come to stay for the week-end. Playing the good hostess, she took her friend up to her room and helped her feel at home. The girl friend, also needing refreshing after a hard day, was shown to the bath which somehow or other happened to be the one occupied by Greely.

In walked Ralph's girl with her girl friend and both were well in before they were aware of the visiting male. Girl and girl-friend beheld in horror. Greely, quite taken by surprise, couldn't move, and his girl, too flustered to scream or run out, introduced visitor to visitor with much formality.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Will any one knowing of a house in Manhattan reputed to be haunted, whose owner might rent as such for one night, please communicate with Prentice Winchell. CHickering 4-5600.

—*New York Times.*

PITHY BITS

"Scotch" Shepherd, one of the S.A.E.s,
Passing "The House on the Corner"
Which is bedecked with Dekes,
Yells to feet-on-rail-proppers,

"Hey, you all, you guys sit up there
Like you owned the place."

* * *

F. D. R., Jr., meeting returning liner,
Encounters camera men and explains,
"It's not you I try to dodge—
It's the columnists I don't like."

With Mother's Day just past,
That's a swell way to talk.

* * *

Two-thirds of the University's
Student body was expelled in 1793—
For calling on a certain young lady.

Total enrollment for that year—six.

* * *

At the coronation of Napoleon Bonaparte,
He took the crown from the Pope's hands
And placed it on his own head.
To all appearance, a direct accusation,
Of butter-fingeredness.

* * *

Van Webb, of gridiron fame, was stopped
The other day en route to class
By the enquiry,

"Van, isn't it getting a bit warm
To be sleeping in that sweater?"

* * *

William Murphy, 19, pickpocket,
Arrested for sixth time since 1933,
Alibies, after seizure in Grand Central Station,

"Had a dizzy spell. Grabbed back of a bench.
Hand slipped off—and right
Into a man's pocket."

* * *

The "Dinner for One, Please, James" fraternity
Now has a victrola-radio console
Large enough to serve an eight-course dinner
To the whole chapter on.

The old adage can now be translated
"You can't keep a good frat down."

—*Hayden C. Clement.*

Dean Hobbs is my shepherd, I am in want.
He maketh me to stand in line for hours.
He leadeth me beside the point.
He disturbeth my soul.
He leadeth me in the paths of probation for the University's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of expulsion, I anticipate no reinstatement, for he is with me.
His files and his staff they frighten me.
He prepareth my schedule in the classes of my enemies.

He annointeth my head with toil;
My F's runneth over.
Surely failure and suspension shall follow me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in this university forever.

—*Bob du Four.*

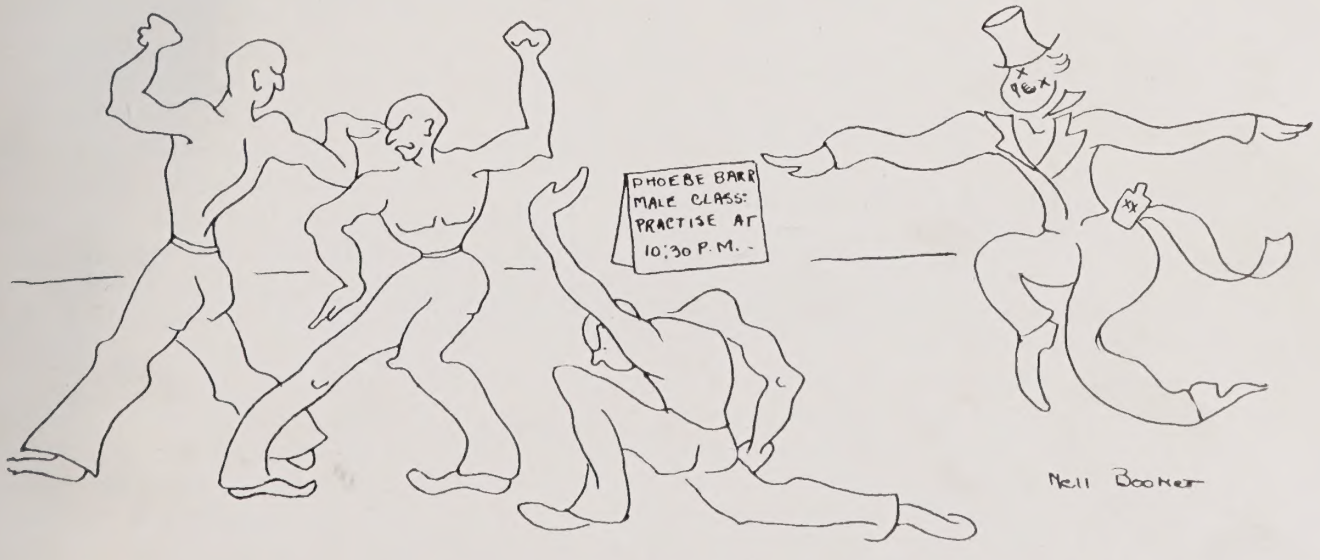
AND MOVE OVER—

Old Maid (hearing noise under bed): "Quick, Ida, the lights."

Ida: "But they're on."

Old Maid: "Don't argue."

—*Widow.*



"Whoopsh boys, can I play too?"

In the Nick of Time

By PETE IVEY

Lying naked and helpless upon his back the oyster stared at me from the porcelain plate. His brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts, neighbors and acquaintances I had eaten—only he remained. My thoughts were divided between the oyster and my bill that was due at the business office in South building.

I felt sorry for this oyster; he was so obviously at a disadvantage. I forgot my hunger and cogitated upon what should be done with this lone, lorn, lean oyster. If I left the table, some waiter would gobble him up or toss him into the ash can, later to be eaten by dogs, cats, rats, flies, or other scavengers. The oyster seemed restless—he frowned at me, his wrinkles deepening. He seemed to say, "Make up your mind; we can't wait around here all night." Suddenly thinking of the foolish question, "What kind of noise annoys an oyster," I burst into loud laughter. A man on one of the counter stools and a waiter looked at me queerly. But what cared I; what could they know or remotely imagine the machinations of my philosophical mind?

My mind was made up. Carefully, so that no one would see me, I wrapped the oyster up in a napkin and placed him in my left top vest pocket. The cashier looked suspiciously at me as I paid my check, but I refused to meet his eye and backed to the door so that my back would not be toward him.

II

Every day as I came from classes with some juicy morsel I had plucked from bushes in the arboretum, Hector—for so I had named him—greeted me with a smile as he swam about in a punch bowl on the bureau. In six weeks he had thrived wonderfully, until now he had grown protuberances similar to wings or the webbed feet of a duck which he employed to maneuver himself about.

Hector swam incessantly about his bowl, and was still only when I talked to him; he always paid close attention to what I said and seemed to understand more than anyone else my troubles and confidences.

"Hector," I said one day, "here is a bill from the business office; I must pay my fees or leave school." Hector instantly stopped swimming and seemed immersed in thought. I waited for him to speak, but he retained his customary silence and eventually began to swim about the bowl, but more slowly than before.

Three days passed; I received my final summons from the busi-

ness office. The Cashier said, "Pay your bill or move."

To move was my only choice. I felt alone in the world—alone, except for Hector. I walked through Battle Park but found no surcease.

Hector looked ill when I reached the room. He was pale and limped about the punch bowl. "Hector," I shouted, "what has happened?" A dismal swish sounded from the bowl. Frantically I changed his water, but he still floated drowsily about, making slight attempts to swim.

I sobbed into my handkerchief. What was to become of me now? First my education is gone, next my college life and my oyster!

How long I wept thus I don't know, but finally a series of swishes brought me to my feet. There was Hector dashing about the bowl in circles, in octagons and criss crosses. I ran to the bowl. Hector stopped suddenly and pointed to the bottom of the bowl at a large, round, glistening, new-born pearl.

OF SLIME AND THE RIVER

The first article of mine that was published was purely an accident. I had completed it and thought it no good. Discouraged and disillusioned I bitterly tossed it into the receptacle that receives mail at our post office.

In a few days I received a fat check. I didn't write anything more for six months. Then one day I did another piece and sent it to the same editor. A fatter check came. I did this for about a year and a half and got several checks.

One day a policeman came for me, and I was put in jail. They had a lot of charges against me, but I got off.

Could I help it if he lives in the same town I do and also named Thomas Wolfe.

Gather your kisses while you may,
For time brings only sorrow.
The girls who are so free today
Are chaperones tomorrow.

—Pelican.

The pastor of a local negro church remarked one Sunday morning: "Befoah Ah sets out fo' to preach dis heah sermont on de sins of de flesh an' de Debbel, Ah craves fo' to hab all o' de virgins to come up heah an' kneel at de altah rail—all ob de virgins, please!" This was a signal for the old, vinegary maidens to snicker and step forth. In the back of the house, a long, lanky black gal with a baby in her arms arose and started meandering up the aisle.

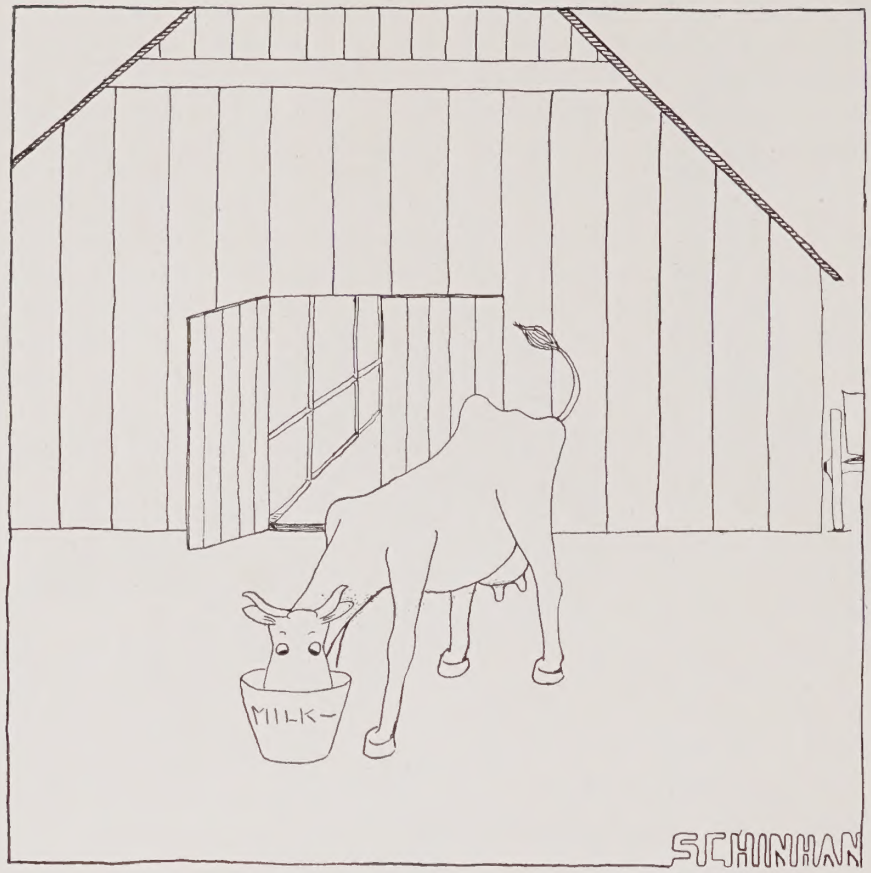
The parson coughed in an embarrassed fashion. "Jes de virgins, Sistah," he said tactfully, "Jes' de virgins."

The long, black gal paused, rolled her eyes and remarked, "Ah's a virgin, parson—Ah's a virgin. Ah's jest one o' them foolish ones!" *Wataugan.*

Her eyes ached, her throat tightened, and something was strained to bursting, but didn't.

—Faucett Publication.

"Well maw, I guess ye'll have to get out and put the chains on."



PERPETUAL MOTION

Laughing Water

By FLETCHER FERGUSON

"Where there are giggles, so shall there be giggle-water."

Whoever made up that adage, we do not know. And since there are plenty of giggles on this campus, there must be giggle-water. But thanks to F. D. R. and his cohorts, who lived up to their campaign promises, the 18th amendment was repealed, and now the trend on the U. N. C. campus is toward the better brand of giggle-water (whiskey to you).

Yes, that is exactly what a survey of the campus has shown. With Virginia and South Carolina not far away and several A.B.C. stores within reach, campus participants are able to purchase better whiskies at prices cheaper than during the prohibition era. Not only has the price decreased, but the purchaser is more certain of getting the real McKoy.

Many campus leaders have expressed the opinion that the Chapel Hill drinking situation is in "very good shape." The number of inebriates has taken a decided drop and moderation seems to be the current vogue. In previous years occasions for drinking ranged anywhere from celebrating the receiving of an "E" on a quiz to week-end parties. Now they occur, for the greater part, only on more-or-*less* valid occasions.

To discuss all the types of whiskey consumed would take too much time and space, so we shall touch lightly on outstanding *cases*. One campus celebrity, who once worked in a New York bar, said he "started with '*white lightening*' and worked all the way up to the more select class." The day of corn whiskey seems to be passing quickly—except on rare occasions when a cheap drunk is desired.

Topping the list of favorites are *Seagram's Seven Crown, Paul Jones,* and *Vat 69*. Excepting one, these are all of the more expensive brands, and though more desired, are used only for such refined celebrations as big dance week-ends, house parties, and the such, where the dainty esthetic taste must be considered.

The *Calvert* brands seem to rank good in both the whiskey and gin classes, although in the latter, *Old Mr. Boston* may be considered a bit ahead in preference. The former's *Special Reserve* is in demand for the moderate priced party.

Perhaps one of the best signs in the current trend of liquor consumption is the passing of such brands as *"Rot Gut"* and *"East Lake Rye"*—the famed "hang over" brands of recent years. The evidence presented from dormitory and fraternity janitors show that one- and two-day illnesses are becoming minimized.

Cocktails also hold quite an allure, with the traditional southern *mint julep* topping the list. Beers and wines are strong preferentials. However, the custom of "mixing drinks" still produces its bad effects and this inevitable thing will continue until the dypothesis of "laying off" such procedure is firmly entrenched in the minds of participants—especially the amateur.

Most of the liquor on the campus is purchased from the "bootlegger." Northerners, on the way back from vacations, usually stock up at New York or Washington and do a rushing business upon their arrival.

To further advance the present trend, we would advocate the establishment of a coöperative dispensary "where members may buy at actual cost."

Really, You Should Know These

Dash over to the Book Exchange and purchase a Venus Pencil No. 3. Use it to check one of the suggested endings for each of the following statements. Multiply your correct answers by six and divide by three to get your score. Answers on page 27.

1. When Finchley comes to town students .....
   Look at his stock
   Forget it
   Say I'm just looking
   Buy something

2. Close as they are, we still can't spell them. Which is the correct word?
   Wolfe *Zimmerman*
   Carroll *Staab*
   Mezentin

3. On every package of cigarettes there is a tax stamp. One of the following persons' picture is on it. Which is it?
   Adams *Marshall*
   Washington *Farley*
   Revere *Lincoln*
   Clay *Jefferies*
   Franklin *Grant*
   Clinton *Dewey*

4. Are you traveling? What line operates the Statendamm?
   North German Lloyd
   White Star Line
   Italian Line
   Hamburg American Line
   Holland American Line
   French Line

5. Davie poplar belongs to which of the following families?
   Rose Family
   Poplar Family
   Graham Family
   Kenan Family
   Magnolia Family
   Tottenilia Family

6. The Olympics are being held in:
   Berlin *Paris* *Tokyo*

7. Old East is in what direction from the Old Well?
   East *South*
   West *North*
   North-east *South-east*
   North-west *South-west*

8. Old Gold cigarettes have for their slogan:
   Watch the ——— go by.
   Good to the last drag.
   Thanks, I'd rather have a ———.
   Say yes.
   When better ones are made, ———will make them.
   At trying times . . . try a smooth ———.

9. The Virginia license plates are:
   black and white
   blue and red
   blue and orange
   purple and orange
   purple and green
   gray and white

10. "The Log" is the humor publication of:
   Army *Rutgers*
   Virginia *Yale*
   Princeton *Stamford*
   Pennsylvania *Annapolis*

11. The smallest man on the campus is:
   Pete Ivey *Ernie Eutsler*
   Hunter Skeen *Alvin Wingfield*
   Joe Sugarman *Jim Dorsey*
   John Trimpey *Thelbert Pulliam*

12. Co-eds go out of the way to miss:
   The Library *Book "X"*
   Duke's statue *Jim Baggs*
   Old East bench *Joe Barnett*
   John Elmendorf *Aycock*
   Confederate Soldier

13. Barbara Hilton, Savannah, Georgia's gift to the Playmakers, is house mother at:
   K. A. *Beta Theta Pi*
   Zeta Psi *D.K.E.*
   Phi Gam *Chi Phi*
   S.A.E. *Lewis*
   Tau Beta Pi *Bobhouse*

14. Berryhill is:
   A near-by mountain
   Town obstetrician
   A strawberry patch
   Never in the office.

15. This statement, "During the past few years, the Honor System here, instead of being weakened, has been gradually growing stronger," appeared in:
   Daily Tar Heel
   Chapel Speech by Dean Bradshaw
   Freshman Handbook
   Yackety Yack

16. Senior Class colors are:
   Blue and White
   Green and Pink
   Maroon and White
   Red and Black

(Continued on next page)

By These Ye Shall Know Them

1

2

3

4

Black and Blue
Green and Brown

17. Cornell's football team will beat —— on Thanksgiving Day:

Rutgers *Pennsylvania*
Penn State *N. Y. U.*
Colgate *Lafayette*

18. North Carolina Democrats will nominate for Governor:

McRae *Graham*
McDonald *Hoey*

19. By official count, the number of trees on this campus is:

1,117 *deplorable*
2,165 *3,108*
sadly lacking

20. The word *love* does not appear in:

I'm a Muggin'
Gloomy Sunday
Yes, We Have No Bananas
Hal Kemp's theme song

BROADCAST OF SPIRITUALS

A program of the Society for the Preservation of Spirituals originating in Charleston, S. C., will be broadcast over the NBC network tonight from 11 o'clock to 11 o'clock.

—The Daily Tar Heel.

Either you listen twelve hours or not at all.

I love my lady with a deep purple love;
She fascinates me like a fly
Struggling in a pot of glue.
Her eyes are grey, like twin ashcans
Just emptied, about which hovers a dusty mist.
Her disposition is as brilliant as a 10 cent shine,
Yet her kisses are tender and goulashy.
I love my lady with a deep purple passion. —The Log.

Bromo-Seltzer

The fellow who told us this story said he saw half of it and heard the rest later. He swort it was true, so without further ado we pass it on to our readers.

On the Friday afternoon of May Frolics, our informant was standing in the portal of Sutton's drug store, when suddenly one of the frolicers dashed in. After an elongated wait, during which time the salesgirl chatted aimlessly with a varsity letterman, he was finally waited on. The demanded was a bottle of Bromo-Seltzer, and after receiving it, he dashed by the cashier's booth, left the exact change, and hopped into his Ford roadster.

As he started off, half of Chapel Hill's police force, who had been loitering around the store, came rushing out, yelling that he had a ticket for him. Upon hearing this the young man backed the car out hurriedly and onto Franklin St. in the direction of Carrboro—with the officer on his Harley-Davidson in hot pursuit.

As the policeman was quickly closing the gap between the pair, they ran into a funeral procession, and hoping to evade the copper, the youth pulled into line. The policeman did likewise. After reaching the cemetery, the youth parked his car and dashed into the midst of the bereaved assemblage with the policeman still at his heels. Slowly but surely the officer was wearing the fleeting youth down, and when only a fat grandmother separated the pair, the minister called for bowed heads while he offered up a prayer for the departed one.

Throughout the prayer, the policeman tried to signal to the youth that he wanted to see him about something in his pocket, but there was to be no understanding. After the prayer, a line filed past the grave, everyone dropping in a small handful of dirt. The youth's contribution was a pint of Four Roses, and emerging from the crowd he ran through the cemetery, got into his car, and was off.

Down the road and back to Cameron Ave. the chase continued, as far as the Phi Gam house. There the youth parked his car, ran through the Phi Gam yard and toward his own fraternity house in the Court. However, in an attempt to leap the fence there, the youth fell into a mud puddle, and lay there perplexed as the law arrived—triumphant in the end. "Where were you going in such a hurry?" asked the copper.

"I reckon I was trying to evade getting a ticket," replied the befallen youth. "I'm late for the dance and my girl is waiting for me."

The policeman too was quite perplexed. "Ticket?" he asked. "Hell, son, I didn't want you for anything until you started speeding. I was just trying to give you a ticket showing the amount you bought. The cashier asked me to hand it to you. You know you can't get out of Sutton's without getting one of those things!"

UNUSUALNESS

(By Pete Ivey)

This thing of
Writing blank
verse
in a
don't give a
doggone
style
is quite
the thing nowadays.
What do you
think it
will eventually
amount to,
huh?
Do you
think it
will go the
way of the
horse and
buggy or
will it like
the Arab pick
up his tent and
silently
steal away before
somebody konks
him?

Warren William and Ricardo Cortez are quiet lovers and their rather infrequent kisses are recorded without difficulty. Ross Alexander rates as "on and offer" who must be watched according to his mood. Frank McHugh is a "smacker" and the wise boom man swings his microphone far out of the scene when he goes into a huddle. George Arliss used to be listed by Williams as a "smacker," too, but he has gone back to England and his screen kisses, which are few and far between at best, are worrying English sound specialists now.

—*N. Y. Herald-Tribune.*

And English heroines, no doubt.

One of our more promising freshmen was filled with a rather delicate confusion at the thought of writing his autobiography, not so much because he hesitated at revealing his soul, but because, as he confided to us, he had never written a theme of any sort before. He had the proper connections, however, and the task was undertaken for him by two seniors, both English majors, both Phi Betes, and both honors men. They labored diligently, turning out what they considered a masterpiece, a work of art. It was different, they felt, out of the ordinary run.

It merited remarks from the professor and it got them. If Mr. Smith couldn't write any better than this, was his conclusion, something had to be done. He didn't want to alarm a freshman or anything like that, but he did think it advisable that some one should help him a little outside of class. He suggested names, seniors, honors men, Phi Betes. The first two named were the authors. The freshman is still a little baffled.

—*Jack-o-Lantern.*

INQUISITION

(The Buccaneer will gladly pay $5 in Confederate money, or its equivalent, to all questions accepted by this department.)

Do all college professors, sooner or later, write a textbook?

Answer: We are fortunate in having on record the case of a professor at an obscure midwestern college who has never had published a textbook. 'Tis true that he had his manuscript ready for the press several times, but each time some "eminent authority" uncovered some material relevant to his subject and he scurried off to get the newly-found material — determined as he was that his text should be "the most reliable one on the market." After this had occurred some 347 times, the poor professor lost his mind. And posterity lost the textbook.

Does a joke ever become too old to be published?

All the statistics which we have been able to find on the matter clearly indicate that not only does a joke never become too old to be pulbished in a humor magazine but that many people have the startling notion that the value of a joke increases with time—somewhat like a rare antique. For example, one of the favorite jokes of a prominent professor on the campus was traced back to the age of Pericles. Indeed it was for telling this "stale" joke that Pericles booted his court jester. One of the students under this campus professor swiped the joke and sent it to the *Literary Digest.* It was reprinted but was credited to the *London News.*

Is it true that all college students "graduate with honors"?

A: We surmise that our interrogator has been reading the personal items in the "home town" newspapers. After an extensive survey, we have come to the conclusion that it is almost an unheard of thing for a student to graduate without honors. Indeed the phrase "graduated with honors" has become so stereotyped, so much a part of the journalistic vernacular, that we were not greatly disconcerted when we ran across this item recently in a country newspaper: "Mr. Joe Smith, promising young man of this locality, has been suspended with honors from the University of ———."

Ode To Water Polo

I feel that I am slowly sinking down
Beneath the turgid waters of the pool.
A water polo man of great renown
Above me lies entwined. I sense the cool
And clammy muscles of this brainless fool,
As 'round my neck he throws his arms and feet,
Clutching. My head provides him with a stool
On which he sits and breathes the ozone sweet;
While I below the slimy fish and turtles greet.
The whistle blows; they pull me back to shore
A salvaged wreck; and help me on the bank.
Tooth gone, gone supper; everything I wore
Is lost among the shadows of the tank.
The coach arrives; mentor, supreme in rank,
With tuneful whistle new. "Get off your feet,"
He says, "You must not mind a little prank.
Next week, my lad, remember you may eat
Tea and poached eggs on toast, no more, before the meet."

—*Fletcher Ferguson.*

"This is a swell party you're giving, Herbert . . is there any one you'd like to meet?"

War Is Hell

It was night. Not a sound broke the stillness except the roar of cannons and the putt-putt of machine guns.

Caesar, lying in bed, was rudely awakened by a bullet coming through the keyhole, followed by Paul Revere. "To arms! To arms!" he shrieked in a low voice, "the British are approaching Verdun."

"Verdun, Verdun for," quivered Caesar.

"No we're not. Every Marne will do his duty."

"We Argonne," said Caesar sitting up on the bed. He called for Nero and his fiddlers three, and in walked Anthony with a bucket of tea. This was for Cleopatra's bath, as all the cows were at Bull's Run.

Julius climbed off his Beauty-rest mattress and with the aid of all assembled there, after a terrific struggle, finally succeeded in wrapping a toga about his birthday suit. Then he put his feet into some dainty sandals Cleopatra had used the day before for an ironing board.

Giving Cleopatra the eye, he said in the tone of one who is seeing his loved one for the last time, "Come here, wench." She approached and taking her in his arms, he said, "Have some coffee ready when we return."

After a while he and Revere left. Caesar, tripping lightly down the stairs, landed on his head. He came up spouting *"Omnis Gallia in tres partes divisa est."*

"No time to show your education now," said Revere, "there's work to be done and a battle to be won."

Finally our two heroes came to the field of battle and immediately proceeded to G. H. Q. In-

side, confusion reigned. It was a well known fact that Napoleon, the British leader, had slyly bribed Caesar's worthless guards and had obtained information vital to the forthcoming battle.

Caesar remarked to Revere, who was calmly feeding his faithful stallion, Rachel, "Give me a sentence with the word 'hallucination.' "

"The Scotch may be tight, but think 'hallucination' the British are," snickered Paul.

"That might be funny in its place, but this isn't the place; there's a war going on and I'm going to do my part," said Caesar. Striding toward the energetic, hardworking F. E. R. A. men who were sitting about with pipes drooping from their lips and dreaming of their long overdue paychecks which were already spent, he said, "Men, as you all know we are at war, at war with the British. This is the crucial battle and should we win Britain will have to make peace. The way in which you will conduct yourselves in the approaching battle will decide the future history of Russia. There is one fact that I want to impress upon you, and that is to use 'trigger' judgment. When you get out on that battlefield, don't be afraid to look the cannon straight in the eye. A coward dies many times; a brave man but once. To be courageous under fire is a gift possessed by too few people; so I want all of you to give your all in the coming struggle. We go over the top in five hours; be prepared."

At this moment the enemy barrage started and Caesar, seeking the nearest exit by which he could join the other brave officers fleeing to the rear, ran headlong out the door. To his dismay he soon learned that he was heading for the enemy lines and with a cry of horror he hurled himself into a nearby shell-hole. There, calmly playing blackjack, were Napoleon and Talleyrand, his aide.

"Another hand and we could play bridge," remarked Talleyrand.

"Say, how about letting me in on the game?" demanded Caesar." My wife never lets me play at home either."

They had been playing for about half an hour when suddenly a man in a British uniform jumped into the shell hole. He turned to Napoleon and saluted. "Sir," he said, "this letter just came and knowing that you wished it delivered immediately, I ran out here."

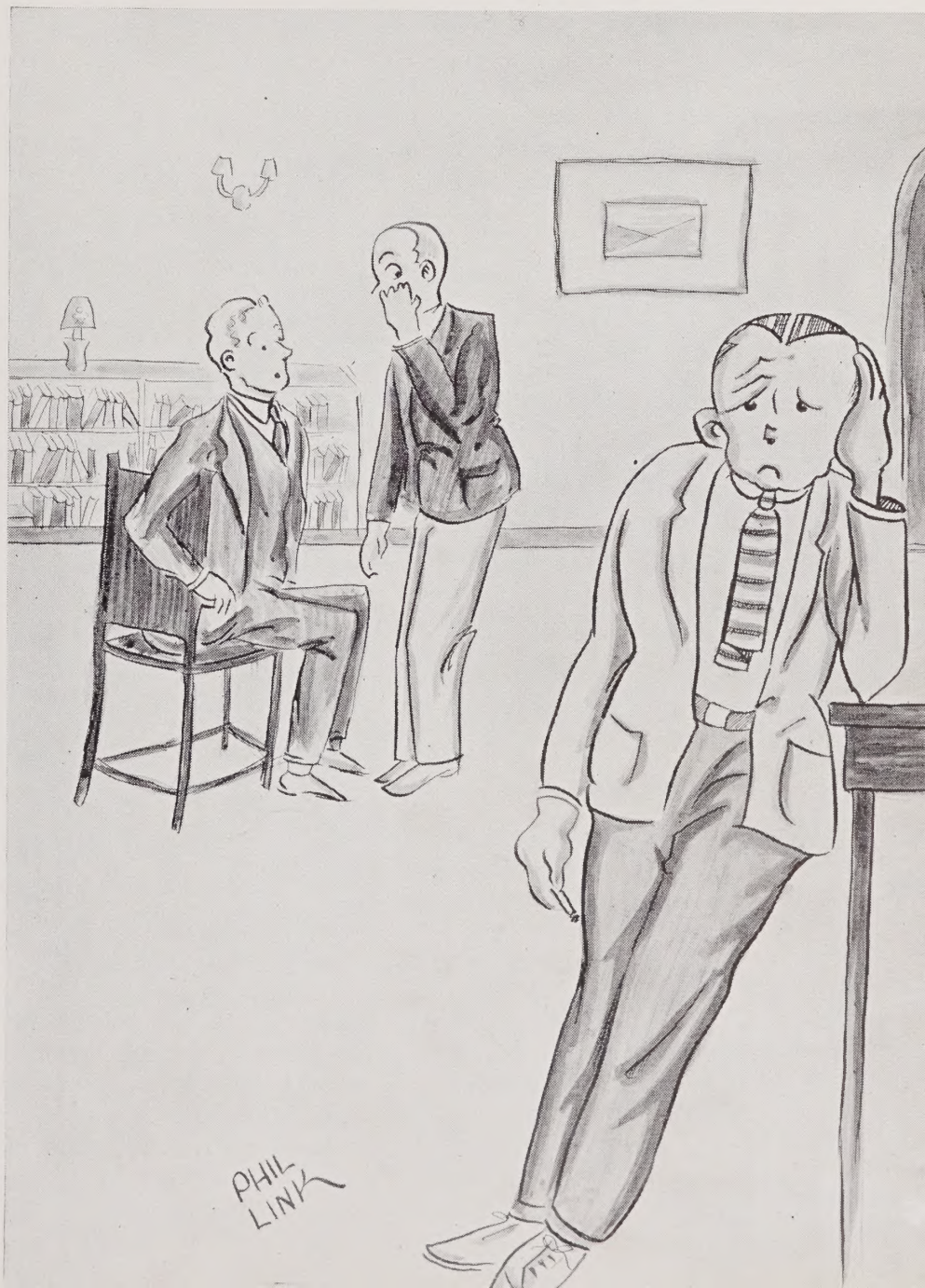
"Good work," said Napoleon throwing him a guinea.

He opened it and unfolded the papers that were enclosed. A look of despair spread over his countenance. He sat back and stared at Talleyrand's glass eye.

"What's the trouble?" asked Caesar.

"Oh, I flunked my correspondence course in Military Science and Tactics. All is over; I'll go back to Josephine."

—Abelman and Maletz.



"He's the only boy that didn't make the Tar Heel Personal Column."

A large Italian family, ranging in size from the perspiring parents at the head down to the toddling baby at the rear of the procession, was making its way from one car to another. All carried something, the littlest one staggering under a tremendous sack of potatoes. As he passed by our friend from Dartmouth, a potato dropped. He bent over to pick it up. Another dropped. He bent over to pick it up. Several more dropped. And more dropped. Finally, the little boy, looking up from his mound of potatoes after his fast-appearing family, wailed tearfully:

"Goddammit, wait for baby!"

Jack-o-Lantern.

A Columbia lad once found a bedbug scuttling about in his Pullman berth. Furious, he wrote a burning letter to the railroad criticizing it severely for its flop-house accommodations.

The company lost little time in replying. Highly apologetic and very meek in tone, the letter begged to excuse itself for such a horrible lapse of hospitality, and promised the student that such a thing would never happen again.

Considerably cheered, and deciding that the railroads weren't so terrible after all, the student was just about to throw the letter away when he noticed something in the envelope he hadn't seen before. It was his original communication to the railroad, which apparently had slipped in by mistake. Across the top was scribbled in pencil:

"Send this guy the bedbug letter." —*Jester.*

Who goes there?
A gentleman and a scholar.
What's your business?
I want to go to college.
Can you make good grades?
Yep.
Do you keep your ears clean?
Yep.
Do you need any money?
Yep.
Bang!

NEVERMORE

Once upon a midnight dreary, while he studied, sad and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,—
While he nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of Mildred gently rapping, rapping at his chamber door.
"'Tis some salesman crude," he muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, too well does he remember—it was in the late November;
The House, of girls and wine and music, had laid in a goodly store.
Then the dancing and the drinking, till at last one got so stinking,
That he ceased his futile blinking, laid him down upon the floor;
And his girl with someone wandered to a car outside the door:
Lost and gone forevermore.

At night he now sits gently brooding, as though in retrospect were looting
Mildred's charming, graceful beauty behind this self-same chamber door.
Instead of Mildred—yielding, charming, there is but Chaucer, hard, disarming,
Or waitresses, uncouth, alarming, whose lack of manners men abhor;
But ever does he dream of Mildred, though she writes him nevermore,—
Never knocks upon the door.

Presently his soul grew stronger, hesitating then no longer,
"Come in!" he yelled, stirring, scowling at the grim, forbidding door.
Then the hinges slowly squawking, spirits soaring, mind yet balking—
For there was Mildred, walking, talking, standing in the chamber door.
"These lousy whiskey dreams will kill me," Mildred heard the fellow roar,
"I'm on the wagon evermore."

—Jack-o-Lantern.

Advertisement in The Daily Princetonian:

"BOTTLED LIQUOR for Houseparties. If you are planning to buy bottled liquor, you can get a substantial reduction at 6 South Dod."

My Dod! No ABC fruit jars?

A passenger on a southern train, looking under his berth one morning, found one black shoe and one tan and summoned the porter.

The porter scratched his head in bewilderment.

"Well, if dat don't beat all," he said. "Dat's the second time dis mawnin' dat mistake's happened." —*Lampoon.*

He came in and sat down alongside of her. He was a clean cut goodlooking chap. She smiled at him. The place was deserted. In a low tone he said: "Please give me what you gave me last night."

She hesitated, looked wildly about her and suddenly cried out: "Sunnyside up on toast and a cup o' coffee." —*Tiger.*

Co-ed (phoning room-clerk): "There's a rat in my room."

Hotel Clerk: "Make him come down and register."

—*Fenix Yuma.*

"Hello there, my young fellow."

"Hiss."

"Beg pardon?"

"Hiss."

"Well, such an impertinent little man."

"Hiss."

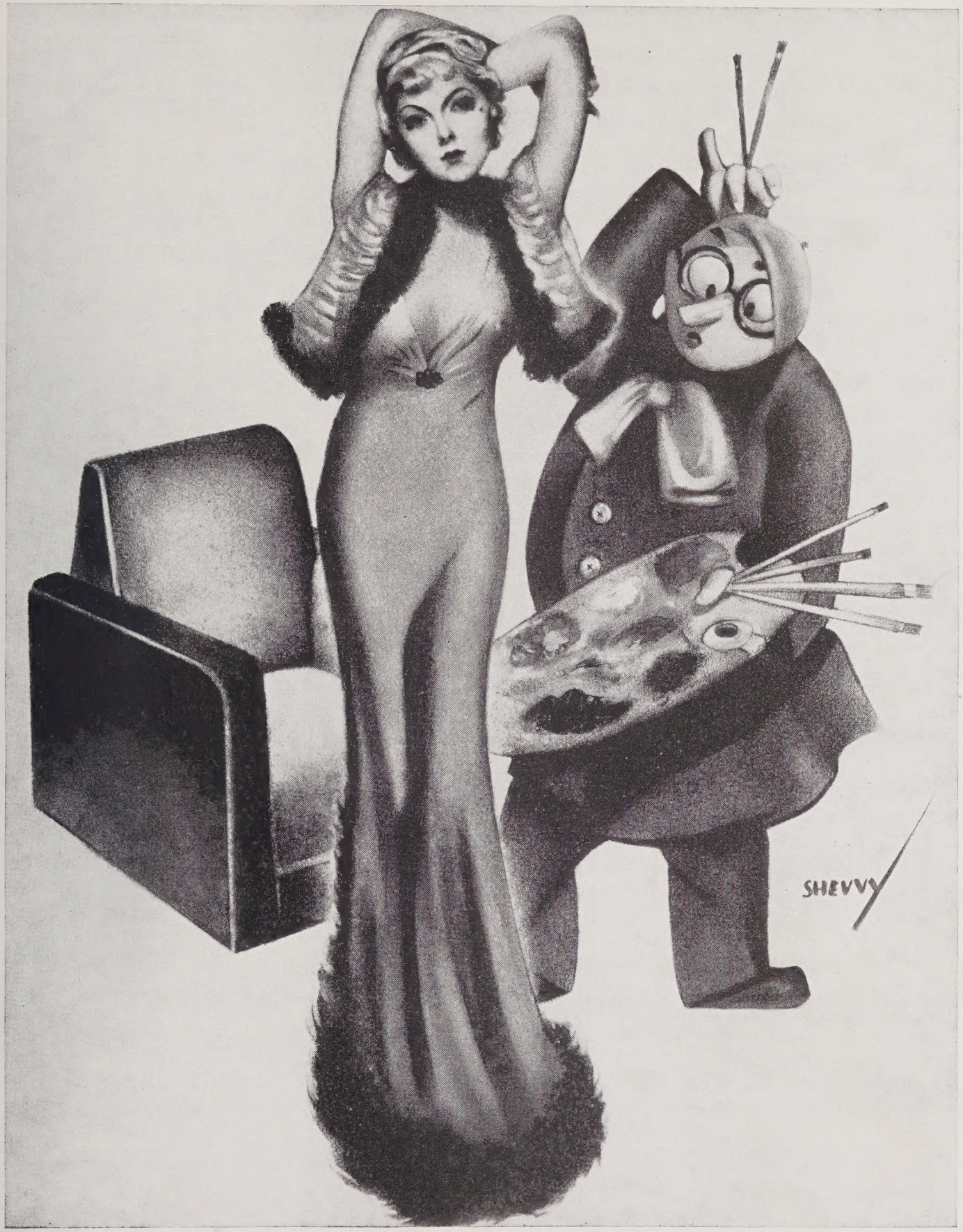
"Deserve a good lickin'."

"Hiss."

"Got a notion to give you one. I'm coming in."

(Newspaper story: "Inebriated man crushed by boa constrictor at zoo.") —*Froth.*

It was in a stately English club. The members always talked in a whisper and never turned their heads. This custom was broken the other day when an English Lord called to the butler in a normal tone, "Please remove Pushbottom, he's been dead three days." —*The Log.*



—*Punch Bowl.*

"Do you really think, Mr. Petty, that posing in the nude will sell more?"

"Of course I don't want to fight! . . . Do you think I wish to harm my fellow man?"

COLLEGE IDYLL

"Say, Joe, can I borrow your pen?"

"Sure thing."

"Got a sheet of writing paper I can use?"

"Reckon so."

"Going past the mailbox when you go out?"

"Yes."

"Wait a minute until I finish this letter, will you?"

"All right."

"Want to lend me a stamp?"

"Yeh."

"Much obliged. Say, what's your girl's address?"

—*Geo. Butler.*

I just hate men, yet they take me everywhere—to dances, to parties, and road houses. After they get me lit they hold me to their lips. Then they drag the life out of me. They get all the enjoyment they can, then cast me aside. Many times I am picked up, but always cast away. They take me here, they take me there; I am treated the same no matter where they take me. Why should they take advantage of me so? It seems I am on everyone's lips. But some day I will burn them, even though I am only a little cigarette.

—*Punch Bowl.*

Jingo Bells

(By Pete Ivey)

Here's a boo for the A. S. U.
Who specializes in elocution.
Rah, rah, rah, they're anti-war,
After comes the revolution.

"Down with arms, shrapnel and bombs,
We're against jingoism.
But give us a chance to shoot the pants
Off capitalists for communism."

But the A. S. U. is good and true;
They're just victims of circumstance,
Though they were bitten by one Dick Whitten
Who departs from his subject and rants.

They thought he would say on anti-war day
That armaments are wrong and terrible.
But something went flooey, decidedly screwy,
As he told of the coming class struggle.

YACKETY YACK

Said Ned McAllister, "It's going to be a sex issue."

Teacher: Why do you always add up wrongly?

Harry: I don't know.

Teacher: Does anyone help you?

Harry: Yes, my father.

Teacher: What does he do?

Harry: He's a waiter.

—*Bored Walk.*

CIGARETTE LIGHTER GIRL IS BIT BETTER.

—*Salisbury Evening Post.*

When better bites are bitten we will . . . etc.

ROMEO AND JULIET

Balcony scene: Juliet is waiting on her balcony for Romeo. The hero climbs up the ladder to the balcony and hands Juliet a rose.

Juliet: Ah, my Romeo, why do you always bring me a rose?

Romeo: Because thou art—the very flower of womanhood. (Aside: Whatever that means).

Juliet: Flower of womanhood, eh? I bet you mean a blooming idiot.

Romeo: My Juliet, how can you think that I, Romeo, your lover . . . aw, nuts! Words fail me. (Coughs violently).

Juliet: Hast thou a Shakespearean cough?

Romeo: What the deuce is a Shakespearean cough?

Juliet: T. B. or not T. B. That is the question.

Romeo: Darling, you are my suppressed desire.

Juliet: Well, don't suppress it any longer.

(Romeo and Juliet embrace.)

Juliet: I don't think you love me any more.

Romeo: Juliet, even your best friend won't tell you, but I shall . . .

Juliet: You don't kiss me like you used to.

Romeo: Well, what can you expect? Conditions are bad everywhere. (Romoe gasps for breath.)

Juliet: Ah, my Romeo, is this how passionately you love me?

Romeo: Don't be silly, this isn't passion, this is asthma.

Juliet: Kiss me, Romeo. (They kiss.)

Romeo: Now you kiss me. (They kiss.)

Romeo: Again. (They kiss.)

Romeo: And again. (They kiss.)

Juliet: Say, wait a minute. Who wrote this scene?

Romeo: I did. (They kiss.)

Enter Papa.

Papa: Is this my daughter I see before me?

Juliet: Oh, hello Dad! You home so early?

Papa: Never mind that. (To Romeo) Sir, how is it that I catch you kissing my daughter?

Romeo: You must be wearing rubber soles.

Papa: Who are you to talk to me like this? I'll kill you.

Juliet: Father, have mercy.

Romeo: Oh, yes, the quality of mercy is not strained; it droppeth as the gentle rain from Heaven upon the place beneath it; it is twice . . .

Papa: Enough! Who are you?

Romeo: I am Romeo.

Papa: So you're the Romeo my daughter is always talking about? Well, I'll be a son of a ring-tailed monkey.

Romeo: Yes, I'm Romeo, and keep your family out of this. Say, how about a fourth at bridge?

Papa: Sure.

Romeo: Fine, now all we need is a third.

Papa: (Patting Romeo on the back) Spoken like a true Roman! Ah, yes, 'twould be a better world for children if the parents had to eat the spinach.

Romeo: Say, what would you charge to fall into a manhole.

Papa: Only cover charge.

Romeo: Oh yeah?

Papa: Sewer.

Romeo: Is that so? I know what you're thinking.

Papa: You do, eh? Well, why don't you go there?

Romeo: Aw, go cut yourself a piece of throat.

Juliet: Please don't argue. Shake hands and be friends. (They shake hands.)

Romeo: Have a cigar.

Papa: Thanks. (Smells cigar.) This cigar smells strong.

Romeo: It is strong. The weak ones break in my pocket.

Juliet: How about Antonio? He plays bridge.

Papa: What this country needs is a good five cent cigar, butt . . .

Juliet: Now, that's just fine, boys.

Romeo: Say, have you a nickel? I want to call a friend.

Papa: Here's a dime and you can call up all of them.

Romeo: Oh, is that so?

Juliet: Oh, is that so?

Papa: Wait a minute. One fool at a time.

Romeo: O. K. Go ahead. By the way, sir. I'd like to marry your daughter.

Papa: Ha! Ha! Do you think she wants to live with an idiot for the rest of her life?

Romeo: No! That's why I want to marry her.

Papa: Well, that's beside the point. What do you do for a living?

Romeo: I've been admitted to the bar.

Papa: Ah, a barrister?

Romeo: No, a bar-tender.

Papa: Can you support a family?

Romeo: I think so.

Papa: Better make sure. There are nine of us, you know.

Juliet: Papa, you better go to bed now. You've got to be up early now that you are working my way through college.

Papa: Yes, Julia. I guess I had better. Goodnight! See you tomorrow. (Papa climbs down the ladder, and takes the ladder with him.)

Juliet: Tomorrow, ah tomorrow, and tomorrow and tomorrow, creep in this petty place, from day to day.

Romeo: Juliet darling, don't think so hard. It's not good for you.

Juliet: Oh, Romeo, you're so considerate.

Romeo: I love me darling, don't you?

(Continued on page 24)

NOBLE FINESSE

A gay, colorful crowd pours into the steaming Tin Can. The stifling heat goes unnoticed. Pretty young girls swing rapidly from one pair of arms to another as they glide along the floor, their brightly-colored dresses blending smoothly with the tissue streamers that so effectively conceal the bare ugliness of the mammoth building.

Straight, sunburned young boys wander about the floor seeking a congenial dancing partner. Volumes of light conversation and witty repartee swell up to the blistering roof, mingled with the steady, rhythmic thump of thousands of feet marking the tempo on the waxed floor.

Finals! Another school year gone with its cares and worries. Exams finished. Nothing to do now but throw troubles to the winds and enjoy one last big set of dances with friends who won't be seen again for three months. Everyone intent upon having one last, carefree fling before parting ways.

Melodious music floats out onto the floor. There's something distinctive about those tunes. Like nothing heard in the Tin Can before. Whoever is presiding at the bandstand knows his stuff.

Ray Noble! How did he ever get to Chapel Hill? They keep him busy enough in New York City. You bet your life he knows his stuff. Why, he's only had his band a year and a half and he's one of the three top leaders in the country. Boy, what a set.

What's all this stuff about Ray being the only bandleader in the world without a band until he came to New York last year? Oh, we don't mind sitting out a few numbers. Tell us about it.

Well, after graduating from a major English University, Ray Noble went into business, and music, as far as he was concerned, was only an avocation. Then a musical weekly offered a prize for the best arrangement for a popular dance orchestra and he won it. They sponsored a second contest and a third and Ray again won both. Business was forgotten and he became arranger for the British Broadcasting Corporation's dance orchestra. Then he joined the British Victor Company, H.M.V., first as an arranger, then as staff conductor as well, and finally became general musical director for the company at the age of 26.

When Ray completed an arrangement for a record, he would assemble the best musicians available, rehearse them and conduct them. His men were drawn from the leading orchestras in London, and "Ray Noble's New Mayfair Dance Orchestra" had its identity only on phonograph records.

The orchestras had a distinctive quality and the recordings became an international sensation. Before he came to New York, his orchestra had been heard more times on American radio stations than many American orchestras.

Thus he achieved international fame as an orchestra leader, although he had never had a set combination, had never played in a hotel, night club or theatre and had made but one broadcast for the British Broadcasting Corporation.

His dance vogue became so great that he was eventually induced to come to New York. He was in Hollywood for three months and then returned to New York to organize an Ameri-

can orchestra in January, 1935. He made his American debut February 20, broadcasting on the Coty, Inc., program.

The band took New York by storm. Its rise to popularity was phenomenal. They now play the Coca Cola program every Wednesday evening. Recently Noble won third place in the poll throughout the nation on the most popular orchestra leader, topped only by Guy Lombardo and Wayne King after being on the air only a year. They gave him the most popular spot in the metropolis, the smart Rainbow Room atop Radio City. He packed them in for 10 months and then went on a personal tour.

When Ray left England to come over here, he brought with him Al Bowlly, the vocalist who left England at the peak of his career and while he was unquestionably the best-known popular singer in Europe. His reception here has paralleled even Ray's. And can he sing!

They say Ray has never appeared in this section of the country before. The German Club certainly pulled a master coup in bringing him down. Well, we can't sit out any longer and miss any more of that music. Let's swing it.

Oh, did you hear that Fred Waring is denouncing the revival of swing music. Says it's being overdone and compares it to the old ragtime stuff. It has its place in changing the pace of music but he's got something there. He knows how to use it and mix them up but so does Ray.

Break, please?

—Bob Page.

DISSERTATION BY A PIG

I am the pig who got up and slowly walked away. I have been honored by verse and song and am proud of it. But now that hog-killing time is near I feel I must make a clean breast of the whole affair—a death bed confession.

When that lady came along and said to the man lying by my side in the gutter, "You can tell a man who boozes by the company he chooses," I did not feel insulted as people have believed —not the slightest bit.

I just didn't want to stay around any longer. Lying in the gutter with a Duke man is bad enough, but I'll be damned if I'm going to listen to any W.C.T.U. female lecture.

MODEST

Uncle Hiram sat on the hotel porch and resolved that he'd put this ornery cuss in his place. Here he came to Podunk with a beard that would do credit to any inhabitant, spent his money freely, and in the short space of a week had usurped Hiram's place as town character. Something had to be done about this bearded stranger. And he was all set to do it. As his rival came up to the porch and eased himself into a wicker chair, with his feet hooked on the railing, Hiram mused in a fairly loud voice: "I had a beard like yours once, but when I realized how it made me look I cut it off." There, that would fix him.

But back came the reply: "I had a face like your'n once. And when I realized that I couldn't cut it off I grew this beard to cover it." —*Punch Bowl.*

A middle-aged woman lost her balance and fell out of a window into a garbage can. A Chinaman passing remarked: "Americans vely wasteful. That woman good for 10 years yet." —*Jester.*

John (*Judge*) Parker

Astute, bespectacled green eyes peer out with the introspection of a psychiatrist. Filaments of nondescript hair, perched on inverted conical head, flee from their destination. Tightly compressed lips, hemmed in by elongated jaws, droop southward. Chin, denotative of determination, offers prow effect more than that of rudder—not unlike Cliffs of Dover. Military bearing. Stentorian voice hurls, rather than tosses, words with great resonance. Fraternal expression generally,—yet easily adaptable to paternal. Takes himself seriously—but, has a right to do so. Modest and unobtrusive, to the point of good scenery in a crowd, unless aroused—then, veritable dynamite. Blood brother to John Law and Dame Justice, but not prodigal with leniency. Composite of Woodrow Wilson and William Jennings Bryan.

Pipe and open fireplace, ham and eggs, and Justinian.

—Hayden C. Clement.

A young business man and deacon in the church was going to New York on business and while there was to purchase a new sign, which was to be hung up in the front of the church, advertising a new movement in the church. He copied the motto and dimensions of the sign, but went to New York and left the paper in his coat at home. When he discovered that he had left the paper at home, he wired his wife, "Send motto and dimensions." An hour later a message came over the wire and the young lady clerk, who had just come from lunch and knew nothing of the previous wire, fainted. When they looked at the message she had just taken, they read: "Unto us a son is born, 6 feet long and 3 feet wide."

—*Yellow Crab.*

Recently, the fashion editor of *Esquire* named Yale as the best dressed college in the country. A columnist in the May 1st issue of *The Daily Princetonian* retaliated with ". . . it cuts us to the quick . . . there's always a comeback. Clothes don't make the man!"

Neither do columns.

Voice from Old West: "Old East can go to Hell!"

Voice from Old East: "Thanks very much, but have you got room over there."

—*John Moore.*

Sweet young thing: Are you Harry?

Bashful young man: Well, just a little around the chest.

—*Widow.*

"Consomme, Bouillon, Hors d'Oeuvres, Fricasee Poulet, Pommes de Terre au Gratin, Demi-Tasse des Glaces, and tell that mug in the corner to keep his lamps offa me moll, see!"

—*Puppet.*

He: "Woman's greatest attraction is her hair."

He: "I say it's her eyes."

He: "It is unquestionably her teeth."

Another: "What's the use of sitting here lying to each other."

—*Pell-Mell.*

Haberdasher: "These shirts are very strong, sir. They simply laugh at the laundry."

Customer: "Yeah, I know. I had some like that before. They laughed so hard they came back with their sides split."

—*Punch Bowl.*

"Whatfo' you sharpenin' dat razor?"

"Woman, they's a pair of genmuns shoes undeh yo' bed. If they ain't no niggah in dem shoes—ah's gonna shave."

—*Wataugan.*

"I just congratulated Dr. Brown on marrying one of his patients, and he seemed annoyed."

"That's not Dr. Brown, you fool. That's Dr. Smith, the lunacy expert." —*Log.*

Harry: "How come you stopped singing in the choir?"

George: "I wasn't there one Sunday and somebody asked if they'd fixed the organ."

—*Colorado Dodo.*

Marine: You remember when you cured my rheumatism, Doc, a couple of years ago and you told me to avoid dampness?

M. D.: Yes, that's right.

Marine: Well, I've come to ask you can I take a bath?

—*Shipmate.*

Six year old Mary awoke about two o'clock in the morning. "Tell me a story, mamma," she pleaded.

"Hush, darling," said mother, "Daddy will be in soon and tell us both one."

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Mr. and Mrs. Wong had a baby—which turned out white. They couldn't understand it, but little Audrey (What, again?) laffed and laffed two-three more times, because she knew two Wongs couldn't make a white.

—*Widow.*

Lady: "I want to see some kid gloves for my eight-year-old daughter, please."

Polite Clerk: "Yes, ma'am, white kid?"

Lady: "Sir!" —*Pell-Mell.*

"I don't see why you haggle so about the price with the tailor —you'll never pay him anyhow."

"But I'm conscientious. I don't want the poor fellow to lose more than is necessary."

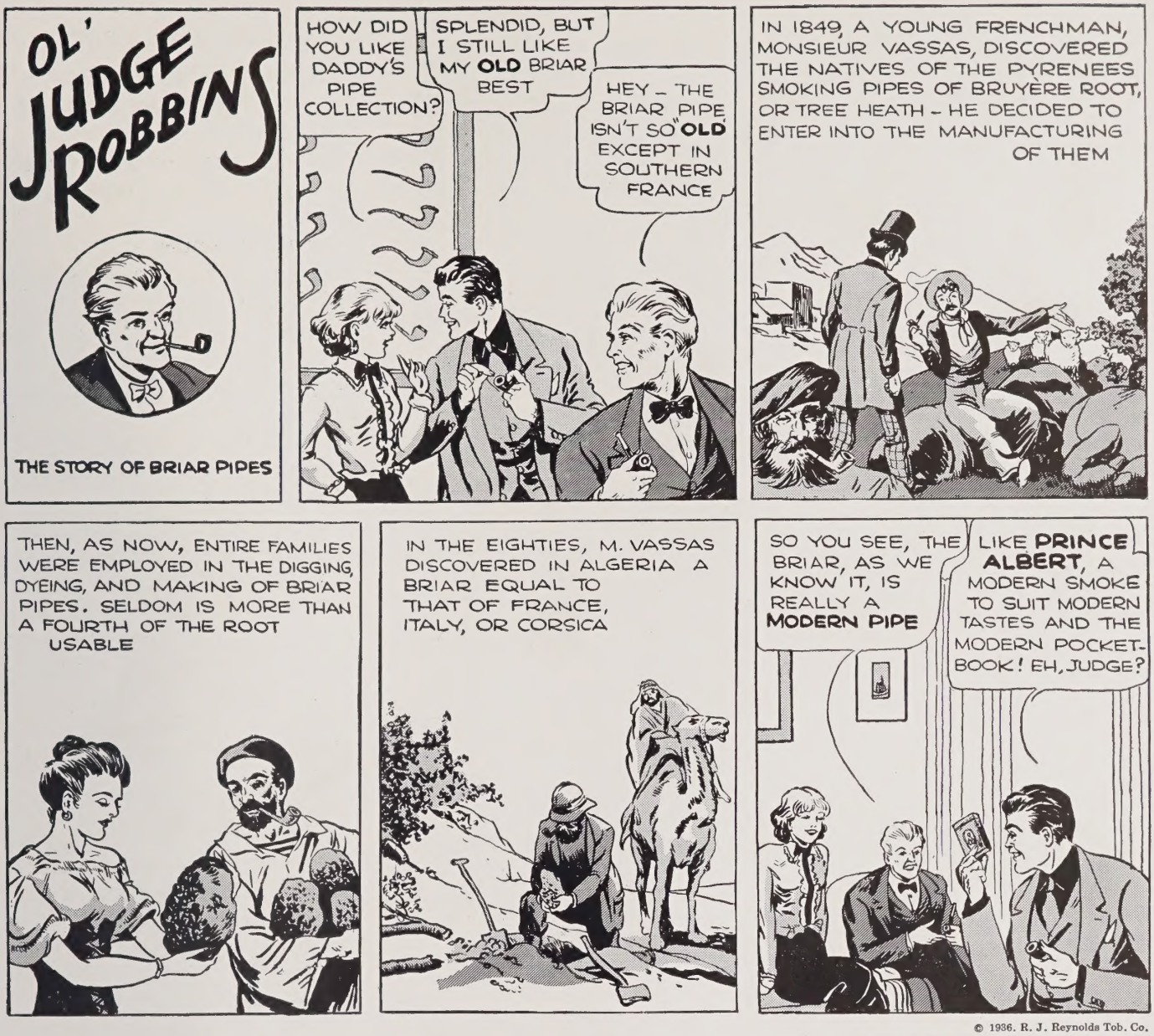
—*Log.*

"Who's that close-mouthed brother over there?"

"He ain't close-mouthed. He's just waiting for the janitor to come back with the spittoon."

—*Lyre.*

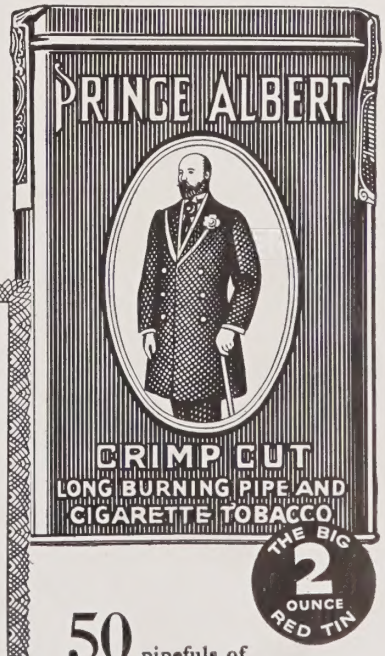
Height of futility: Roscoe Ates reciting Gertrude Stein's poetry. —*Tiger.*


OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
THE STORY OF BRIAR PIPES
HOW DID YOU LIKE DADDY'S PIPE COLLECTION?
SPLENDID, BUT I STILL LIKE MY OLD BRIAR BEST
HEY – THE BRIAR PIPE ISN'T SO "OLD" EXCEPT IN SOUTHERN FRANCE
IN 1849, A YOUNG FRENCHMAN, MONSIEUR VASSAS, DISCOVERED THE NATIVES OF THE PYRENEES SMOKING PIPES OF BRUYÈRE ROOT, OR TREE HEATH – HE DECIDED TO ENTER INTO THE MANUFACTURING OF THEM
THEN, AS NOW, ENTIRE FAMILIES WERE EMPLOYED IN THE DIGGING, DYEING, AND MAKING OF BRIAR PIPES. SELDOM IS MORE THAN A FOURTH OF THE ROOT USABLE
IN THE EIGHTIES, M. VASSAS DISCOVERED IN ALGERIA A BRIAR EQUAL TO THAT OF FRANCE, ITALY, OR CORSICA
SO YOU SEE, THE BRIAR, AS WE KNOW IT, IS REALLY A MODERN PIPE
LIKE PRINCE ALBERT, A MODERN SMOKE TO SUIT MODERN TASTES AND THE MODERN POCKET-BOOK! EH, JUDGE?

© 1936. R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

EXPECT P. A. TO HIT THE JOY NOTE!

Men, don't put off trying Prince Albert. It is mild and mellow—wonderful in flavor—too good to miss! Smoke 20 pipefuls at our risk. Whiff its fragrance. Note how cool and long-burning each pipeful is. Enjoy steady pipe smoking that does not bite the tongue. So join up today with the world's biggest group of contented pipe smokers—the Prince Albert fans! You risk nothing. P. A. *has* to please you. Special note for "makin's" smokers—P. A. makes grand roll-your-own cigarettes.



OUR OFFER TO PIPE SMOKERS

"You must be pleased"

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

"'Morning, Dear . . . anything new?"

Husband (to wife who has just had twins)—My God, will you never get over the habit of exaggerating?

—Mountain Goat.

1st Copper: "What do you think they are doing over there in that car?"

2nd Copper: "I think he's trying to get her to join the NRA. I heard him say, 'Let's get organized.'"

—Rammer-Jammer.

Warden (To doomed prisoner): Do you have any requests to make before I turn on the juice?

D. P.: Yeah, take it easy. I've got a weak heart.

—Board Walk.

"Smith is the laziest man in the world."

"How's that?"

"He puts his cow in the barn so she'll get the chills and churn her own butter." *—Log.*

Warden: What made you beat up your cell mate the way you did?

Convict: Aw, dat guy gits wise wit me.

Warden: What's he done now?

Convict: Tore da leaf off da calendar and it was my toin.

—Pointer.

"I think I'll go on a bender," said the fly as he started crawling around a pretzel.

—Frivol.

ROMEO AND JULIET

(Continued from page 19)

Juliet: Yes, Romeo, neither do I, too.

Romeo: Juliet, would you marry me if all my bones were broken?

Juliet: Of course not.

Romeo: Then for Heaven's sake stop pushing.

Juliet: Ah, my Romeo, the hour of departure has come. The night is almost done. You must go now.

Romeo: O. K. Juliet.

Juliet: I wish to commune with Mother Nature.

Romeo: What's his last name?

Juliet: Zilch, go now . . .

Romeo: Adieu, adieu.

(Romeo steps off balcony where ladder is supposed to be but isn't and falls six stories to the ground.)

Juliet: (Looks down and shouts) Romeo, are you double-jointed?

Romeo: No.

Juliet: Well, then, both your legs are broken . . . are you hurt?

Romeo: No, but if you're coming down also, look out? The first step on the ladder is very steep!

Curtain. *—Stoic.*

Grandpappy Morgan, a hillbilly of the Ozarks, had wandered off into the woods and failed to return for supper, so young Tolliver was sent to look for him. He found him standing in the bushes.

"Gettin dark, Grandpap," the tot ventured.

"Yep."

"Suppertime, Grandpap."

"Yep."

"Airn't ye hungry?"

"Yep."

"Wal, air ye comin' home?"

"Nope."

"Why ain't ye?"

"Can't."

"Why can't ye?"

"Standin' in a b'ar trap."

—Growler.

Wifie—What's the idea of poking the broom in the baby's face this morning?

Hubby—I just wanted to get him used to kissing his grandfather. —*Echo.*

Guest (to host in new home) : Hello, old pal, how do you find it here?"

Host: Walk right upstairs, and then two doors to the left.
—*Siren.*

Student (in bookstore) : How much is this paper?

Clerk: 75c a ream.

Student: It sure is!
—*Chapparal.*

"Where are you doing your skating this winter?

About the same place I used to do my horseback riding last summer. —*Old Line.*

Senior—I'm going to get a B.S. next June if I have to join the Boy Scouts to get it.
—*Chapparal.*

An Immaculata College co-ed advertised under an assumed name that she would like to make the acquaintance of a refined young gentleman with an eye for romance. She told her mother about it, who asked her, shocked, but hopefully, if she received any answers.

"Only one," replied the daughter. "From Father."
—*Varieties.*

"Hey, Zeke, ya got ya shoes on wrong, ya got the right one on tha left foot."

"My Gosh, they been thataway fer twenty years; I thawt I was club footed." —*Log.*

"Smile like that again."

She blushed and dimpled sweetly.

"Just as I thought, you look like a chipmunk."
—*Sulphur Spray.*

Captain: "You are charged with habitual drunkenness. What excuse have you to offer?"

Offender (brightly) : "Habitual thirst, Captain."
—*Pell-Mell.*

Slightly Inebriated (to girl on Broadway) : "Do you speak to strangers on the street?"

Sweet Little Girl: "Oh, no!"

Slightly Inebriated: "Well, then, shut up."
—*Sundial.*

He—"When you were in Europe this summer I suppose you saw the great tracts of barren waste."

She—"Yes, he has a wonderful estate."
—*Cornell Widow.*

"Are you the bull of the campus?"

"That's me, baby."

"Moo."
—*Rammer-Jammer.*

"I know he's a radical, because he says, 'Down with everything!' "

"Hell, so do college men at house parties."
—*Punch Bowl.*

Booloo Club

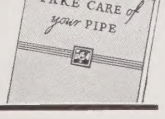
Owing to something of a misunderstanding between the incoming members and outgoing members, the list of new members is not published in this issue. For those who wish to investigate further, the list will be posted on the windows of The Student Cooperative Clothiers.

END OF THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE

HE fell from the bar with the greatest of ease when the fumes from that gooey briar got him. Won't some usher rush out for pipe cleaners and a tin of Sir Walter Raleigh's peaceful blend—and let the show go on? Sir Walter burns slower, cooler. The air stays cleaner, your tongue stays calmer, and its delightful aroma wins any crowd. Sales boom as smoker after smoker finds Sir Walter the answer to his prayer for mildness and fragrance.

SWITCH TO THE BRAND OF GRAND AROMA

FREE booklet tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter; how to break in a new pipe. Write for copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. L-65



SHROUDING THAT BODY DOWN

In approaching the subject of the importance of a man's personal appearance there is always a fear that the listener—or reader—may acquire the misconception that this subject is only of interest to would-be Beau Brummels or tailors' dummies.

There is a great deal more evil, we will grant, in being overdressed than in just being dressed; but the importance of being well-dressed is often overlooked entirely, due to the desire of most men to avoid an interest

in their clothes that might make them subject to ridicule or the possibility of being conspicuous.

However, many university men labor under the misapprehension that the campus is an ideal place to wear clothes that are appropriate for a Maine camp. Certainly this is inconsistent with the purpose of modern universities. The primary reason one goes through four years or more of college is to broaden or better one's mental faculties, and this having been accomplished, to utilize this superior thinking ability to carve a success in the professional or business world.

Take Your Choice

•

Palm Beach
Linens
Tropicals

$15.00 up

•

Pritchard - Bright & Co.

"Tomorrow's Styles Today"

Washington Duke Hotel Bldg.
DURHAM, N. C.

We do not believe that the most important element in business success is one's appearance, but do say that it has a direct bearing when one considers the elements that make for success. We ourselves prefer practically anything to the over-dressed ap-

pearance which is the result of a foppish attitude, but at the same time realize there is an intelligent and happy medium, dictated by good taste.

We know of no panaceas for the ills of appearance, but there are a few prescriptions that

might well be taken regularly. Few of us have unlimited amounts to spend on everything or anything that we would like

WOOTTEN-MOULTON

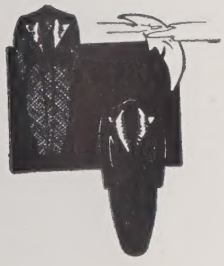
•

Photographers for The Yackety Yack for 14 Years

•

All negatives are filed, and orders from them given careful attention.

to have in our wardrobes, and the great majority of us need take care that what we buy will result in the proper appearance,



as we cannot afford to take chances on this.

One means of insurance that we may recommend is that one should buy not necessarily the most luxurious, but certainly the best he can possibly afford. And assuming that the proper care is taken of this kind of clothing he will find less need for constant replenishing. Add to this the essential of good judgment in the selection of accessories worn with clothing, and there is the assurance of a satisfactory appearance that is never too obvious nor so inconspicuous as to mean nothing.

Then there was the novelist who got the idea for his second novel from the screen version of his first one. —*Punch Bowl.*

"The neighbors have a new dog. He cost $300 and he's part bull."

"What part?"

"That part about the $300."

—*Cornell Widow.*

Look at Your Shoes—Everybody Else Does

•

Let us change their appearance by rebuilding them

at

The University Shoe Shop

Phone 3171

ANSWERS TO "REALLY, YOU SHOULD KNOW THESE"

1. *Say I'm just looking.*
2. *Staab looks wrong but he's right.*
3. *Clinton.*
4. *Holland American Line.*
5. *Magnolia Family.*
6. *Tokyo, we forgot to mention that it was the Olympics for 1940.*
7. *North-East.*
8. *At trying times . . . try, etc.*
9. *Purple and Orange.*
10. *Navy.*
11. *M. Ray.*
12. *All but the "Book X."*
13. *S.A.E.*
14. *Never in the office, but a good fellow rather.*
15. *Freshman Handbook.*
16. *Red and Black.*
17. *Penn.*
18. *Wait until June 6.*
19. *2,165.*
20. *Right.*

ANSWERS TO "BY THESE YE SHALL KNOW THEM"

1. *The best side of "Bull" James.*
2. *Frankey Fairly.*
3. *Albert Ellis; not the bowling champion.*
4. *"They're wearing them lower this season" . . . Phil Hammer.*

The drunk tip-toed up the stairs, shoes in hand. He patched up the scars of the brawl with adhesive tape, then climbed into bed, smiling at the thought he'd put one over on his wife.

Came the dawn. The ex-drunk opened his eyes and there stood his wife, glaring at him.

"Why, what's the matter, dear?" quoth he.

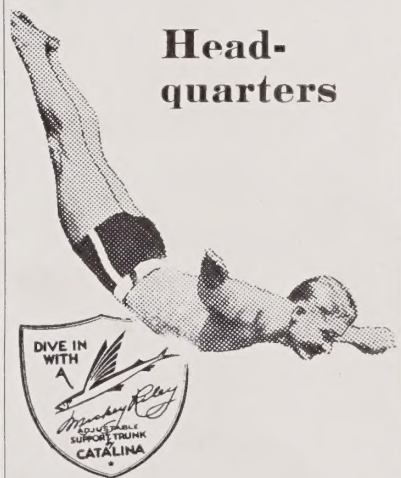
"You were drunk last night," she replied.

"Why, darling, I was nothing of the sort."

"Well, if you weren't, who put all the adhesive tape on the bathroom mirror?" —*Puppet.*

SWIM WEAR

Headquarters



The Young Men's Shop

126-128 E. Main St.
Durham

WILD LIFE!

"Mortimer, I am disgusted with you. The very idea! Giving such an expensive diamond bracelet to a girl you've met only once. Why, do you know what she does for a living—dances in a show, waving a lot of feathers before her. She's a fan dancer, that's what she is!"

"Yes, mater, I know it. But ever since I was a little boy you told me always to be kind to all our dear feathered friends."

SHFSKD

According to the experts, a man is drunk when he feels sophisticated and cannot pronounce it. —*Ranger.*

She—Can I trust him?

Sister—Why, he's so crooked that the wool he pulls over your eyes is half cotton!

—*Cornell Widow.*

Plebe—What do you repair these shoes with?

Cobbler—Hide.

Plebe—Why should I hide?

Cobbler—Hide, hide. Cow's outside.

Plebe—Let her come in. I'm not afraid. —*Yale Record.*

"Say, Pop, you sure got me in bad with my teacher."

"What's the matter, son?"

"Remember last night, when I asked you how much a million dollars was?"

"Yes."

"Well, 'Helluva lot' isn't the right answer." —*Red Cat.*

Collegiate Reporter—"I've got a perfect news story."

Editor—"How come? A man bit a dog?"

Reporter—"No, a hydrant sprinkled one."

—*Wotougon.*

THANK GOD!

The orchestra stood rooted to the spot—it had played *Trees* once too often. —*Froth.*

The Cadet Corps was on a thirty-mile hike to Houston.

After walking for three hours the major halted a farmer and asked him:

"How far is it to Houston?"

"Oh, about ten miles," replied the rustic.

After walking another hour the major asked another farmer the same question.

"I should say about ten miles," was the reply.

The body continued on its weary way for two hours, and then they came to a constable.

"How far to Houston?" again asked the major.

"About ten miles."

"Thank Gawd," cried the major, "we're holding our own."

—*Ranger.*

Geography Prof.—Have you finished making up your map?

Co-ed—No, I can't find my compact. —*Aggievator.*

A GREAT START

She—I'll return everything you ever gave me. I'm through.

He—Begin with the kisses.

—*Penn State Froth.*

"What's the charge, officer?"

"Fragrancy, sir. He's been drinking perfume."

—*Purple Parrot.*

First Student Aviator—Quick, what do I do now, instructor?

Second ditto—Hell's bells! Aren't you the instructor?

—*Missouri Showme.*

PLASTERING — And calcimining. Good reference, work guaranteed. Call 2-1688. Lewis French.

—*Greensboro Daily News.*

Another one of these ABC stores, huh?

Now some one claims that the Pied Piper of Hamlin was merely a drunken plumber.

—*Widow.*

There was a young lady named Banker
Who slept while the ship lay at anchor;
She awoke in dismay
When she heard the mate say:
"Now hoist up the topsheet and spanker!"

—*Cornell Widow.*

"Hell, yes," said the devil picking up the phone.

—*Mountain Goat.*

She—How was your party last night?

Voice on Wire—Oh, we're having a swell time?

—*Penn Punch Bowl.*

Little Audrey locked the bathroom door, and then she laughed and laughed because she knew her father was having a beer party that night. —*Widow.*

Social Worker—Do you owe any back house rent?

Relief Seeker—We ain't got any back house. We have modern plumbing. —*Exchange.*

COCKEYED

Old Maid: Officer, this man tried to flirt with me.

Officer: Get along, buddy. I won't have any drunks on my beat. —*The Old Line.*

First Old Maid: "I shiver every time I think of a handsome young man kissing me."

Second Old Maid: "And here I been thinking you had St. Vitus dance all these years."

—*Texas Ranger.*

Dr.: I'd like to have a quart of blood for a transfusion, can you give it?

Stude: I can only give you a pint. I gotta shave tomorrow.

—*Board Walk.*

The young ensign left the ship at Gibraltar for a day ashore. In a cafe he met a young British officer, and they both pleasantly chatted the afternoon away. The young Englishman introduced himself as Lieutenant Windsor, the fact making no special impression on the American.

Taking his leave, the Britisher extended an invitation to dinner to which the officer accepted.

Arriving on board in good time the next day, our friend sensed that his host was not simply a naval officer in the restricted sense of the term. Cautiously inquiring as to his host's status, he learned that only in the Royal Navy was Lieutenant Windsor so addressed. In all other circles he was His Royal Highness, the Duke of York.

—*Log.*

Jenkins: Did you hear about Willard Elkins, the bank cashier, stealing fifty thousand dollars and running away with his best friend's wife?

Simpson: Good heavens, who will teach his Sunday School class tomorrow?

—*Widow.*

I do not hope
That you will faithful be.
Why should I seek in you
What you could not find in me?

—*Jack-o-Lantern.*

The following correction appeared in a small town paper: "Our paper carried the notice last week that Mr. John D—— is a defective in the police force. This was a typographical error. Mr. D—— is really a detective in the police farce."

—*The Stoic.*

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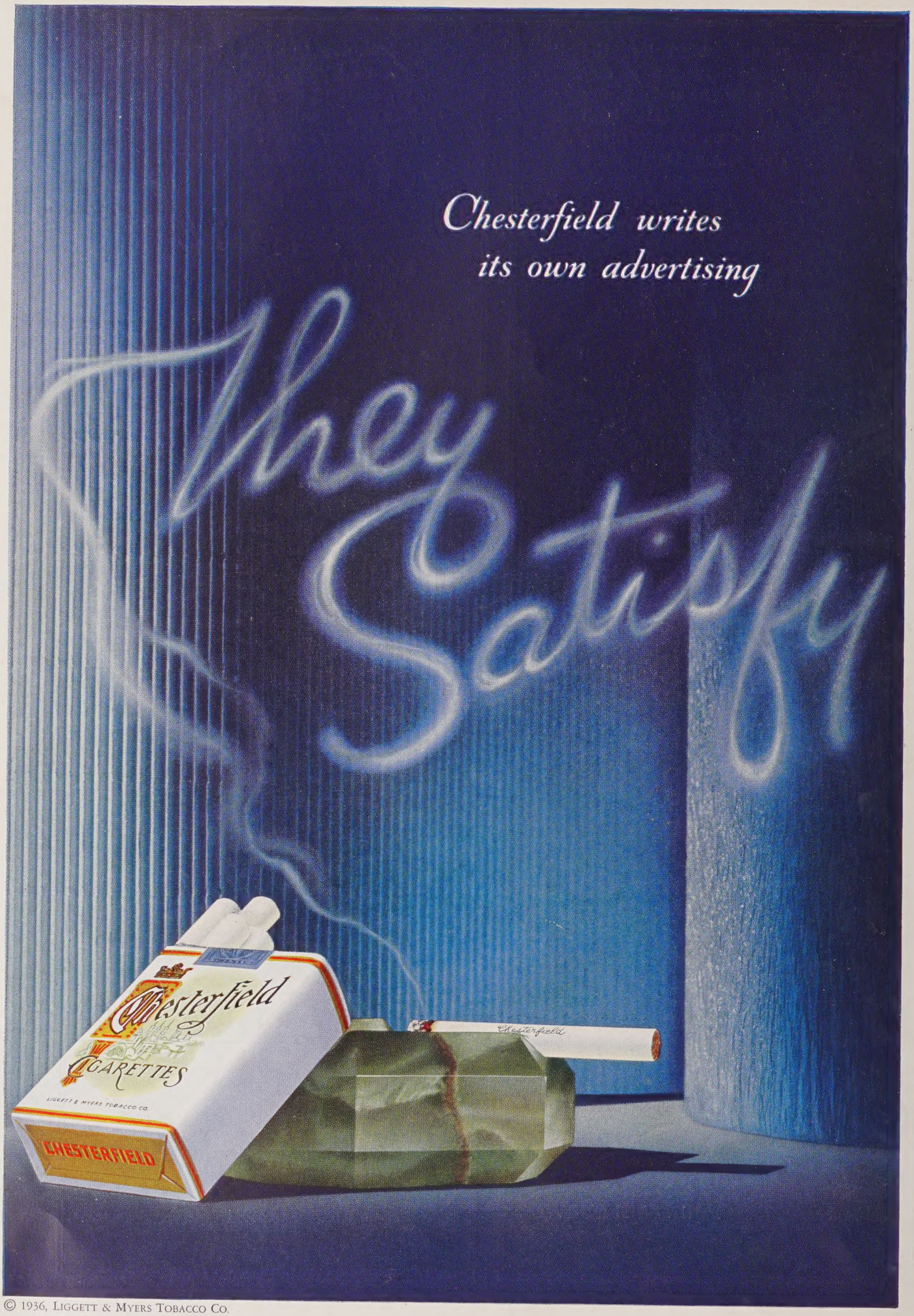

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THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER

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OCTOBER, 1936 - 15¢

CRAIG

AFTER THE GREATEST FINISH under fire in golfing history, Tony Manero gets set for hearty eating by smoking Camels. He won the 1936 National Open with a spectacular 282. His digestion stands the strain of the long grind because, as Tony says: "I'll go on record any time as one who thanks Camels for stimulating digestion. I feel cheered up while I'm eating—enjoy my food more—and have a feeling of ease afterward when I enjoy Camels along with my meals. Camels set me right."

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THE TRAGIC ERROR

A college boy boarded the train, entered a sleeper and tipped the six-foot porter liberally to put him off at Podunk.

"I'm a very hard sleeper," said the young man, "and you must take no notice of my protests. Seize me and put me out on the platform."

The next morning he woke up to find himself still on the train, steaming into New York. Raging with fury, he found the porter and began to bawl him out in strong language.

"I say, suh," replied the great negro, calmly, "you've got a bit o' temper, but it ain't nothin' compared with the young feller I put out of the train at Podunk." —*Ranger.*

At last she entered the gorgeous room. Ah! there he was, tall and handsome. She sank into a chair and leaned back gazing at the beautiful surroundings. He approached; her heart beat swiftly. He bent over and looked into her lovely countenance. His knee momentarily touched hers. Her mouth was open in awe. At last leaning closer he spoke, "I'm sorry Mrs. Katz, but your tonsils must be extracted." —*Scholastic.*

Some tourists were standing on the edge of Mt. Vesuvius looking at the molten lava. An American remarked to his companions:

"Looks hot as hell."

An Englishman nearby remarked to his companion: "These Americans have been everywhere." —*Caveman.*

EPITAPH

Four Brandies
Three Ryes
Two Scotches
One Bier. —*Lyre.*

Prof: A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer.

Frosh: That's why I flunked.
—*Yellow Jacket.*

Little Bobby ran to his mother, sobbing as though his heart would break.

"Why, what's the matter, Bobbie?" asked his mother.

"Oh, Daddy was hanging a picture and he dropped it on his toes," answered Bobby between sobs.

"Why, that's nothing to cry about, you should laugh at that," said his mother.

"I did," Bobbie replied.

"I hear you and the leading lady are on the outs."

Electrician: "Yeah, it was one of those quick change scenes with the stage all dark. She asked for her tights and I thought she said lights."
—*Sun Dial.*

Chi O. Blonde: Isn't that a beautiful butterfly on my knee? It must think I'm a flower.

S. A. E.: That's no butterfly, that's a horsefly. —*Siren.*

MEMORY

Dean: Know you? Why, I knew you when your mother got kicked out of college.
—*Showme.*

TRAGEDY

Barristers-about-town like to tell this one on a prominent local attorney who had subpoenaed a certain youngster as an important witness. No sooner had the little lad climbed the witness chair than the lawyer started to fire questions at him.

"Have you an occupation?" asked the legal one.

"Nope."

"Do you ever do any work of any kind?"

"Nope."

"What occupation does your father follow?"

"None."

"Does he ever do anything to help support the family?"

"Odd jobs once in a great while."

"Then tell me, isn't your father a worthless fellow, loafer, deadbeat and cad?"

"I don't know," answered the witness, "you better ask him; he's sittin' over there in the jury." —*Sundial.*

An old darky approached the minister cautiously and lightly tapped him on the shoulder.

"Parson, suh," he said, "Ah wants you all to pray for me. Ah's in a bad way, suh."

"Well, Rastus, what's wrong with you?"

"Suh, ah's got a floating kidney, Ah has, suh."

"But Rastus," replied the minister, "I can't pray for physical things like that; I only pray for spiritual things."

"You all can't pray for a floating kidney? Then how come you all prayed last Sunday for the loose livers?" —*Pointer.*

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Vol. 13
No. 2

SHE:... *"FRESH!!!"*

HE:... *"YOU SAID IT!"*

AND *you'll* say "fresh," too . . . when those appetizing *Double-Mellow* Old Golds pop out of their *double*-Cellophaned package. And, if Old Gold's doubly-fresh prize-crop tobaccos don't give you double-smoking-pleasure double-quick . . . THEN, we'll pay you double-your-money-back. And *that* is a double-dare.

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The Carolina Buccaneer

University of North Carolina

VOLUME XIII | OCTOBER, 1936 | NUMBER 2

PIECES OF EIGHT

● *Can You Remember*

Freshmen you have come to the right place. Nowhere in this whole country of ours could you have found a school that is as ours is. Ours is a school for men, and men of brains. Ours is a school with something more than just the average personnel. The University gives you what you strive for. And we are here to advise you how to strive.

In such a vein our professors and contact men have spoken and it is all true. But especially true is it that we are ready to give advice and plenty of it.

Last month, towards the close of the first meeting of his freshman class, Instructor McClamroch gave his share, which seemed to pass unhampered over the heads of his pupils. Suspecting that this be so, McClamroch finished with words as follows; "Now, fellows, uh—if there is anything that is worrying you or if there is anything that you can't quite see in this course, I want you to come by to see me. My office is in *Murphy*, room number-er-er-uh-well, it's across from the Ladies' Retiring Room, anyhow."

● *Culture Heights*

Three years ago, probably the most uncivilized place on our North Carolina Coast, was Nags Head. It was the place to go when you wanted to get away from it all and relax. You could get out on the sand dunes and breathe in fresh salt air and mosquitoes until you couldn't move. You know how it was.

But now, now it has all changed. They have started living in houses, and they have put in electricity, and there is a beach club where everybody gets drunk every night. It's changed, and it's been ruined. This summer there was a house party down there, and on this house party were a lot of *civilized* men. They had gone down to relax and get away from it all. One of them was a local law Proff, another was a Harvard professor and there were several others, including two prominent lawyers who were acting as hosts.

"One day" our Harvard man said, "I overheard a Southern young man talking to a Harvard student. Their conversation grew into a heated discussion and obviously the Southerner didn't like what was being said for he turned to the Harvard man and demanded 'Who in the Hell do you think you're talking to?' The Harvard man coolly turned and fixed his gaze on the Southerner's collar and retorted, 'Sir, you mean—*Whom* in the Hell do you think you are addressing, don't you'?"

● *Sunday School Boy*

A seven year old Chapel Hill boy recently returned from his summer vacation. He had been to see his aunt in Charlotte, N. C. Most of his time was spent riding a pony and playing with his aunt's little daughter. In short, the kid had a good time in Charlotte.

A few weeks ago, our boy went to Sunday School in Chapel Hill. He was an outdoor fellow and didn't like the closeness of the room. Naturally he rebelled and showed his dislike by yelling "I'm an Indian" and beating his friends over the head. The teacher tried to quiet him by talking to him.

"Now come, Junior, be a good boy. Don't you want to go to Heaven?"

"Heck no," he replied, "I want to go to Charlotte."

● *Appreciation*

Carrying what he thought was a literary masterpiece, young Leonard Rapport approached the editor of the Carolina Magazine. The title of the story was "The Night the Bucket Fell" and it was his own. He tendered it to the Mag. editor and awaited the verdict of whether it could be used in the coming issue or not. The editor raised his head after glancing through the story, and said he was sorry but he couldn't use it. Disappointed but certainly not less hopeful Leonard Rapport turned away. This was a year and a half ago.

This month, the well-known and recognized literary maga-

"Wait, I'd better ask my advisor first."

zine *Fiction Parade* came out and on page 710 was the story "The Night the Bucket Fell" by Leonard Rapport. It was a reprint from the Virginia Quarterly Review and *Fiction Parade* only reprints the best. It is also a fact that the new *Anthology of Short Stories* has bought the reprint right and will carry "The Night the Bucket Fell."

● *Poe Takes Showers? You Know Not!*

A recent conversation between ex-Mag.-editor Poe and ex-Buc.-editor Ivey, developed into a discussion of honesty.

Spake Poe, "I have always, down deep in me, believed lawyers to be dishonest. I believed this to be so, even until this year. But this year I've been living in the Law dormitory and have seen into the hearts of these fellows. I have found that they are honest. I have given them the test."

"The test?"

"Yeah, the test, I took a shower a couple of weeks ago and left a new cake of soap in the shower room. I took another shower a week later and found the same cake of soap intact. You see, that shows they are honest."

"That," said Pete, "doesn't prove they are honest, it merely proves that they don't take baths over at Carr."

● *Browder Scores*

It came about at the Phi Assembly the other night.

Preparations were under way for the initiation of new members, when Representative Ruth Crowell felt an urge to speak to Speaker Frank McGlinn. She started towards the Speaker's desk.

All went well until she arrived at the edge of the wide platform in front of the desk. There, she caught her foot, stumbled and fell, more or less gracefully, skidding gently across the floor, head first.

Up rose Representative Bob Browder, Old East Tycoon, and proclaimed in his hog-calling bawl, "Representative Crowell has the floor!"

● *Analysis*

"Remove the horse and starve the sparrow," so spake Dr. E. W. Zimmerman before the Sophomore, Junior and Senior cabinets of the Y. M. C. A."

This note came into the office the other day. It's author was nowhere around and since then hasn't put in his appearance. So, the note goes in as received.

Mention of Dr. Zimmerman brings to mind an incident that occurred last year on one of his economic classes.

To illustrate his subject of lecture, Doc had started a chart on the blackboard. If you have heard him you will know there is no one blackboard on the campus that will hold a chart when he is the artist. The whole front board was soon filled so Dr. Zimmerman started on the side board. He continued the chart on around the room and arriving at the door, walked out and went to his room, not to return.

● *Uncanny*

There's always something new, and there's always one about Dr. Graham or his family. Great heads never rest in peace or something like that. Anyhow this is one that is said to be true.

Mrs. Graham, ever since she has been Mrs. Graham, has been known as a woman with a remarkable memory. She could always remember the names of persons who might be dining at the Grahams' and people are always dining there.

With ease, Mrs. Graham could say "Won't you have another helping of fried chicken Mr. Donnell" or "Have some more gravy on that rice, Mr. Perry" and she never failed to call their correct names. How could she do it?

Someone thought it was the way they were seated around the table. So when she was called from the table to the telephone one day, Dr. Graham told all the visiting men to change places. Mrs. Graham returned knowing nothing of the devilish plot against her.

Turning to her left she said "Dr. Norton, will you have some of these very delicious pork chops."

To her surprise a voice boomed from her right, "Thank you, but I never eat meat. I thought I told you a moment ago."

● *Obliging, No End*

This will take time—you can go on thinking about the consequences for years.

Mr. Taylor wasn't usually classed as a grouch, but after all, when you're awakened at 2 a. m. by an insistent telephone when you've had sense enough to go to bed at 12:30, it's rather annoying. Mr. Taylor was annoyed as he lifted the receiver.

"Hello."

"Oh, Mr. Craig," said the strange voice at the other end, "I hate to bother you at this hour, but as you know, it's a matter of the greatest importance. Were those measurements six and one seventh, or seven and one sixth?"

Revenge gleamed in Mr. Taylor's eye. Smiling sweetly he replied,

"Seven and one sixth."

And slept peacefully the rest of the night. J. D. B.

PUT A NICKEL IN

A telephone,
Some conversation,
A muffled tone
Plus animation,

A startled cry,
"Well, I'll be hanged!"
A weary sigh,
Receiver banged.

—*Martha Wyant.*

NINE GREEN FRESHMEN

Nine green Freshmen—one had a date,
Here comes her husband, now there are eight.
Eight scared Freshmen, praying to heaven,
Then came probation slips, and now there are seven.
Seven little Freshmen, all from the sticks,
One went to Camden, then there were six.
Six poor Freshmen, one had to dive
Into the frog pond, then there were five.
Five bold Freshmen, smoking secretly,
Soon came some Sophomores, then there were three.
Three stupid Freshmen, struggling to get through,
Cribbed in the finals, then there were two.
Two weary Freshmen, one couldn't run,
Crossed Woodland Avenue, then there was one.
One lonely Freshman, full of rye and wine,
Looked in the mirror, then there were nine!

—Punch Bowl.

I wish I had a licker locker
To lock some likker in
I wish I had a lotter likker
To place therein.
Because I am a likker liker,
Fond of Scotch and gin,
I wish I had a likker locker
For me and my frin.

—Dick Hicks.

BAD DREAM

First Playwright: Gosh, that suit of yours look as though it had been slept in.

Second Playwright: It was. I wore it to your new show last night. *—Punch Bowl.*

"Thanks, I'm just brousing around."

"No, this ain't the meat market, and we ain't got no bra'ns!"

LINES ABOUT LINES

I say, comrades, I move we hurry up and start the revolution,

On account of they have flouted not only the Tar Heel and the Graham Plan, but also the Constitution;

And they have violated the fundamental rights of man,

Which are to stand up when you gotta, but sit down whenever you can.

Because everybody has said that the educated youth would save the nation if only the dumb nation would let it

But nobody has told anybody that the educated youth wouldn't have time to save anything on account of if they want their education they have to stand in line to get it,

And while they are waiting around the Business Office for a chance to pay their tuition,

The nation could go the whole way to the dogs and two-thirds of the way to perdition.

Because if you want to do anything around any college in general and this one in particular, like getting a meal or paying a fine,

You've gotta stand in line.

Maybe the Administration or the Buildings Department thinks the campus looks better with rowso f students bulging out of the Tin Can and all around its edges,

On account of by the time they (the students, not the B. D.) reach the end of the line they have enough whiskers to pass off for hedges,

Or maybe the Botany Department has discovered that the freshmen are not only fresh, but green to boot,

And is experimenting by making them stand in the registration line to see if they will take root,

Or maybe the faculty is just trying to teach the students how to be resourceful and stand on their own feet—

Well, revenge is sweet.

So, I repeat, let us downtrodden proletarians, Democrats, and Liberty Leaguers arise—not now, but about the first of next quarter,

And do unto our oppressors just ts we oughters

To wit, let us lay violent hands on the ent're faculty when it comes time to buy our next books,

And make them (or it) stand in line all day at the Book Ex just to buy their (or its) own textbooks;

And they will probably turn red, green and purple with various and assorted rages

When they find out that the price of one book, minus sales tax, is two months' wages.

But on second thought, comrades, perhaps the faculty is right in its clo'stered wisdom,

And we are not the victims of a pernicious system;

Because the purpose of college is to prepare us for our future careers and not to teach us how to make headlines,

And certainly a Carolina graduate is eminently prepared for standing in breadlines.

—Lawrence Hinkle

5 A. M.

A baby squealing in the next apartment
A milk cart clattering down the street
A whistle blowing, a dog's loud barking
A chorus of birds with their tweet, tweet, tweet.

Bawling, barking, blowing thru the morn
A hundred different voices, heralding the dawn.

—By L. H. A.

VILLANELLE TO A BOY WHO FELL

So, her eyes are mirrored lakes
And her face is like a flower?
(Easy, Son, put on the brakes).

Clever comments that she makes
Fascinate you by the hour?
(You should see her when she wakes!)

So, your silly spirit quakes
And her frowns cause you to cower?
(Easy, Son, put on the brakes).

Sure you're making no mistakes?
Sure this love will never sour?
(Easy, Son, put on the brakes—
You should see her when she wakes).

NEW TWIST

The man: Who was that lady I seen you outwit last night?

Panther.

In the Freshman class of one of our smaller schools, there were three American boys and one chinaman who ate at the same table. The Chinaman being outnumbered was hazed quite a bit by the Americans. However, he never complained, and the Americans feeling bad about their pranks approached the chinaman one day. "Wong," they said, "we have decided to quit putting salt in your tea and pepper on your salad." Wong replied, "Velly well then I will quit spitting in your coffee."

THE LAST SUPPER

It was on a cold November night that Rastus, who was on the death row, was having a solemn talk with the warden. Upon being asked what he desired to eat for his last supper and having been promised anything that he wished for that final meal, Rastus replied that he wanted only a watermelon. "Rastus, you know that watermelons don't ripen until next summer," replied the warden. Rastus answered, "Dat's what I knows."

LOGICAL

Voices in the dead of night in the dorm:

"Wake up, quick; wake up!"

"Can't."

"Why not?"

"Ain't sleeping."

—Purple Parrot.

"D'ja have a nice summer?"

INNOCENT ABROAD

or

I Saw the Olympics

as told to

Haydon Clement by Fred Sutton

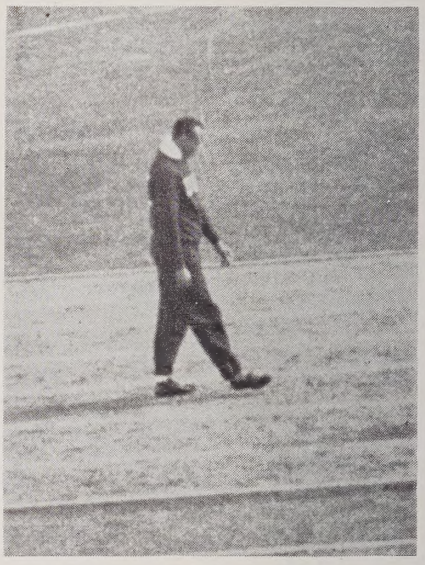
Mark Twain went abroad; but so did Fred Sutton. Mark returned and described the sights he saw picturesquely. Fred returned and with the aid of his $150 Leica—"would cost $400 over here," followed suit.

Fred, and his room-mate at Culver, went over with Peter Cardozo, chief justice of the Supreme Court's cousin, on the Samoia of the White Star Line. In London they picked up John Gauntlett, and four others whose names Fred has forgotten. There they bought some bicycles and prepared to see the town. London, however, like New York, is not the best place in the world to go bicycling, but Fred and his comrades soon mastered it. If any one has ever seen London, I suppose they did,

Sutton

Fred and friends

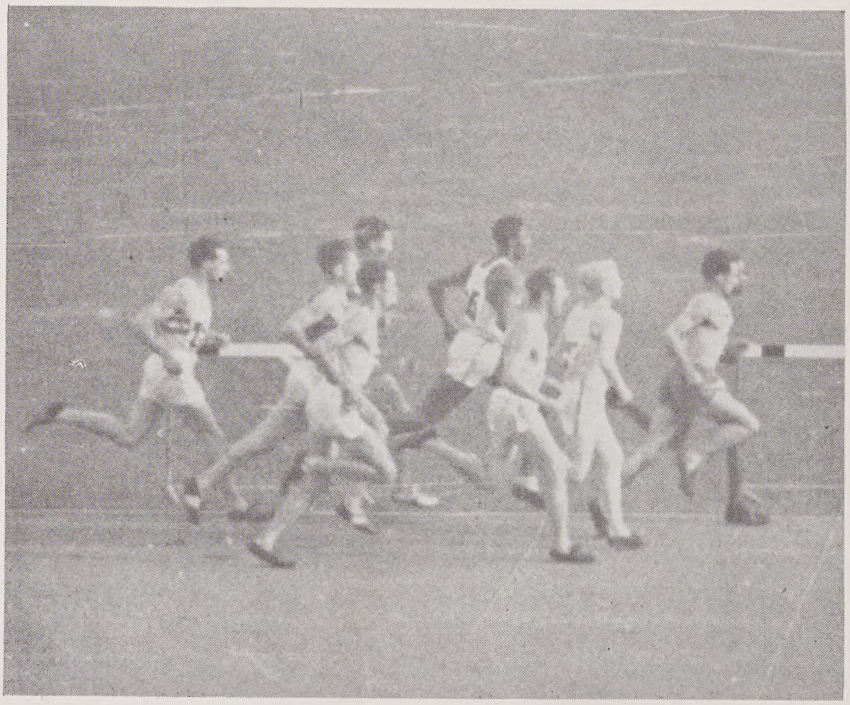
visiting the Gaumot British studios they watched George Arliss and Sylvia Sidney on the set. Perhaps one of the most outstanding feats they performed was to visit Parliament which the boys also watched on the set. This, as you know, is an ultra-ultra concession for the British Government to make as very few people are allowed on the floor while Parliament is in session, unless they behave themselves, and even then it's quite



"The hero of the day" Sutton

difficult to get on the floor. Fred and his boys were quite in keeping with the brilliancy of London's night life, for they were satellites in "three full dress balls," to which the American Club gave them pass-books. Two and a half weeks were thus spent in London.

Then the boys decided to go "lorry hopping" over England, which is our equivalent to hitch-hiking. In this pursuit they stumbled across Windsor Castle and again our young Haliburtons find themselvs with a magnanimous concession. By dint of

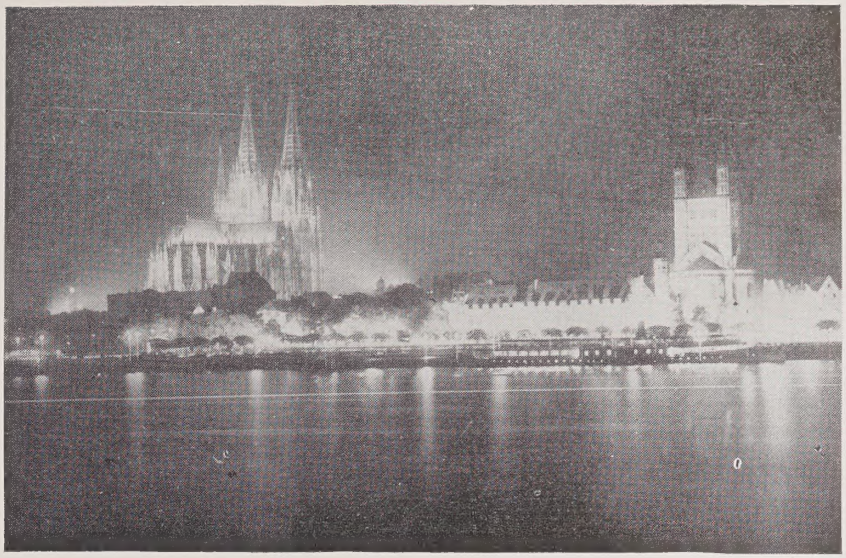


Sutton

Williamson third

knowing the Lodge Keeper of the castle, they were shown throughout the grounds "and even sampled the King's wines." Maxims are often incorrect it seems, for whereas I had accepted the fact that "pigs is pigs," allowance must be made for the pigs of Windsor. Fred tells us that they are raised on the estate and are sold elsewhere, bringing higher prices just because they are Windsor pigs.

Next the boys invaded the continent, hitch hiking and bicycling. During this time they lived on a dollar a day for a month and a half. Fred went to the Olympics, saw Harry Williamson, but "didn't speak to him." Jesse Owens, Fred says,



Sutton

Cologne at night

Sutton

Platform back flip and a half

was "the hero of the day." After this they went down the Rhine and ended up with Paris night life. Here let us leave Fred in Europe. —*Hayden Clement*

Grady Miller Replaced By Well Educated Music Teacher

—*The Daily Tar Heel*

Ed. Note: So that was the trouble.

Snake

"Hi, Snake."

"Hiya, Joe."

"Things kinda getting started."

"Yeah, sure are."

"Old school looks like it used to."

"Yeah, it does."

"I sure do miss all the old boys that graduated."

"Yeah, me too."

"Old Bosco could drink a lot of liquor, couldn't he?"

"Sure could."

"Especially on dance weekends."

"Yeah, dance weekends."

"Not long before Fall Germans."

"Not long."

"I hear Shep Fields is gonna play."

"Shep Fields gonna play, huh."

"Yeah, he's plenty good."

"Yeah, plenty good."

"You having anybody down?"

"Nope, not going."

"Not going to Fall Germans?"

"Nope."

"How about borrowing your Tux then?"

"O. K."

"But listen, Snake, why don't you go?"

"Oh, I'll be Around."

"You mean you'll be around and not go to the dances? Whatcha gonna do?"

"Sleep."

"Sleep all the time?"

"Nope, gonna drink a little beer and late date a little."

"Who you gonna date?"

"The other boys' girls. By the way, who you having down?"

"Marjorie."

"I'd like to have her down."

"What did you mean by that crack?"

"What crack?"

"About Marjorie."

"I said she was a nice girl."

"Oh. She sure is."

"Bring her around to the house when you come to get the Tux."

"Never mind the Tux, Snake."

—*Dick Hicks*

STOP, LOOK, AND LISTEN

Take me as you find me
Or leave me, as you will;
Praise me my indifference,
Or, if you won't be still.

Someone else will come along
If we decide to part.
But, if we don't, I warn you
I have a fickle heart.

Martha Wyant.

During Rushing

During rushing,
Dick Barrett, Atlantan,
Being questioned as to relatives
In Porto Rico, replied,
"No kin—nor to those of Wimpole Street."

During rushing,
A Freshman brought up
Some interesting topics for conversation.
His name was Oscar Zilch.

During rushing,
One of the leading fraternities
Was greeted by a Freshman who begged,
"First, let me look over your house."

During rushing,
Charlie Hines stood out in front of the Beta House
To meet his girl's brother who was a Freshman.
Act One. Scene One. Time: 3:30. Hines meets boy.
Act Three. Scene Three. Time: 6:30. Hines waiting to meet boy.

During rushing,
Claude Brown, Sigma Nu, had been talking to a Freshman
For some hours. When the boy started to leave, Claude said,
"I certainly have seen you."

During rushing,
A Freshman said to a member of a fraternity,
"You haven't stopped talking since I've been here."
The member replied,
"Guys like you have to be entertained, don't you?"

During rushing,
A Freshman greeted the Betas with,
"Well, let's stop all this chiby-wiby and
Talk turkey."

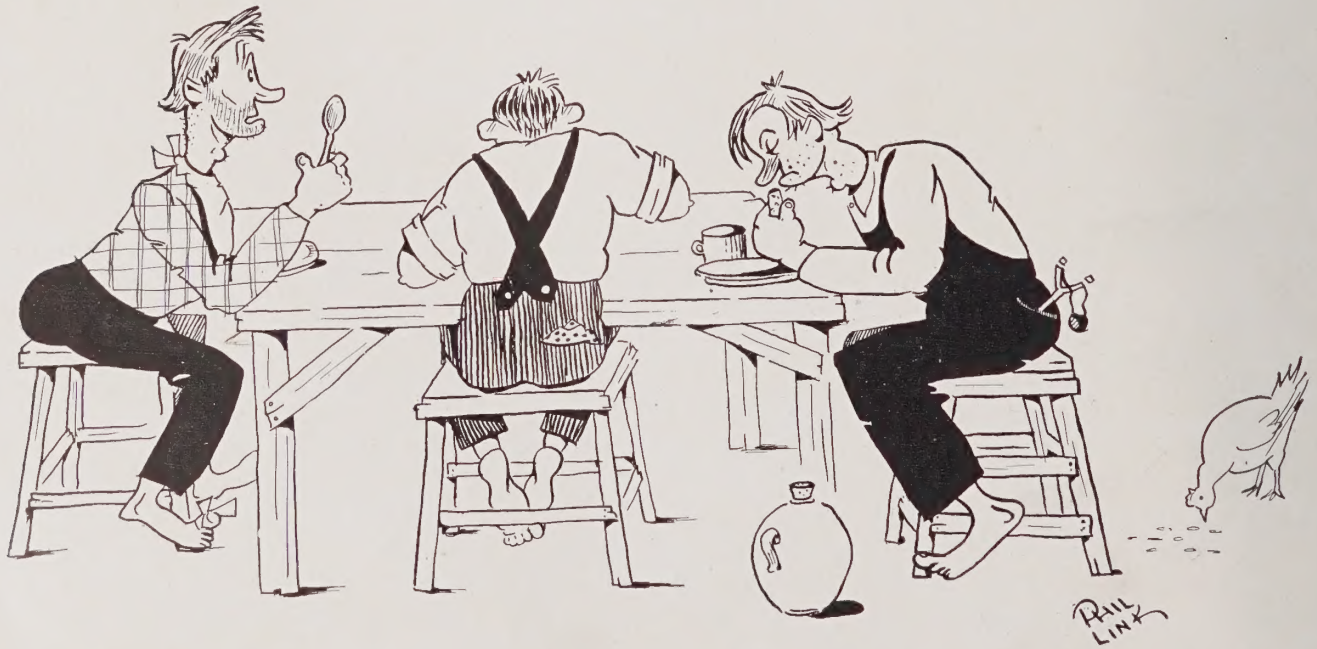
During rushing,
Some one asked a Freshman if he had done much studying.
The reply was, "Most of my classes require library work,
And I hate to come back from down there late at night."

During rushing,
It happened at a fraternity meeting after ten o'clock that
A member replied,
"We had better get him, or else the Pi Phis
Will bump us."

During rushing,
Jesse Fulenwider, Freshman from Savannah,
Introducing himself, "My name is Jesse
Full—Fully—Fullen—aw hell,
F-U-L-L-E-N-W-I-D-E-R!"

A fraternity member
Brought up some interesting topics for conversation.
Identity unknown. He was killed During rushing.

Hayden Clement.



"Wish Ma'd hurry up an' tell us efen er not we're going to have pie, so I'd know whether er not to lick my spoon."

Questions All Fraternity Men Should Be Able to Answer With a Straight Face

Q. My father was a Sigma Sigma. He told me to find out what kind of a chapter you have here.

A. Well, just ask me whatever you want to know.

Q. O. K.—What kind of a house do you have?

A. The best on the campus.

Q. Paid for?

A. Oh, ab-so-lutely.

Q. I thought you sent my old man a letter last year asking for contributions to help save the house from the sheriff.

A. Well, I was out of school last year.

Q. What are pledge dues?

A. About twenty-five cents a month. I don't remember exactly.

Q. What is the initiation fee?

A. Oh, about twenty-five bucks.

Q. Did you say seventy-five?

A. Huh?

Q. I heard you boys didn't rate as well as the Alpha Alphas.

A. It's a dirty lie. I bet they told you so themselves. Everybody knows we're the best bunch on the campus.

Q. Don't they have more men than you?

A. Well, maybe one or two.

Q. I thought it was fifteen.

A. Aw, they'll take anybody.

Q. Were any of the members caught in the cheating probe?

A. No.

Q. What about Zilch and Nicklesworth?

A. They—er—flunked out.

Q. I thought you had a high scholastic standing.

A. Er—come and see our recreation room.

Q. What's that bar doing over there at the end of it?

A. Oh, uh, that's what the—uh—judge sits behind when we have rat court.

Q. Why is Brother Glotz lying on the floor behind it?

A. Oh, he's—uh—I wondered what had become of him.

Q. None of the members steal each other's clothes, do they?

A. Certainly not; we're gentlemen.

Q. That's a nice looking tie Glotz has on.

A. Why, the @*!!!@! son-of-a-%**!!!@ swiped that offa my dresser! Hey, Glotz, wake up, you —— — — ——.

(end of examination)

—Lawrence Hinkle.

DUPED

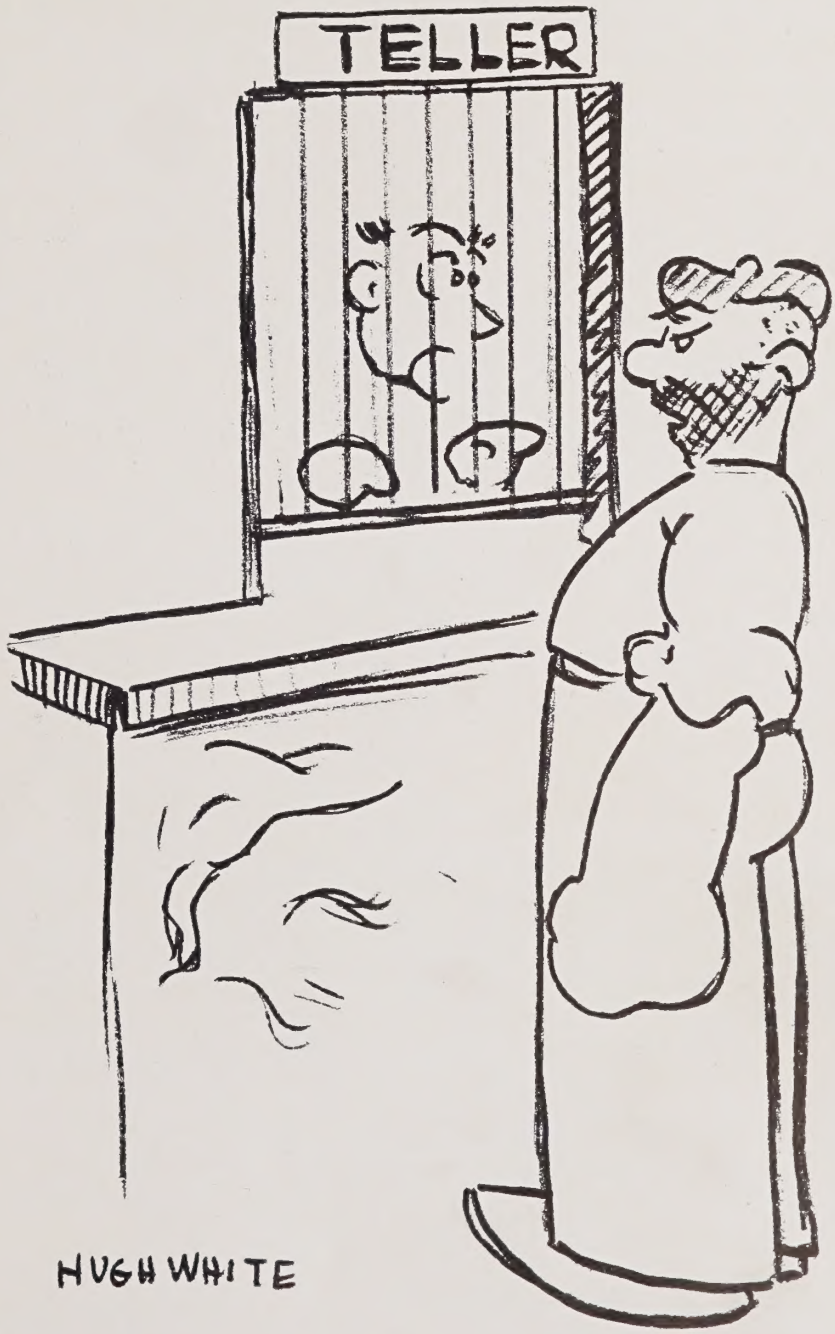
I had a weight within my chest
You came along and gave me rest,
You left; have I the weight of old?
Ah, no, it's increased twenty-fold.

—By L. H. A.

TO UNVEIL BUST OF WOMAN WHO GLORIFIED POPPY.

—Baltimore Sun

Ed. Note: What Price Glory.



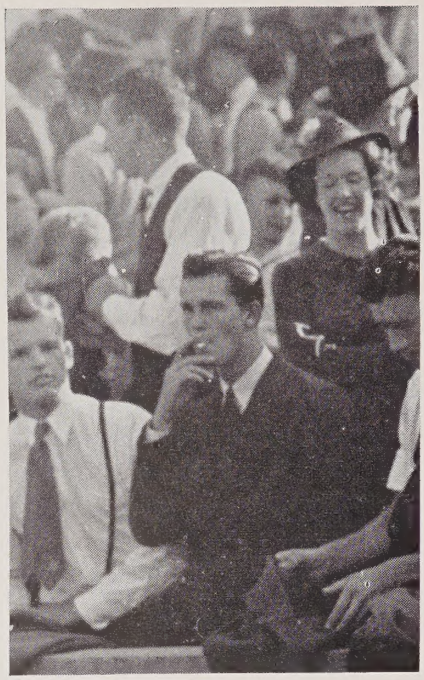
"Not that we're doubting your word—but let us look that up!"

Dame Fashion and friend . . .

That stunning Keeler gal from Mississippi again. "Why don't you stay home?" say the other coeds. Escort K. W. Young, Phi Bete, councilman, and law student, watches his step . . . and he'd better. You'll see more of Elizabeth at the Fashion Show. That checker-board coat she has on now, isn't bad—to say nothing of the umbrella, gators, and raincoat to match.

Two Presidents—John Parker of the student body and Don Gilliam of the Booloo Club—talk over their probable successors for next year. Which is the worse of the two offices? Don looks more worn, but then his office is obtained more through merit than capability. Figure it out.

Presidents



Poe and party

Party peoples Capehart Harney, Hill Hunter, Charlie Poe, Clark Rodman, Eleanor Nunn, and crowd. Jack Pool was standing just outside the picture and only his hand is showing. Eleanor (as it were) Nunn is from the Greensboro branch of The Greater University of North Carolina. Deke men Hunter, Harney and Rodman are enjoying that cigarette.

Golfer Willie and Dark Horse

"You could at least be pleasant about it Willie." Will Woodard and date. After a hard summer's work on the Tarboro highway, Willie should be the one that's dark. These Phi Gams have a taste though. If he can tear himself away from his studies, Woodard should be an addition to this year's golf team.

"And I told Dean Bradshaw this . . . . . ."

Albert H
Tar Heel
ture . . . f
this was
nothing fa
Albert's pi
all.

PAR

Niles Bond, who found things too hard and fast for him this month, retired as Business Manager of the Buccaneer. Being Golden Fleece, Grail, etc., etc., and on up to the President of the Senior Class, he may be excused this time. We hate to see h'm go?

Hands in resignation

McPherson and McAllister from over Durham way. Ned McAllister, Business Manager of the Yackety Yack is one of the hardest working men on the campus. Just to make things easier for Ned, we've cut Tom Southgate out of the picture.

"Football bores me," says tennis-player Potts to tennis-player Farrell. Ramsay Potts, national ranking net man and Frank Farrell, nearly as good, turn to take a gander at the crowd. The photographer was probably trying to take a picture of Anna Boyce Rankin of Charlotte for his collection . . . well anyhow.

Cupid

Pete Ivey and the first girl he's ever been seen with in daylight. Eloise Shephard came down from Asheville, bringing Pete a box of candy and snuff. Sweet thing?

Netmen

Mama, buy me one

Jimmie Shell, cosmopolitan vender of football programs, hair nets, and tomato plants. "I once sold lemonade at prize fights," said he, "that's where I got that circus bark."

s

friend. The
lbert's pic-
on at all as
press. But
e also print
no reason at

ADE

Head cheer getter-upper, Hoge Vick, works harder during a game than the team. His enthusiasm is one of the reasons for many a successful University Club sponsored pep rally. Ya'll oughta back him up a little better at those football games.

"I'm an ole cow hand . . ."

Lathe Morris, an alumnus of Texas A. & M., who transferred his support to the Tar Heels when he moved to the old North State, is now it's most ardent rooter.

Tarzan

"It's the Gypsy in me."

Ginny, Lochinvar and Fritz

There was a young lady named
G'nny,
Who was most exceedingly skin-
ny,
But she thought she was fat
And stopped eating for that
'Til she rattled as if she were
tinny.

There was a Lochnivar named
Billy,
Who went to a Grail feeling sil-
ly;
When he cast his bait,
They danced three straight—
And by that time he had his
filly.

There was a young Romeo
named Fr'tz,
Who gave all women the ritz
Till he met with a dame
Who took all but his name
And then announced they were
quits.

Martha Wyant.

The exact cause of the enmity between Miss Lily and Dr. Lewis, her next door neighbor, was never common knowledge. For years their relationship had been one of frigid nods.

One night Dr. Lewis awoke to the sound of the mooing of a cow. On investigating he found the animal making itself quite at home in Miss Lily's back yard. With considerable effort he finally evicted Bossy, and went back to bed with anticipations of pleasanter relations between Miss Lily and himself on the morrow.

And on the morrow he presented himself, neatly attired, at the home of Miss Lily. She listened graciously as he related with becoming modesty the events of the night and paused for gratitude to be expressed.

Miss Lily thanked Dr. Lewis softly. As he turned to go, well satisfied, she remarked:

"I bought that cow yesterday, Dr. Lewis."

—Denny Puckett

A fiery tempered Southern gentleman wrote the following letter:

"Sir, my stenographer, being a lady, cannot type what I think of you. I being a gentleman, cannot think it. You, being neither, will understand what I mean." *—Exchange.*

REGRET

The couple sat upon the seat,
Between them was a good two
feet.
He pled with her.
She said him nay.
And so he turned to go away.
He turned again on bended knee.
Once again he made his plea.
She shook her head
She told him no.
And once again he turned to go,
She sat upon the bench alone,
And said aloud in mournful tone,
"I think I'll change my mind
next time,
I should have given the bum a
dime." *—E. Doak*

"Well, why not bring your etchings up here?"

Music

KYSER

Kay Kyser, christened James Kern Kyser, was born in Rocky Mount, N. C., on June 18, 1906. He received his education at the University of North Carolina where he was awarded an A.B. degree in 1928.

Kay was an outstanding leader at U. N. C. He was a member of the Sigma Nu fraternity and Alpha Kappa Psi (Commerce) fraternity, and won many social honors, including leadership of the Junior Prom and chairmanship of the Finals dances. He was elected to membership of the Grail and the Golden Fleece. Kay was acclaimed the best organizer of cheering and school spirit that U. N. C. ever had. It was during his very colorful college career that Kay organized his orchestra, in 1926.

Always a lover of music, Kay had no idea of becoming a band leader when he entered U. N. C. —in fact he was all set to become a lawyer. But, in the fall of 1926, when the campus suddenly found itself without an orchestra, Kay organized a new one which he was forced to lead due to the distinction that other campus activities had given his name. He had no idea of continuing in the orchestra profession after leaving college, but the orchestra met with such unusual success after graduation that they eventually gave up all ideas of other professions or going into business—their avocation thus became their vocation.

Kay and his orchestra have played at 40 outstanding universities, about 20 hotels and night clubs, broadcasted over the National, Columbia, and Mutual Broadcasting networks, recorded for Victor and at the present time for Brunswick.

KAY KYSER AND HIS ORCHESTRA

*Kay Kyser '28 and His Orchestra. Six of the group started out at Chapel Hill with Kay. Those six are marked with asterisks. Reading left to right, seated in chairs: Arnold Lewis, *Kay Kyser, *Milton C. Berry, Art Wilson. Back row: Jimmy Turner, Wade Thomas, Floyd Snow, Claude Nelson, Bill Newworth, *Marion Bogue, *Jack Barrow, Bill Stoker, *Lyman Gandee, and *Sully Mason.*

His favorite orchestras, because of their music and his personal friendship for the leaders are Hal Kemp, Waring, Lombardo, Vallee, Fio-Rito, and Benny Goodman.

Kay is well known to radio listeners for his greeting at the start of his broadcasts, "Evenin' folks—How y'all?" and his closing remark, "So long, ever'-body." He is the originator of the singing titles.

The orchestra plays what has been called, "warm, friendly music" and the keynote of its style is color and contrast: variety—change of pace—slow, pretty music—peppy, joyful music—glee club—comedy, and above all, originality.

More Band News

Hal Kemp's Band is undergoing several changes . . . Maxine Grey, the vocalist, is going to leave Kemp and enter the movies . . . a contract having been awarded her as a result of her work in a short subject which was released earlier this year . . .

It is rumored that Skinny Ennis will soon be leading his own band . . . This seems like a wise move for Skinny, who has a good personality for singing . . . and for leading, but as a drummer he is only fair . . .

The brass section of Kemp's band will be strengthened by the return of Earl Geiger, who is one of the original members of the organization. Earl plays a mean trumpet . . .

Benny Goodman's Orchestra which is the "tops" during the present swing cycle is now playing in the Hotel Pennsylvania in N. Y. C. . . .

Two orchestras have been chosen by *Metronone,* as the coming bands of 1937. They are Hudson-DeLange Orchestra, and Red Norvo's Orchestra. Both are noted for their smooth swing . . .

The German Club is trying to get either Charlie Barnett or Jimmie Lunceford for the fall dances . . . your reporter hopes that they get the latter, who really has a good orchestra.

(Turn to page 55)

What to Look For

October 24—Tulane at New Orleans

Perhaps the hardest game on the Carolina schedule. It follows a long trip the week previous and this one will be twice as far. The Green Wave will be anxious to wipe out the defeat suffered in 1922 by a 19-12 count.

October 31—N. C. State at Chapel Hill

Homecoming Day. Alumni and friends will flock to Kenan Stadium with high hopes for another Tar Heel route of the Wolfpack. Hunk Anderson's boys might be clicking by that time . . . and if they do, it'll be a close battle.

November 7—Davidson at Davidson

Each year Doc Newton's forces get harder and at the rate the Wildcats are going now, they're tough for any team playing wide open ball. The days of using straight football against Davidson are slowly fading.

November 14—Duke at Chapel Hill

The classic of them all! The hope of revenge burns in the heart of every loyal Carolinian. The nightmare of 1935 would fade like a dream into the past could only the Tar Heels repeat their 1934 performance on the soil of Kenan. The Blue Devils will again be pointed and Messrs. Parker and Hackney will pack plenty of dynamite. But Carolina will also be ready.

November 21—South Carolina at Columbia

The renewal of an old feud. The Gamecocks have only bettered Carolina on two occasions. The initial contest of this revival between the two should be

(Continued on page 60)

TO TOMMY

Well, you have gone
To cool your burning soul
And in the slimy mud
Of satisfaction roll.

Fulfillment is the god
You thoroly admire
I could not hope to teach you
The beauty of desire.

—By L. H. A.

Agent: Sir, I have something here which will make you popular, make your life happier, and bring you a host of new friends.

Student: How much is it a quart?

—Tennessee Turnip.

"Do you know what the burglar who broke into the Beta House last night got?"

"Yeah . . . Pledged."

—Exchange.

Her (at prom): Wait right here for me, Bill, while I go powder my nose.

Her (three dances later): Been waiting long?

Him: No, but I've been looking all over for you to give you your compact. *—Lion.*

Accused of stealing $72 worth of a candy laxative from a truck, Joseph Savino, 17, of 582 Clinton St., Brooklyn, was paroled in Downtown Court for hearing yesterday.—*N. Y. Journal.*

For hearing, eh? *—Tiger.*

"I say, old fellow, why on earth are you washing your spoon in your finger bowl?"

"Do you think I want to get egg all over my pocket?"

—Red Cat.

"Don't worry, fellows, this shirt won't shrink."

". . . I cross me heart and body."

A MODERN ROMANCE

Pretty maiden—only sittin'?
In the hammock—with a kitten.
Man walk past—huge in size
Maiden smiles—winks her eyes.
Love is mutual—day is set
Man and maiden—married get.
Married now—year and day
Furnished flat—in Avenue A.
Red hot stove—chicken frying
Married maiden—cooking trying.
Biscuit burnt up—chicken charry.
Girl got married—awful sorry.
Man comes home—finds no dinner
Mad as blazes—swears like sinner.
Thinks of hammock—in the lane
Wishes maiden back again.
Maiden also—thinks of swing
Wants to go back too — poor thing.
Hour of midnight — baby squawking
Man in bare feet — walking, walking.
Paregoric—by the bottle
Poured into—the baby's throttle.
Maiden tired—gets divorce
Happy Ending—oh, of course!

—*Widow.*

"He said he was going to kiss me, and I said I wouldn't stand for it."

"Then what did he do?"

"He led me over to the divan."

—*Froth.*

Judge: What are your grounds for divorce?

Bride: He snores.

Judge: How long have you been married?

Bride: Two weeks.

Judge: Granted; he shouldn't snore. —*Medley.*

GREEKS HAD A WARD FOR IT

"Hello! Hello! Is this the maternity ward?"

"Yes."

"Do you deliver babies?"

"Uh-huh."

"Well, I'm staying at the Ritz with a friend of mine. Send over a couple." —*Owl.*

Landlord (to prospective tenant): "You know we keep it very quiet and orderly here. Do you have any children?"

"No."

"A piano, radio, or victrola?"

"No."

"Do you play any musical instruments? Do you have a dog, cat, or parrot?"

"No, but my fountain pen scratches like hell sometimes."

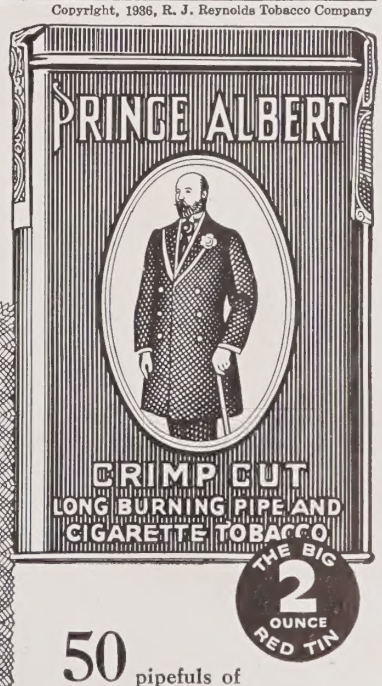
—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL"
MANY THANKS FOR THE BIRTHDAY GIFT, CHUBBINS - BUT HOW COME YOU GAVE ME THIS JAR OF TOBACCO? IT'S THAT HARSH BRAND UNCLE CALDWELL HAS SMOKED FOR FIFTEEN YEARS
GOOD GRIEF! I GOT YOUR PRESENT MIXED WITH UNCLE CALDWELL'S. HIS BIRTHDAY IS THE SAME DATE AS YOURS!
NO, I WOULDN'T WRITE HIM, IF I WERE YOU. UNCLE HATES EXCUSES AND HE NEVER FORGIVES OR FORGETS A MISTAKE. HE ISN'T NICK-NAMED 'CRUSTY' CALDWELL FOR NOTHING - HE'LL BE HERE IN TWO WEEKS
TWO WEEKS LATER
I HOPE HE WON'T BE TOO TOUGH - I WANT HIS APPROVAL ON A FAMILY BUSINESS DEAL
THERE HE IS!
CLUB C
WELL, WELL, LITTLE CHUBBINS, YOU'RE PRETTIER'N EVER. ROB, YOU OLD RASCAL— YOU DON'T LOOK A DAY OLDER!
UNCLE, YOU'VE CHANGED, AND DID MY EYES DECEIVE ME, OR WAS THAT PRINCE ALBERT YOU JUST LOADED IN YOUR PIPE?
YEP! I TRIED SOME OF THAT P.A. CHUBBINS SENT ME. MAN, WHAT A TASTY FLAVOR IT HAS! DERN SMART GIRL, THAT CHUBBINS!

Copyright, 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

P. A. BRINGS YOU MILD, TASTY SMOKING

Right on the back of the Prince Albert tin it says: "Prince Albert is prepared under the process discovered in making experiments to produce the *most delightful and wholesome tobacco.*" We think you'll agree once you try Prince Albert and discover the extra smoking joy it brings. Prince Albert is "crimp cut," with the "bite" removed, made of choice tobaccos. Make Prince Albert your tobacco! P. A. is swell "makin's" for roll-your-own cigarettes too.



PRINCE ALBERT GUARANTEES SATISFACTION

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

"Don't forget our date for the dance tonight!"

Old East dormitory has recently installed one of these original ideas. They are putting out a daily scandal sheet about the occupants of said dormitory. How they find enough to put out a new one every day is something of a miracle and if they keep it up for a year, they should be awarded a solid gold wash basin, or is that the word. It'll have to go for this issue anyhow.

But behind all of this building is tradition. It was the first building on the campus and was erected 143 years ago. Count 'em. For about half of these long years, well, going on half anyhow, it has been the home of Albert Ellis. Perhaps he's the one responsible for the scandal sheet. You never can tell. Nevertheless, it is still known as the choicest dormitory on the campus.

The first week of school Sophomore Billy Worth of Carolina Inn came over to Old East to have a word or two with Albert. He approached one of the inmates, an enterprising and certainly hospitable freshman, and inquired of him the whereabouts of Ellis. The Freshman, capital "F," scratched his head and said he didn't think he knew and dashed into his room. A few minutes later he came back out with a Freshman Handbook in his hand and said he couldn't find it on the map but that he had heard of it somewhere.

Best Wishes for
The Success of

THE CLASS OF
'40

Gooch's Cafe

*"The Place to Eat,
Drink, and Smoke."*

MUSIC

(Continued)

WE RECOMMEND

PAGAN LOVE SONG (Decca 896)—One of Bob Crosby's very best arrangements . . . with a marvelous drum takeoff by Ray Baudue, and an unusual bass violin solo by Bob Haggard. . . .

MOONGLOW (Victor 25398)—Benny Goodman's new quartet . . . consisting of a clarinet, a vibraphone, a piano, and traps . . . very novel. . . . DINAH on the back of the disc. . . .

ORGAN GRINDER'S SWING (Decca 908) — Jimmy Lunceford's band doing some really fine work on a good tune. . . . The trumpet and baritone sax work are outstanding. . . .

SLEEPY TIME GAL, an old favorite redone in the Lunceford manner is on the back of the disc. . . .

WHEN DID YOU LEAVE HEAVEN (Brunswick 7711)—one of the best of the new Hal Kemp discs. . . . SWEET MISERY OF LOVE on reverse side of the record above the average. . . . Skinny Ennis does the vocals on both sides. . . .

DOWN SOUTH CAMP MEETING (Victor 25387)—One of the swingiest records that Benny Goodman has made to date . . . fine work by both the brass and sax sections. . . . PICK YOURSELF UP, a song from the new Fred Astaire picture, is on the back of the disc.

—Bud Kornblite

Dr. Farber: I will lecture today on liars. How many of you have read the twenty-fifth chapter?

Nearly all raised their hands.

Dr. Farber: You are the very group to whom I wish to speak. There is no twenty-fifth chapter. *—The Log.*

"When are you going to pay me those ten iron men you owe me?"

"When did I borrow money from you?"

"Once when you were drunk."

"Well, I paid you back."

"When?"

"Once when you were drunk."

—Widow.

Hickory, dickory dock
The mouse ran back the clock,
So I was late to my eight-thirty.

—Dick Hicks.

When the clock struck the midnight hour father came to the head of the stairs and in a rather bold tone of voice said, "Young man, is your self-starter out of order tonight?"

"It doesn't matter," retorted the young man, "as long as there's a crank in the house."

—Old Line.

Keep in Shape the Way Athletes Do

DRINK PLENTY OF MILK

And the Best Milk Comes from

Durham Road Dairy

Chapel Hill's Own

Early Morning Deliveries to Dormitories or Fraternity Houses

PHONE 3722

Statistics prove that there are fewer railroad accidents than automobile accidents. Perhaps one reason is that the engineer practically never hugs the fireman. —*Exchange.*

Lawyer: Why didn't you scream as soon as he touched you?

Old Maid: I didn't know he wanted my money. — *Yellow Jacket.*

CAROLINA CO-OPERATIVE STORE

—o—

Exclusive Chapel Hill Agents for Arrow Products

ARROW

A TRADITIONAL MUST AT

Carolina

And why not! Arrow has collared and cuffed undergraduates since 1856.

Now, as then, Arrow remains the popular favorite. Ask for Arrow and be assured of fine quality with authentic style at a price easy on your pocketbook.

Sanforized Shrunk. . . . A new shirt if one ever shrinks.

ARROW SHIRTS and TIES

A BUG

While spending a week-end at a hotel in the Catskill Mountains, a little Hebrew came in and asked for a room.

The clerk greeted him and asked him to register. Suddenly the Hebe threw the pen on the desk and started to holler:

"Take mine begs out of here. I vouldn't stay annuder minit."

The clerk, surprised at the sudden, apparently uncalled for outburst, asked what the matter was.

"I seen roaches on cillinks," said the Hebe. "I seen dem on the floor, I seen dem on valls, but dis is de foist time I ever seen a roach on a register trying to find out vot room I'm going to get." —*Puppet.*

STRINGING HIM ALONG

An old gentleman riding the top of a Wilshire bus noticed that every few minutes the conductor would come up from the back and dangle a piece of string down before the driver underneath. Whereupon the driver would utter profanity terrible to hear. Finally the old gentleman could stand it no longer, and asked the conductor what was up.

The conductor answered.

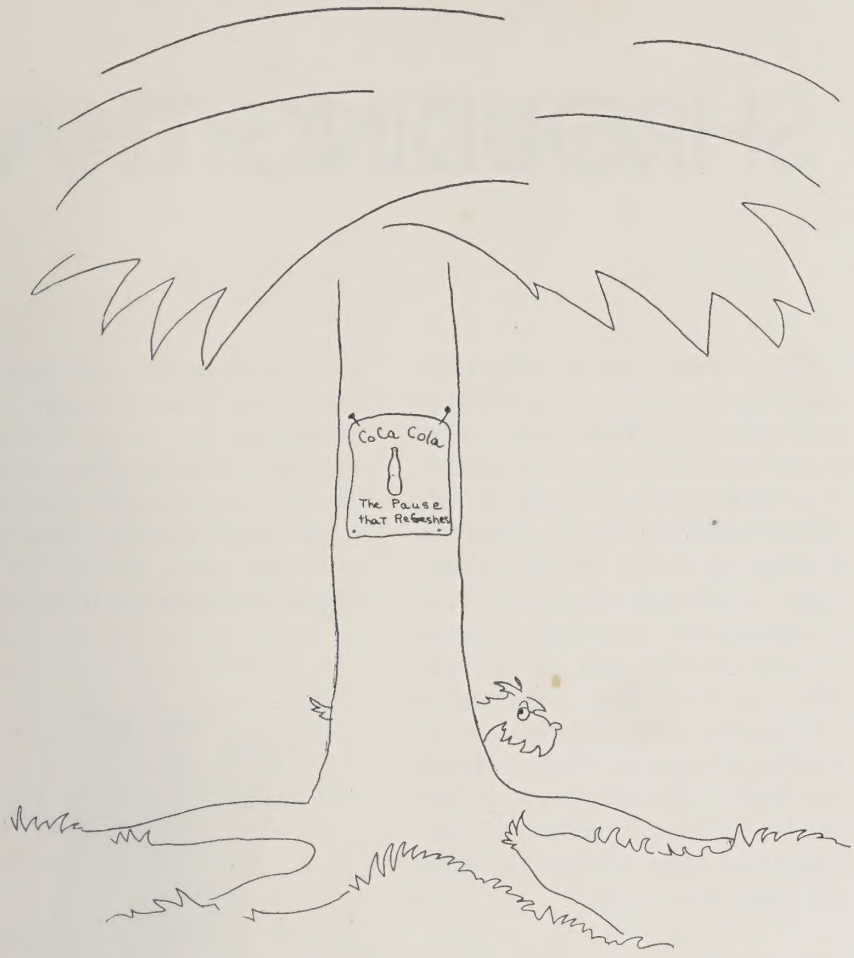
"Oh, his father is to be hung tomorrow and I'm just kidding him a little about it." —*Pointer.*

"I heard the cops broke up your poker party last night."

"Yep; smartest card players I ever saw." —*Punch Bowl.*

INVITATION

The young minister was reading announcements at the Sunday service. He stumbled across one of them and the following words slipped out: "The Little Mother's League will hold their weekly meeting this afternoon. All those who wish to become Little Mothers please see me in the rectory."—*Princeton Tiger.*



People from all over the country came to consult the great mystic. However, no one ever was allowed to see him in person. A servant, upon the payment of a stipulated fee, would go into his master's room and ask the question that the customer had requested.

A worried-looking middle-aged woman came in one day and after waiting in line for perhaps an hour was permitted to ask the great one her question through the servant.

"Will my husband return to me?" she asked.

The servant went into the sanctified room and returned within a few moments. "My master says he will return, but I say he won't," he said.

"Ha! ha! What do you know?" she replied and left, humming joyously. A year later the same woman returned with the same worried expression on her face, asked the same question and received the same answer with the servant's own addition, "But I say he won't." This occurred for three successive years and when the woman returned for the fourth time and received the same answer with a similar qualification by the servant, enraged, she cried, "How can you constantly contradict the prediction of your master?"

"Madam," he replied, "I can see you." —*Punch Bowl.*

If you have scalp troubles or pimples, come to the

University Barber Shop

•

Don't forget that haircut for the Homecoming game

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TWO PUFFS from that soggy pipe full of fire-water tobacco and another redskin bit the dust. We tell travelers as well as stay-at-homes that the true pipe of peace should be regularly cleaned, and packed with nothing but inoffensive Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco. It's a secret blend of definitely milder Kentucky Burley leaf. Burns slow, pacifies the tenderest tongue and spreads a most delightful and winning fragrance. We're so blamed proud of Sir Walter Raleigh we wrap it in heavy gold foil for extra freshness. Ever treated yourself to a tin? Only 15¢.

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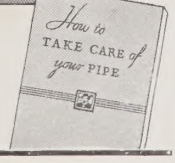

SHROUDING THAT

With thoughts of approaching pigskin affrays, brown October Ale, and the pretty new co-eds, I have found time, luckily, to indulge in my favorite pastime of window-shopping on and around the Campus. The following paragraphs present to you some of the essential articles for any Joe College's ideal Fall Wardrobe:

The wool tie vogue is continuing well beyond its originally allotted span. The adaptation of this fabric to neckwear was effected by some to be merely a flash in the style pan, but it has hung on surprisingly and right now is a popular favorite with college men everywhere.

Courtesy of Durham Men's Shop

TOM BASS

The Durham Men's Shop presents a nice line of reversibles and raincoats. Especially noted were the military color gabardine rain garments which are single breasted and cut extremely full. Although lots of fellows seem to have gotten the impression that the reversible topcoat (Tweed on one side and gabardine on the other and raglan shouldered) had run its course, nothing could be further from the truth. Put down in your little book, if not on your back, that this type of coat is back stronger than ever.

In the photograph to your left Tom Bass of fistic fame is wearing one of the new three button, center vent tweed suits in the important shade, tobacco brown. Of worthy comment is the convertible topcoat as described in the preceding paragraph. The subject's hat embodies that latest style trends in head-gear, that is, the lower crown and the wider brim which snaps further back. Durham Men's Shop was the source of these articles.

In suitings there is still a decided preference for gabardines, however, tweeds and homespuns are slowly but surely making their bow as football and campus clothes in the new shade, tobacco brown. Most of these suits possess three buttons, notch lapels, and have either side vents or the new deep center vent. Fancy backs wane somewhat in favor of plain styles. The popular district check sports jacket worn with dark gray flannel trousers is still the most popular of the mixed ensemble combinations.

Models in shirts are the important factors. The button-down collar leads the field, especially in plain and fancy oxfords, cotton twills, doeskin flannels, in solid tones, stripes, and plaid. Tab collars are still in the background in favor of the wide spread Duke of Kent; this type of collar is now obtainable as a separate starched collar and is particularly good when worn with the new shades of shirtings. The Spade bosom shirt gains new adherents all included in a certain set of "natty" dressers—the best model has a full laundered demi-bosom and full laundered cuffs—two collars to match are usually included—one round point and one Kent model.

—Joe Haggerty

BODY DOWN

OLIVIA ROOT *Courtesy of The Little Shop*

We can forget the Bell Tower for the moment as Olivia Root approaches in this outfit. It's enough to make the bell neglect its duty, but Carolina won't. They'll keep right on Rooting.

Olivia is going out to support her team in a natural camel's hair suit. The suit coat is single-breasted with four gratifying large patch pockets and a plain, slightly fitted back, while the skirt has the Fall 1936 flare all neatly stitched in and the new shorter length.

She also used natural camel's hair for overcoat, made in the raglan-sleeved classical style which is good now and forevermore. Her small brown "riding" hat has a substantial reason for its popularity, and she finishes out the picture by tying a gay scarf in an ascot around her throat. Later on she'll wear a

brown cashmere sweater and a string of pearls under her suit, for she knows how that sun beats down on the stadium at the beginning of the season, and comfort is ever the smart essential.

While the turning leaves may mean they're fading, the brilliant colors this season mean we're coming alive, and lend a note of gayety which is reviving after the summer's inertia. There's a new dark blue-green which makes you know it's Fall, and the reds are popular all the way from the plum shades to the light rusts. The grandest thing of all is the new reddish-tan, which looks smart with either black or brown and helps out wonderfully the accessory problem. Be exciting and daring in your color combinations—as long as they are becoming, there's no end to what you may do.

And we might as well stick in a note about shoes while we're here. They're often the keynote of the outfit. You'll find two-toned shoes, for instance, in the sturdy high monk-type for sports and campus wear, and there are such things as combinations of suede and patent for more formal occasions, still high-cut. Heels have gone up with the rest of the shoe, except for active sports. Bags have followed right along with the shoes in the matter of color and leathers, and you'll see them made in unusual shapes. For your own sake get them large enough to hold everything. Paris doesn't always tell us that, but the smart college girl soon learns.

Softness is outstanding in the materials being used. We've seen lovely things such as duvoteen, velveteen, rabbit's hair, and, of course, cashmere, which is always first and foremost. These materials are cut in simple, flattering lines, cleverly detailed—but keep an eye on those details for Paris has brand new ideas about them and a trick in placing them. Nothing this year looks stuck on—like the game of pinning the tail on the donkey.

We were delighted to find felt making such things as binding and belts. We have in mind particularly a green wool dress with felt used in a light natural color, and we like it. Buttons are often made of velvet, leather, or polished wood, and sometimes you'll run across an outfit with little bells or animals taking the

(Turn to next page)

Shrouding That Body Down

(Continued)

place of bachelor's bugbear. Detail is so important, and '36 does it cleverly, but at the same time gives it a definite air of belonging there.

We just want to add one more word. Casualness in wearing sport clothes is the smart air—sloppiness is definitely out. Don't forget that; whatever you wear must look as though it was made for you, but not as though you had made it up. Take a look at Olivia—and learn.

—Dinny Puckette

A sailor, after placing some flowers on a grave in a cemetery, noticed an old Chinaman placing a bowl of rice on a nearby grave, and asked: "What time do you expect your friend to come up and eat the rice?"

The old Chinaman replied with a smile: "Same time your friend come up to smell flowers."

—Gargoyle.

Boy: But Officer, you can't arrest me. I come from one of the best families in North Carolina.

Cop: That's all right, buddy. I'm not arresting you for breeding purposes.

—The Mountain Goat.

Oliver was careless about his personal effects. When his mother saw clothing scattered about on the chair and floor, she inquired: "Who didn't hang up his clothes when he went to bed?"

A muffled voice from under the covers murmured, "Adam."

—Drexerd.

1st Drunk: Do you hear shomshing?

2nd Ditto: No.

1st Drunk: Thash funny. I'm talking to you. *—Froth.*

His wife, determined to cure him of his evil ways, with the aid of a sheet and an electric torch, transformed herself into a fair resemblance of a ghost. She went in and shook the drunkard.

"Wash that?" murmured the topic.

"This is the Devil," came the answer in sepulchral tones.

"Shake hands, old horsh, I married your sister." *—Log.*

Sweater Headquarters

by Catalina

THE YOUNG MEN'S SHOP

126-128 E. Main St.
Durham, N. C.

A Sultan is just a guy with an exaggerated idea of his own capacity. *—Mountain Goat.*

WHAT TO LOOK FOR

(Continued)

a battle royal if South Carolina continues to improve.

November 26—Virginia at Charlottesville

Thanksgiving Day again sees the oldest rivalry in the South renewed. The Tar Heels are closing up the gap in Virginia's margin of triumphs and 1936's season should close with a successful finale for Coach Wolf and his boys.

CALENDAR

Oct. 19—Choral club—7:30—Hill Music Hall.

Oct. 20—Car. Political Union—Memorial Hall—8:30—Republican Party.

Oct. 21—Car. Political Union—Gov. Eugene Talmadge of Georgia.

Oct. 22—Playmakers first public production.

Oct. 23—Playmakers first public production.

Oct. 23—Frosh football—N. C. vs. State.

Oct. 24—Carolina vs. Tulane at New Orleans.

Oct. 24—Playmakers.

Oct. 26—Robert S. Doughton—chairman of Ways and Means committee on behalf of Pres. Roosevelt—8:30 Mem. Hall.

Oct. 28 — Piano recital by Peter Hanson—8:30—Hill Music Hall.

Oct. 29—Playmakers Experimental Production.

Oct. 29—P a g e a n t—Alpha Kappa Gamma.

Oct. 29 — Duke — Josef Hofmann, pianist, at Page Auditorium.

Oct. 30—Pageant—Mem. Hall.

Oct. 31 — Varsity vs. N. C. State.

Nov. 1 — Playmakers Sunday Evening Play Reading.

Nov. 2—Tryouts for second Playmakers public production.

Nov. 6—Frosh football—Carolina vs. Wm. and Mary, at Chapel Hill.

Nov. 7 — Varsity football — Carolina vs. Davidson at Davidson.

Nov. 13—Frosh football—Carolina vs. Virginia at Chapel Hill.

Nov. 14—Varsity football—Carolina vs. Duke, at Chapel Hill.

Nov. 20 — Frosh football—Carolina vs. Duke, at Durham.

Nov. 21—Varsity football, Carolina vs. S. C., at Columbia.

Nov. 25 - 29 — Thanksgiving Holiday.

Nov. 26—Varsity football—Carolina vs. Virginia.

AT THE GAME

Take Time
Out for Refreshment
With a Bottle of

ORANGE CRUSH

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It By Name

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DURHAM, N. C.

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THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER

NOVEMBER, 1936 - 15¢

CRAIG

DEEP INTO THE WOODS. No luxuries here, as "Herb" Welch — famous Maine Guide—makes noon camp. Hearty outdoor appetites welcome the sense of digestive well-being that smoking Camels encourages. As "Herb" says: "I've lived on dried meat and I've dined on the best—but no matter what I'm eating, it always tastes better and digests better when I smoke Camels."

WHEREVER...
WHATEVER...
WHENEVER
YOU EAT—

For Digestion's Sake... Smoke Camels!

Smoking Camels encourages a proper flow of digestive fluids... increases alkalinity... brings a sense of well-being

YOU eat over a thousand meals a year! Food is varied. Place and time often differ. Yet, thanks to Camels, you can help digestion meet these changing conditions easily. Smoking Camels speeds up the flow of digestive fluids. Tension eases. Alkalinity increases. You enjoy your food—and have a feeling of ease and contentment after eating. Mealtime or *any* time—make it Camels—for digestion's sake, for Camel's invigorating "lift," for mildness and fine flavor. Camels do not get on your nerves.

Costlier Tobaccos

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS ...Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand.

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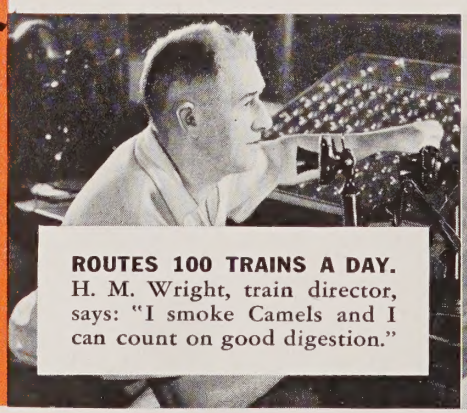

ROUTES 100 TRAINS A DAY. H. M. Wright, train director, says: "I smoke Camels and I can count on good digestion."

GLIDER CHAMPION. Mrs. D. Holderman says: "A few Camels, and I eat with relish and feel cheery and at ease afterward."

THE SHOW IS THE THING

In 1910 Mexico had its most violent revolution, its greatest flood, and Josephine Niggli was born in Monterrey,—born, in fact, across the street from the worst night club in Mexico. One of Josephine's grandparents was Swiss; he married a Mexican woman. One of her grandparents was Welsh, and there was a Frenchman in her family tree some place.

Josephine herself is a Mexican citizen and has spent most of her life there. Encouraged by the sisters at the Convent of the Incarnate Word where she attended college, she published a book of poetry in Mexican in 1932. The title may be called "Mexican Silhouettes"; the Mexican name is utterly unpronounceable.

In 1932 Josephine heard of the Carolina Playmakers and Professor Koch and soon came to Chapel Hill. Her surprise on arriving can well be imagined when she discovered a university here. In all innocence she had supposed that the Playmakers were Chapel Hill and wholly responsible for the place. No mention had she heard of a state university here.

Her imagination, however, was not always so lax. Once in a journalism class at Columbia University, the class was assigned to get the most important news item from the New York zoo. Miss Niggli was extremely reluctant to leave her warm room and travel the several miles to the zoo. Calling on her fertile imagination she stayed at home, thought of the most exciting event that could possibly occur at a zoo, and wrote an entrancing, and quite fictitious, story about the birth of a hippopotamus at the zoo. Next day the class was amazed by an irate professor who gave everyone except Miss Niggli a failing grade on his news story. Only Miss Niggli, he declared, had had the intelligence to recognize the most important news story at the zoo.

"The Malinche," her second full-length play, presents one of the most exciting scenes in Mexican history. The play is full of a weird romantic atmosphere and the conflict between ancient Mexicans and a people they hated with an abounding hate. The Emperor Maximilian, an Austrian, sent by France to rule over Mexica in 1865, loved the ancient culture of Mexico, and was considered by a few of the people to be the old Messiah of Mexico, The Malinche, returned to save the country, but Maximilian, was a foreigner, and in the Mexican mind still lingered visions of their people oppressed and tortured — strapped to the backs of wild bulls till their bodies were melon-like masses of fleshy pulp. Maximilian was not welcomed.

The idealistic, dreaming Maximilian was twisted like thin wire in the hands of his wife, the Empress Carlotta. He found himself caught between a monumental and ancestral hate on one side and the colossal and imperial ambition of Carlotta—as proud and ruthless a wench as ever was.

Carlotta was, by the way, the only woman ever to spend a

(Continued on page 4)

PREREVIEWS

"THE GARDEN OF ALLAH" (UA-Selznick) — This picture held a preview audience in Hollywood spellbound, except for an occasional burst of applause in appreciation of the beautiful photography or the exceptional acting. Charles Boyer and Marlene Dietrich head an excellent cast. It is all in technicolor. Recommended.

"COME AND GET IT" (United Artists)—A substantial and intelligently treated dramatic entertainment which will appeal only to an adult audience. Edward Arnold and Joel McCrea head the cast of this powerful story.

"BORN TO DANCE" (MGM)—This will feature the dancing of Eleanor Powell and the music of Cole Porter. The song "I've Got You Under My Skin" sounds like another "Night and Day." Recommended to y'ouse guys what snap your fingers on the dance floor and like good music.

"THE PRESIDENT'S MYSTERY" (Republic) — This picture is based on the *Liberty Magazine* story which was conceived by President Roosevelt and written by a group of noted authors. It should prove very interesting to the student and *adult* audience.

"TARZAN ESCAPES" (M G M)—This is one of the best of the Tarzan series, both in story quality and in the calibre of acting and exciting action. Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan are again seen in the roles of Tarzan and his mate, Jane.

"PENNIES FROM HEAVEN" (Columbia)—A light musical feature starring Bing Crosby. The musical score is exceptionally good; the story light, but entertaining.

THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER

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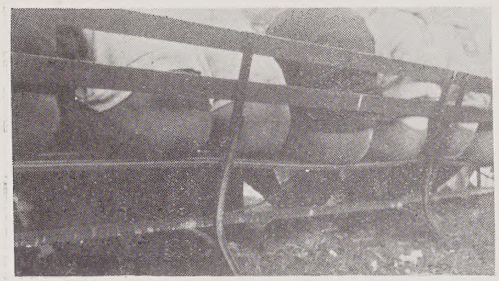

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Vol. 13
No. 3

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
A HANDY TRICK
IT'S FUN WALKING IN THE RAIN! ISN'T IT, TIM?
YES, CHUBBINS - BUT IT'S TOUGH KEEPING A PIPE GOING
SPLUTTER SPLUTTER
TIM, WHY DON'T YOU TURN YOUR PIPE UPSIDE DOWN?
IT'S AN OLD DODGE OF WOODSMEN AND SAILORS. THE TOBACCO STAYS DRY AND THE PIPE DRAWS WELL
SEEMS LOGICAL
BUT - IT TAKES A TOBACCO THAT STAYS PUT LIKE 'CRIMP CUT' PRINCE ALBERT
MY LAST LOAD OF TOBACCO TOO
YOU'RE RIGHT, JUDGE - THIS PACKS EASIER AND SNUGGER THAN ANY TOBACCO I'VE RUN INTO
TOBACCO
LATER
WELL, OLD RAIN-IN-THE-FACE, HOW GOES IT?
SWELL! P.A. NOT ONLY STAYS PUT - BUT IS SO MILD AND TASTY - I'M PUT TO STAY WITH P.A. FOR LIFE!

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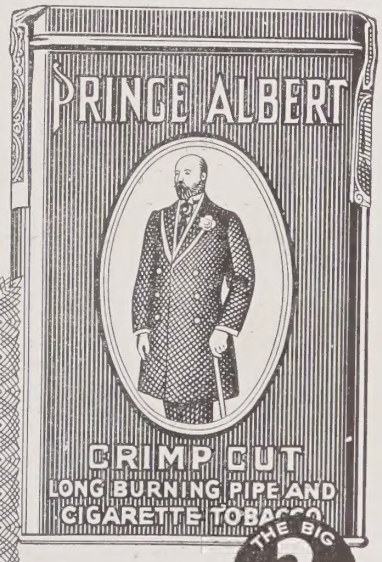
P. A. IS MIGHTY FRIENDLY SMOKIN', MEN!

Yes, sir, Prince Albert is a real delight to steady pipe smokers. Being "crimp cut," you can count on P. A. to pack easily, burn cool and sweet, and cake up nicely. And thanks to our special "no-bite" process, Prince Albert *does not bite the tongue!* You're in good company when you smoke Prince Albert. It's the largest-selling smoking tobacco in the world. And it's swell "makin's" too. Try a handy pocket-size tin of Prince Albert—the "national joy smoke."



PRINCE ALBERT MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

THE SHOW IS THE THING

(Continued from page 1)

night in the Vatican. After the Mexican empire collapsed she went to the Pope for aid, was sent home, lost her temper, and refused to leave the palace. The Pope, being a gentleman, could not very well throw her out, so the lady stayed.

Miss Niggli has abandoned the legend of Maximilian's and Carlotta's great love, in the light of the tales presented in the memoirs of the time. The two were apparently only polite to each other. Carlotta wanted to make an emperor of the man with sunlight tangled in his fair hair that made the Mexicans think him their fair god, their feathered serpent returned. Maximilian loved Mexico so much that he refused to leave when the opportunity offered and was slain, because he knew his death would close Mexico to foreign interference forever.

This play is scheduled for production on the stage of the Playmaker theatre December 3, 4, and 5. The sets are being designed by Russell Smith, head of the art department, and the production promises to be an interesting one.

On December 6 Professor Koch will give the thirty-first annual reading of Dickens' "Christmas Carol." On December 11 a new bill of experimental plays will be presented.

Aside from production, an interesting story came up the other day about Edwin Booth. Even he, it seems, was not proof against vegetables.

The scene is laid on a stage in Columbia, S. C., some years back. The excitement is at high pitch. Edwin Booth holds the stage in the person of Hamlet. The scene is a graveyard, and a yawning grave marks a black hole at Hamlet's feet—a grave from which the clown is soon to raise poor Yorick's skull to Hamlet's hand. In the flickering light of the lanterns, the clown stands up in the grave, raises his hand, and hands to Booth, as Hamlet—a turnip, a large, slippery, wet turnip. Booth, expecting Yorick's light, dry skull was somewhat aghast at this large damp vegetable. In vain he cried, "Alas, poor Yorick, I knew him—," for the turnip was too much for him. It slipped from his hand to the stage floor, bounced high and ended by hitting the orchestra leader on the head.

It seems that the company had arrived late in Columbia, and the property man, after looking in vain for a skull, raided a nearby farmer's garden for a large field turnip, which he carved in the likeness of a skull.

—*Nancy Schallert.*

"But, mother, he treats me just like a father."

"What did you say his name was?" —*Purple Parrot.*

"We've been waiting here a long time for that mother of mine."

"Hours, I should say."

"Oh, Jack, this is so sudden."

—*The Pup.*

SEE THE LIGHT

"Is this a poplar tree?"

"Naw, they seem to prefer the lamp post on the corner."

—*Mountain Goat.*

A pretty young lady who had a poodle dog in her lap was riding on a street car. A bluenosed lady sitting next to her remarked: "What a nasty little dog. Don't you think, young lady, it would look nicer, if you had a little baby in your lap?"

"No," the pretty one replied in calm, even tones, "it wouldn't. You see, I'm not married."

—*Dodo.*

HOW TRUE, HOW TRUE

They were dancing lightly and he held her tightly in his manly arms. He closed his eyes for a time and danced here and there in ecstacy. She looked up into his face and suddenly his eyes opened. The music stopped.

"Come, let's go out on the porch," he muttered thickly. He stole a glance at his partner. Never had he seen so ravishing a beauty. He took her in his arms.

"Oh, darling, I love you. Say you will be mine." She looked again into his eyes.

"I'm not rich like John Brown, and I haven't a car, or a home, but I do love you and want you terribly."

Two soft, snow-white arms reached around his neck and two ruby lips whispered in his ear: "Where is this man Brown?" —*Urchin.*

TEMPERANCE

Reformer: Son, you must conquer yourself. Why, I conquered myself when I was about your age.

Heller: Well, boss, I'm a harder man to lick than you are.

—*Sour Owl*

She: Getting real cold isn't it?

He (Reflectively): Winter draws on.

She: Sir!

—*Wisconsin Octopus.*

Little Mary Smith, while walking dutifully to church, which she attended religiously every week, saw a poor robin with one of its wings broken, lying on the grass. So she picked it up, like the good little girl that she was, and took it into her house and fixed its wing. And when it became well and strong again, she let it fly away into the blue sky. Now, mugs, let's see you try to make something dirty of this one! . . .

Knock, knock!

Who's there?
Wetherby!
Wetherby who?

Wetherby hanged, Lady! "Weather" gets the ha-ha from Double-Mellow Old Gold's *double*-Cellophane package. Rain or shine! Hot or cold! Any climate! Anywhere! Any time! . . . you'll find Double-Mellow Old Golds are always factory-fresh. Thanks to those 2 jackets of the finest moisture-proof Cellophane on every package. And don't forget O.Gs. are blended from the choicest of the *prize crop* tobaccos!

ZIPS OPEN DOUBLE-QUICK!

Outer Cellophane Jacket opens from the Bottom.
Inner Cellophane Jacket opens from the Top.

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PRIZE CROP TOBACCOS MAKE THEM **DOUBLE-MELLOW**

2 JACKETS OF "CELLOPHANE" KEEP THEM **FACTORY-FRESH**

"I can't do anything about it—the Mayor said it would be all right."

The Carolina Buccaneer

University of North Carolina

VOLUME XIII NOVEMBER, 1936 NUMBER 3

PIECES OF EIGHT

● *War Scare*

Spain is still in the throes of a Revolutionary War, Russia and Japan are still squabbling over Manchuria, in Manchuria, and we are peacefully looking on while waiting for that boom that is sure to come with Roosevelt's second administration.

A few years back, however, this was not exactly so. Spain was having its governmental troubles and Russia and Japan were killing off a few Chinese trying to get Manchuria, but we also had the War fever. Japan had just begun making rash statements — about the States and other foreign countries, even as they are doing now. But at the beginning we became excited and before long the disturbances reached the University of North Carolina campus.

There was talk and plenty of it. Where we now see groups of people talking about the results of the Duke game and how not to go to war in case there should be one, then—you saw groups talking and planning on how they could quit school and join the army. Actually, however, action was taken by but two individuals.

Well known on the campus for what they were (and for that reason their names are not mentioned) they took matters into their own hands. Without official authorization from the U. S. they proceeded to do something about the Japanese War scare.

Each morning the two students would array themselves in a sandwich sign, grasp their fife and drum and march up and down in front of South Building. The signs explained their purpose as follows: "Japan can't do us this way—We are citizens of the United States—As Patriotic Americans we have consented to lead a regiment against the Oriental Peril. All other patriots fall in line."

After two weeks of this the

regiment still numbered two, the S. A. E. fife player and Phi Gam drummer.

● *Such Crust*

Up in the banquet hall of Graham Memorial something is almost always coming off or going on, as it were. If it isn't a dancing class, it's a meeting of the Boy Scouts, or Don McKee is practicing his violin lessons. It is by far the most popular meeting place on the campus.

The other afternoon before Hallowe'en Night, the townspeople's children came together for an old fashioned fancy-dress party in the banquet hall. Orange crepe paper covered the lights, the windows were decorated with black and gold paper, and the children were decked out in long dresses, shorter dresses, pirate costumes, masks, and horns. And the most of these were the horns.

To get into the hall, the kids had to line up, two by two and file through the door. As they came by the door of the office, one of the sweeter ones thrust her head into the office to give us the once over.

It sort of scared us at first, what with the Martha Washington dress, mask and all. But, on second glance she looked like one of these things you read about —you know—cute enough to eat and all that sort of thing. We hadn't had a formal introduction, but there was the opportunity and we couldn't pass up a chance like this to make some time.

So, we put on one of those personality plus grins and in other ways tried to look as friendly as possible without seeming forward.

Our girl in the door, having watched this long enough, lifted her hand to her face, placed her thumb on her nose and proceeded to tweedle the other four fingers at us with great vigor. By the time we could recover she was gone.

● *The Bright Brigade*

Joe Brantley, glamorous, seductive blonde from Greensboro,

entered school this fall after prepping at Riverside Military Academy, down in Gainesville, Georgia. Joe was one of the football stars at that institution, and naturally took little interest in the military side of the curriculum there. In spite of himself, he was made a corporal his second year and given charge of seven men, whom he handled with rare decorum. Company A, of which Joe's squad was a part, was engaging in extended order drill one day, executing field maneuvers.

Company A divided itself into separate squad rushes and surrounded an old barn to route out a supposed nest of machine gunners which the enemy had placed there. Joe took his ace squad to an overlooking hill and waited for the attack. All went promptly to sleep. The zero hour arrived and the scouts beckoned frantically to the waiting squads to "advance by infiltration." The squads advanced, all but Corporal Joe and his faithful seven. That crack outfit slept on peacefully, unhampered by the confusion and noise of the attack.

Not until the objective was almost taken did Captain Nemicks, in charge of the maneuvers, miss the Faithful Seven and their dauntless leader, Joe Brantley. On they slept.

"Who's in charge of this squad?" roared Captain Nemicks.

"I, sir," said Joe.

"Why in the hell haven't you advanced?"

"How do you do it?" said Joe.

"Give the command to 'Cease firing, prepare to rush, and follow me'!" roared Captain Nemicks.

"How do you do it, by hand or mouth," said Joe.

"Just give the command, you fool!"

Joe rose and yawned:

"Come on, boys," said he laconically, "Follow me."

● *He Made a Story*

Three inquisitive, but not the most intellectual looking fellows appeared one afternoon at the Tin Can and stood watching the boxing candidates go through their paces. After a few minutes' obserbation, one of the trio—prompted by the others—stepped up to Coach Ronmann and asked "What do ya do here?"

Coach gave them the gander from head to foot and said, "Just follow the training instructions posted over on the bulletin board like all the others do."

"Oh, I'm not interested in fighting myself. I'm from the *Daily Tar Heel* and want to get a story," answered the coyish youth.

● *Gory Grik*

In spite of the school law against it, there it was. Lying there in front of the dormitory door was a circular advertisement sent around by a local Cafeteria. "Good All the Time" was spread across the front. What?—a free meal?—but no, it meant the food was good all the time.

Really nothing of importance but the paragraph does serve to introduce a thought.

Three years ago, into the same cafeteria, that we are giving free space to here, came a freshman, a very young freshman of average means. There was a long line waiting to be served, so he pushed himself in.

"Wham" and he was sitting on the floor! Indignant, the freshman looked about for his assailant. A brute was moving on down the line with his head stuck to his shoulders. He turned to the boy on the floor, pointed a crooked finger on the end of a massive hairy arm at him, and growled, "the next time you try to step in front of me, you're going to be pushing up daisies."

Still means nothing, does it? But let's get back to the frosh. Still on the floor he looks into that finger and beyond. Beyond there is that arm, that massive hairy arm. From the bend at the elbow to the wrist there is a life-size dagger tattooed. It's blade has pierced the skin and emerged again, dripping blood. Across the skin, under which passes the tattooed blade, is inscribed "S. A. E." in two-inch letters.

● *Warning*

J. K. Svendsen, Teaching Fellow in the English Department, has a brother in the insurance business in New York. Strange isn't it? When the business was still in its infancy back in the early thirties, things were rather tight, so Svendsen (the insurance one) and three other boys procured an apartment together. Often, they lacked the wherewithal to meet forthcoming bills.

Some of the creditors wrote very nasty letters indeed, which made the four apartment dwellers very indignant. This couldn't go on. So Svendsen, with the help of his roommates, sat down and composed the following form letter to the insistent dunners.

"Dear sir:

"From the tone of your last letter, it is evident that you have failed to understand our method of settling accounts.

"Briefly, it is this: at the end of each month, we first take care of our running expenses; Then, we pile all the remaining cash on the table, write the name of each creditor on a slip of paper, put the slips into a hat, and draw one of the slips. To the lucky man whose name we draw, we immediately send the amount of his bill, or as much of it as we have. If the remaining cash at the end of the month is more than the bill, we draw again.

"Now, if you do not cease writing us threatening letters, we shall be compelled to leave your name out of the hat this month."

EDUCATION

Several thousand years ago
A girl lived in a cave.
She longed to find a man to love
She yearned to misbehave.
She strolled about the woods one day
Searching for a male,
And several mountain miles away
She spied a man-made trail.
She traced it till it led her to
A large and hefty stone,
And sitting there atop it was
A dinosaur's hip bone.
"A man's been here!" she cried with glee
"He's killed a dinosaur,
And eaten quite a hearty meal;
He's what I'm living for!"
And as she spoke, she looked and saw,
Arranged in a heap
The treasured object of her search
Lying there asleep.
To waken him would never do—
She had to let him be.
And so before the man awoke,
She turned and walked a pace
And sat upon a nearby mound
In quite an obvious place,
Where he'd be sure to see her.
And from atop the mound
She saw him start to waken, so
She quickly turned around.
When at first he saw her,
He knew just what to do;
He quietly rose and trailed her path
To get a better view.
Her head was coyly tilted back—
She looked into the skies—
Her hair fell 'round her shoulders, and
She had such dreamy eyes
That he could not resist her—
He swore by his own life
That he would take her in his cave
To be his forest wife.
So this is how she won him, at
His innocent expense;
And this has been the pattern girls
Have followed ever since.
You see, through all these many years
Since time itself began
Women have, at any cost,
Been out to get a man
But still, coeds at Chapel Hill
Are not just here for looks.
They get an education—yes!
But not one out of books.

—Henrietta.

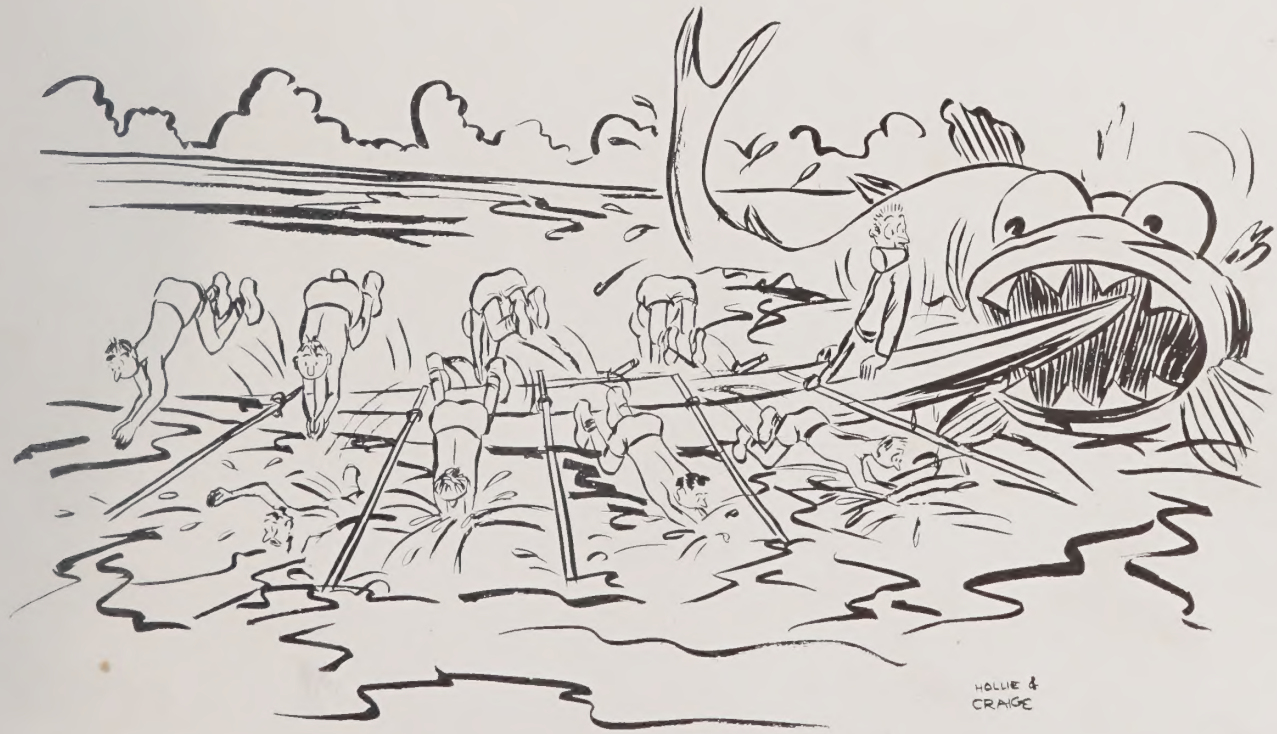
Indifference cloaked your affection;
Condescension — the keynote of love.
Tolerance for my imperfection
Was all you were capable of.

My heart broke away from its prison;
I'm free now,—so do what you can.
My value has suddenly risen
Since falling for some other man.

—*Claire.*

Wrathful Customer: I want my money back. I sat behind a pole during the whole performance.

Ticket-agent: Well, he's got just as much right in the theater as you have. —*Widow.*



"STROKE, STROKE, STROKE, STROKE!"

"Come on down, boys—it's only a Playmaker rehearsal."

CARUSO

By DICK HICKS

Frank, the editor of the annual, suffered misgivings as Caruso walked into the room where he was sitting behind a desk. Caruso walked up to Frank and said,

"I want my picture made for the Yackety Yack."

"Very well, Caruso, what class?"

Frank knew what class Caruso was in. Everybody knew that he was a senior, and would graduate. Everybody was counting the days until he did graduate, and everybody was hoping the school would be able to get back on its feet after he was gone.

"Senior class," said Caruso.

"Have a seat and Mr. Mooten-Wooten will be ready for you in a few minutes," said Frank.

Caruso sat down and Frank eyed him cautiously. Caruso had wrecked better things than mere college annuals in his career.

Finally Frank said, "Where's your coat, Caruso? Aren't you going to wear a coat to have your picture taken?"

"No," said Caruso, and Frank knew.

Mr. Mooten-Wooten, the photographer, came from the back room at this point, and said,

"Number 486."

"That's me," said Caruso.

"Come right in, you're next," said Mr. Mooten-Wooten, and turned to go into his little back room where he took pictures.

Caruso followed. When he got inside Mr. Mooten-Wooten looked at him and said,

"Where's your coat?"

"At home," said Caruso.

"Didn't you want to wear it to have your picture made?" said Mr. Mooten-Wooten.

"No," said Caruso.

"But all the other boys wear coats and ties when they have their pictures made," said Mr. Mooten-Wooten.

"Yes, but I don't," said Caruso.

"Wait a minute," said Mr. Mooten-Wooten, and he lifted up the curtain and went into the big room outside. He returned with Frank, the editor of the annual.

"What's the trouble, Caruso Old Boy?" said Frank.

"Mr. Mooten-Wooten wants me to wear a coat when I have my picture made," said Caruso.

"All the other boys wear coats when they have their pictures made," said Frank.

"That's what Mr. Mooten-Wooten said, but I don't wear coats when I have my picture made," said Caruso.

"Yes, but it will make the annual look funny," said Frank.

"That's all right," said Caruso.

"Well, go ahead and take his picture with his coat off," said Frank. And he sighed.

"Don't you want to comb your hair?" said Mr. Mooten-Wooten.

"No," said Caruso, "I want it mussed up."

"Sit on this box, then," said Mr. Mooten-Wooten, and he sighed too.

Before he sat down, Caruso reached into his hip pocket and pulled out a huge, crooked old pipe. He reached into his other pocket and pulled out a huge, dirty tobacco pouch. He pulled a zipper on the pouch and filled the pipe with tobacco, digging around till the pipe was full. He reached in his side pocket and pulled out a country match and lit the pipe. Then he sat down on the box.

"O. K., I'm ready," said Caruso.

"Do you want to wear that pipe in your mouth?" said Mr. Mooten-Wooten, and all the resistance was gone from his voice.

"Yes," said Caruso, "and I want to lean my head in my chin, like this." And Caruso leaned his head in his chin like this.

Mr. Mooten-Wooten didn't even say, "Look at the birdy." Mr. Mooten-Wooten was too angry to say anything. His face turned very red, he closed his eyes, and he squeezed the little red ball three times.

"That will be all," said Mr. Mooten-Wooten.

Caruso got up off the box, lifted up the curtain, and walked into the big room where Frank was sitting behind the desk.

"I want to list my activities to go under my picture in the annual," said Caruso.

"All right," said Frank.

"Playmaker, 1, 2, 3, 4," said Caruso.

After All

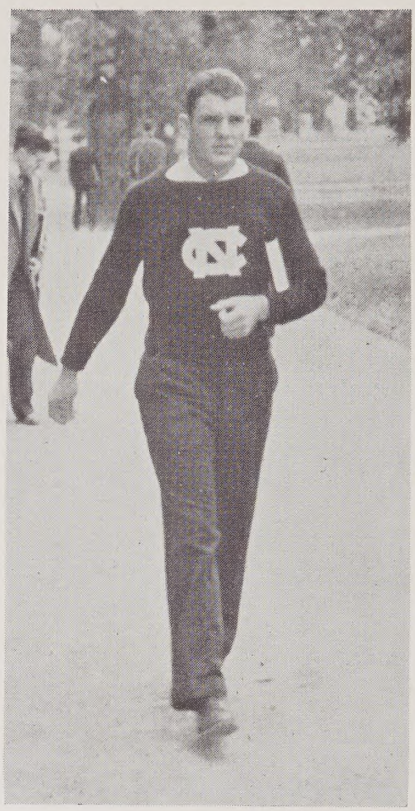
" 'Roosevelt elected by landslide'—Who is this guy Landslide?"—*Walt Spearman, Journalism.*

Will Power—The ability to eat one salted peanut. —*Puppet.*

PA

Jane Ross was wrong . . .

However, it was a good guess as to what the players discuss before they go out on the field and in the huddles. If you remember their numbers you can make them out. The one on the right, hand in pocket, MUST be Coach Wolf. These pulled us through a tough season with but two defeats.



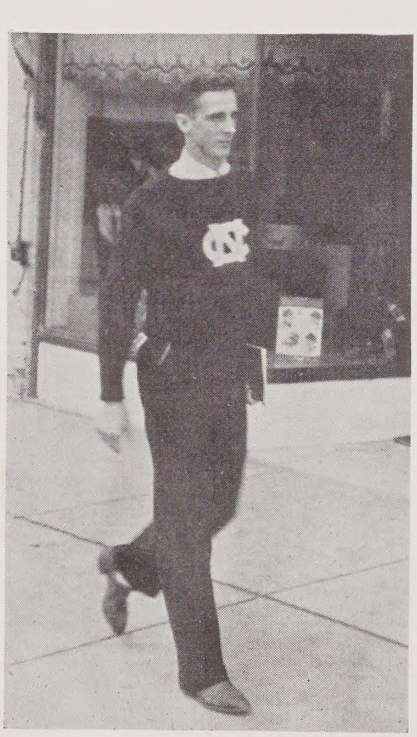
Deserves something . . .

After making twelve extra points good, Tom Burnette, Junior from Tarboro, missed his first in the Davidson game. That . . . should be a record of some kind.

The best in the South . . .

The man that holds you sp bound, and who hasn't dropp his baton in the last three gam Wm. Kennedy Walker fr Asheville, N. C. By far the b artist of his kind the Univers has ever seen.

Perkiomen Prep did well in its preparing of Captain Dick Buck. If you remember, it was Buck who climbed over a mountain to reach up and drag that oval down for the score that beat Duke in '34.



"I'll take the gain"

Ringsiders

It had SIMS on the back, that's all we know. However, what State Patrolmen do during a game is rather evident. That rolled up canvas is not going to get away from them.

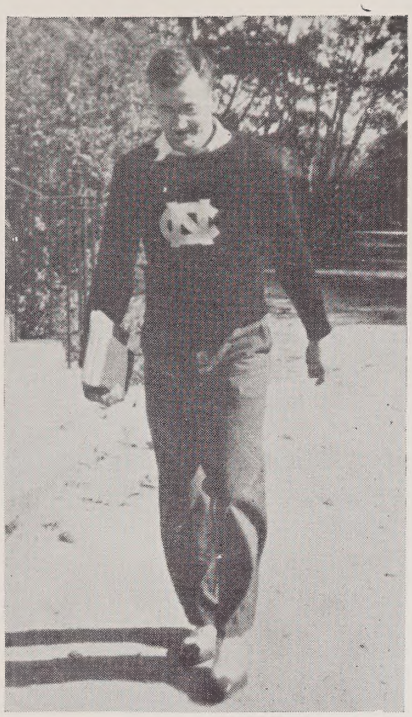
ADE

Also the reason for those owls by the players when they n't get the tickets they want- Peck Hart, who with Paul ley, managed this year's ad. It's a hard way to earn tter.

Behind the scenes . . .?

decision counts, and counts...

He gets the "boos" when the "booers" miss the play. Referee, ———, of——— grabs 'at ball while Henry Bartos - 65, and Van Webb - 89, great Carolina tackle and guard respectively look on.



All-American anytime . . .

If not this year, next year, anyhow! You wouldn't think Andy Bershak came from Tarboro too, would you? Well, he didn't. And another thing, he does make A's and B's anytime and all the time.

State makes fifteen feet over right tackle . . .

Finley, foreground, also Read, Cruickshank, Parker and Bond scowl while State men and sponsors smirk.

As President of . . .

Nick Read, who as president of the University Club is making a good job of welcoming visiting teams, visitors and Tar Heel alumni to the campus this year. State men, Parker and their sponsors are in the background.

Young members of the infamous "13" Club put on a show during the half.

There ought to be an open season for these

HIT DON'T DIFFER

"How do you do?"

"Howdy, stranger."

"Could I wait on you?"

"I speck so, stranger. That's what yer here fer, ain't it?"

"Ha! Ha! Why certainly."

"Well, yer can wait on me then."

"Why, I'd be delighted. What could I interest you in?"

"You couldn't interest me in nothing. I want ter buy some duds."

"Ah! A suit of clothes!"

"Them's duds, ain't they?"

"Ha! Ha! Why certainly! Now what size will it be?"

"Hit don't differ."

"Ha! But you want it to fit, don't you?"

"Hit don't differ about hit fittin'."

"Well! You are a very unusual customer. You should be quite easy to fit. Ha! Ha! Now what color did you have in mind?"

"Hit don't differ."

"Ha! You're quite easy to please, aren't you? Did you want some particular material? Hard finish—soft finish?"

"Hit don't differ what material."

"Well—er, how much did you want to pay?"

"Hit don't differ how much."

"Well, then, let me take this one down. How will this do? All wool and only $19.75, not including the tax. Will this be all right?"

"Hit don't differ. Hit's fer a corpse, anyhow."

—*Dick Hicks.*

Stephen, Francis, Butch and Carl
Tied my life into a snarl.
Took me out and fed me gin—
Now you see the mess I'm in.

Reputation shot to hell—
You should hear the things they tell!
Spencer hints that I'll be leavin'
Since my date that night with Stephen.

They reject as feeble lies
All excuses I devise.
They just give me knowing glances
Since my date that night with Francis.

Can't convince 'em I'm a virgin—
They all think I don't need urgin'—
They're just sure that I'm in dutch.
Since my date that night with Butch.

Shady stories circle 'bout
Just as soon as I go out.
Gossip snatched away my laurel
Since my date that night with Carl.

I'm fed up with idle rumor—
Now I'm in a dangerous humor.
Going out tonight with Ray
To put some truth in all they say!

—Claire.

doggies

our chapel hill
i'th a town
what doth abound
in doggies.

long-eared
and short-eared;
feared and unafeared.

brown and tan
woman and man

strong and frail
male and female

nonchalant and naive
but all descended
from an adam an eve.

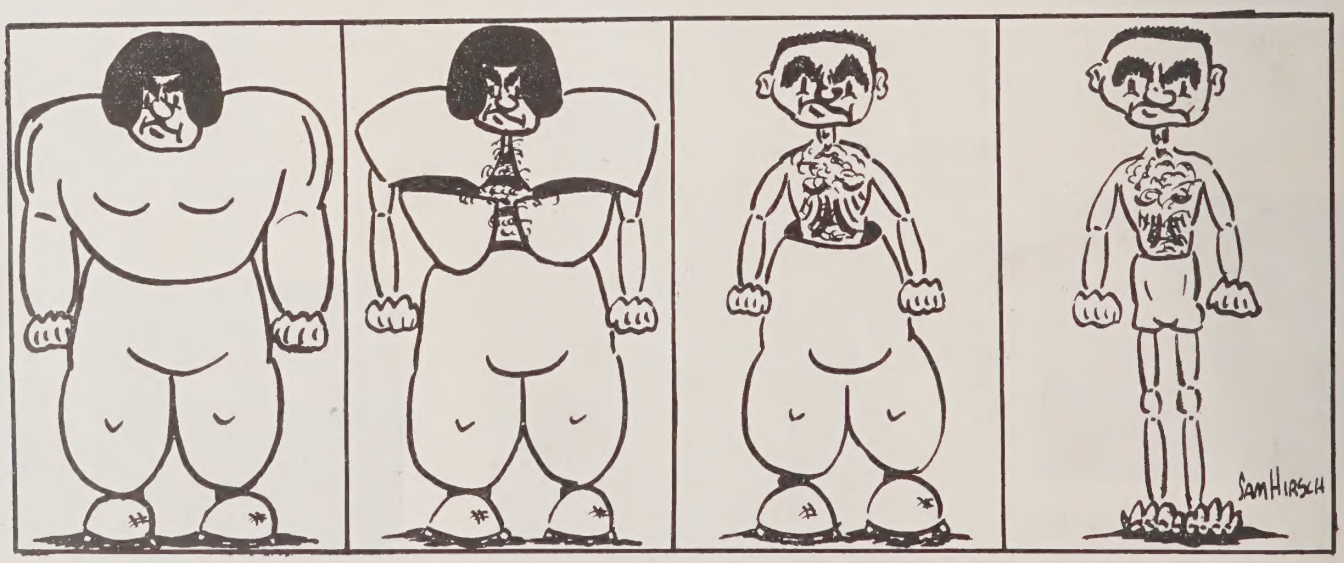
mistresses and ladies
headed for heaven
or hades.

master and lords
with and without
vocal chords,

some just sots
seeing spots,

some lanky and some lean
some good and some mean,

mother and brother
one of the other
but
all, loose and free
just as
carolina sons
should be. —*henrietta.*

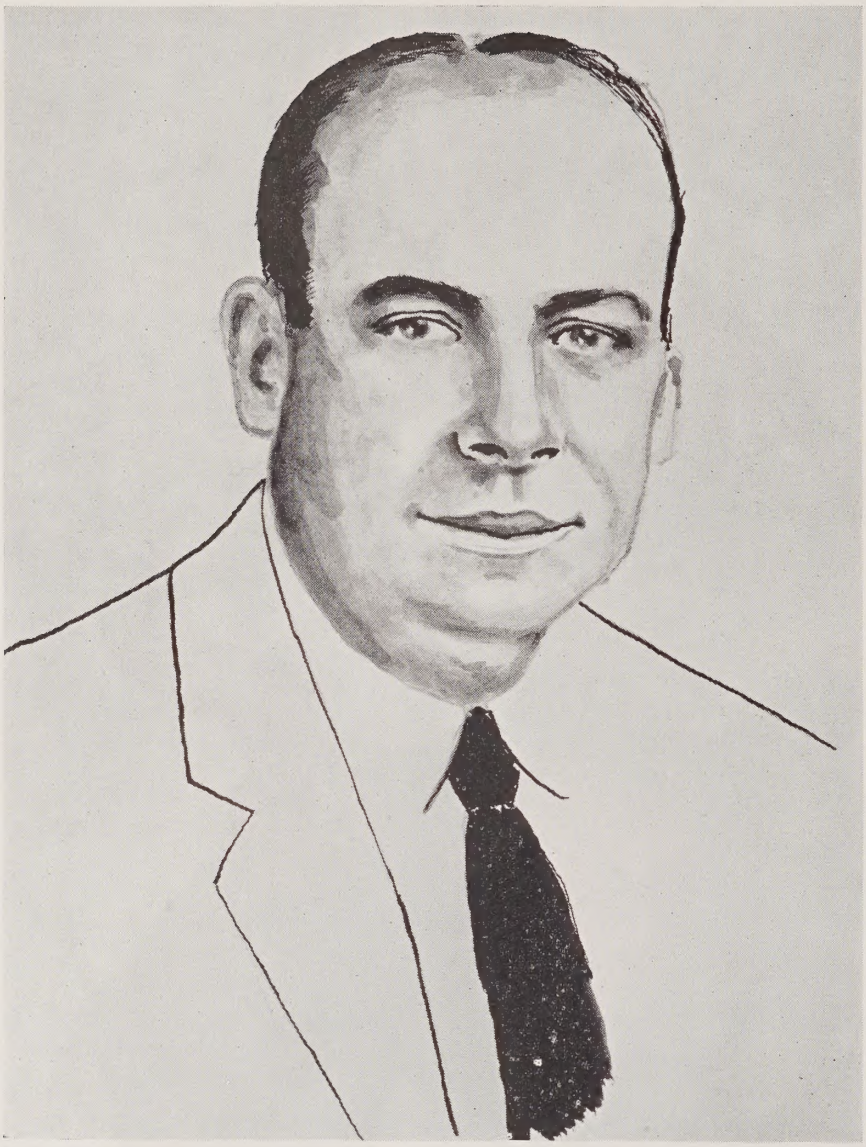


Chesterfield Wins

Know the answer? So do I
These Chesterfields—

They Satisfy

© 1936, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



. . . also fishes and plays golf . . .

MISTER WOLF

COACH

Plain, but forceful and direct; a personality that is pleasing; a keen sense of humor and a good story-teller; a regular fellow; a what's more good-looking. That's Raymond "Bear" Wolf, head coach of the University of North Carolina football team.

Since his arrival last spring, Coach Wolf has won the favor and friendship of everyone in Chapel Hill. He has made a fine impression, not only on his players, but on everyone who has met him.

In his first year as tutor of the Tar Heels, he has done well, especially for a coach taking over as high a rating club as Carl Snavely left behind. The Carolina team has played hard, clean football, and the success that it has already had points to better things ahead.

Raymond Wolf was born in Chicago 33 years ago. Four years later his family moved to Texas, where he has resided for all but three, those being spent with his parents in South America. As a member of athletic teams at Fort Worth high school, he won letters in baseball, basketball, football, and track.

His college days were spent at Texas Christian University where he was selected All-Southwestern Conference guard for two years. As a baseball player he also earned repute, captaining the Horned Frogs in his senior year and being named All-Conference. He graduated in 1927, and followed his college career on the diamond by signing with the Cincinnati Reds. The second year a trick knee forced him to abandon his professional playing.

The fall of 1927 saw him begin his football-coaching career under Dutch Meyer, then head freshman coach, but for the past seven years varsity mentor, of famed Texas Christian teams. Francis Schmidt, now at Ohio State University, was then head coach. Two years later, Wolf was advanced to varsity line coach; and then to the position of athletic director and head varsity coach of baseball when Meyer took over the varsity.

During his years as line coach, Wolf turned out some excellent players. From 1929 to 1935, 16 Texas Christian linemen were named on All-Conference teams, six of them so doing in 1932. Outstanding among his pupils were Johnny Vaught, now line coach here at Carolina, who made a guard position on the All-America selections for 1932, and Darrell Lester, who was named center on the mythical eleven for the 1934 and 1935 seasons.

From his record, Coach Wolf has shown that he is a hard, sincere worker. Although it is nine years since he was an active participant in the grid sport, he still retains his speed and agility. One afternoon this fall he outraced every man on the Tar Heel team excepting Crowell Little. He tips the scales at 200 pounds, and is 5 feet, 11 inches tall. Aside from football, his hobbies are fishing and golf. He is a fine after-dinner speaker . . . and also does a good job during the dinner.

—Fletcher W. Ferguson.

These Are Better Dead

1. The fellow who incessantly calls "down in front."
2. The wit who answers "up in back."
3. Grandstand quarterbacks who are never mistaken.
4. Grandstand quarterbacks.
5. The fan who explains the legitimacy or illegitimacy of each play and penalty.
6. The student in the large bearskin coat sitting immediately in front of you.
7. Opponents who catch passes and run for touchdowns.
8. The drunk who yells: "Come on an' cheer. Watsa matter 'thyou guys, cantcha cheer?"
9. The drunk who yells.
10. The drunk.
11. Winners who are meek.
12. People who "if."
13. People who later replay the game verbally.
14. People.

Momentary Departure

There was a young hopeful named Lew,
Who had a unique point of view.
When his Prof. gave him an A,
He said, "Take it away—
Nothing less than a hundred will do."

There was a sweet coed named Mabel,
Who wanted to dance on the table.
She cried, "Don't refuse—
I have nothing to lose."
But the furniture wasn't so stable.
—*M. W.*

There's Always Einstein

Who am I to spoil your fun
If you like that sort of one?
Who are you to foam and fume
If I prefer a lighted room?
No fingerprints are quite the same—
The whole idea seems inane.
—*M. W.*

TAKE YOUR CHOICE

Hutchins scores three touchdowns against Davidson. — *Greensboro Daily News, Nov. 8.*

Hutchins scores two touchdowns against Davidson. — *Greensboro Daily News, Nov. 8.*

Hutchins scores two touchdowns, Ditt scores another and Burnette makes a touchdown against Davidson. — *Durham Herald-Sun, Nov. 8.*

Hutchins makes two touchdowns. Dashiell scores once and Burnette carries it over against Davidson.—*The Daily Tar Heel, Nov. 8.*

Hutchins runs 61 yards only to fumble ball. — *Gridgraph, Nov. 7.*

Ditt runs 61 yards only to fumble ball. — *The Daily Tar Heel, Nov. 8.*

Ode to a tailor: "$135."

FP 9-14-36—I★

PO 32081 Ad 741

When you forget...

The guard says "No!"
The girl says "OH!"
And there's nothing a man can do—
When the happiest day
Gets spoiled some way,
Let Beech-Nut comfort you!

Remember-there's comfort in

BEECH-NUT GUM

BEECH-NUT PEPPERMINT GUM . . . is so good it's the most popular flavor of any gum sold in the United States.

BEECH-NUT PEPSIN GUM . . . candy coating protects a pleasing flavor . . . and, as you probably know, pepsin aids digestion after a hearty meal.

BEECHIES . . . another really fine Peppermint Gum—sealed in candy coating. Like Gum and Candy in one.

BEECH-NUT SPEARMINT . . . especially for those who like a distinctive flavor. A *Beech-Nut Quality* product.

ORALGENE—its firmer texture gives much needed mouth exercise . . . and its dehydrated milk of magnesia helps neutralize mouth acidity. Each piece individually wrapped.

THE ART OF DUNKING

By Hayden Clement

Although it has never been the acme of good taste to dunk, each day sees its acceptability drawing closer. The Machine Age, as its champion, gave it an added impetus through the invention of the automat. For in the automat, as a result of the difficulty of extracting a cup from the narrow confines in which it previously rested before you placed the nickel in the slot, the cup cannot be filled so full with coffee. And so, now a doughnut will just about tide you over the cup, whereas with a full cup you always fell a little short and were a bit reluctant to dunk when you could apportion each bite out mathematically in ratio with each swallow.

Melba toast has seen an influx at the breakfast table; for whereas previously it was hard and stiff, a dunk limbers it up and requires less exercise for the molars—a worthy consideration for the morning after. Buttered toast has little appeal to the dunker, for it leaves a thin film of grease along the surface of the coffee. Toast made from raisin bread adds that zest to the morning repast; for Lloyds quotes odds at three to one that before a cup has been swallowed, a raisin will fall in. This would be of special interest to the youngsters if we could only get them to dunk more; for it would be somewhat like buying a box of Cracker-Jacks with a prize in each package, since you wouldn't know with which swallow the raisin would show itself. Of course, the amount of sugar in the coffee must be taken into consideration; otherwise the raisin might get mired up in the bottom of the cup.

There is truly an art to dunking. Watch the novice grab the doughnut or piece of bread with all four fingers and thumb. He

fairly drowns it before he takes it from the coffee, and is forced to lean over the cup while eating. Now watch the past master. He daintily holds the doughnut between the thumb and index finger, although some veterans prefer the thumb and middle finger. Gingerly placing the bread in the coffee, he makes sure that the number of drops will not exceed the limit of two. If he muffs it, disgust registers on his face, and he proceeds to wipe the surplus drops on the edge of the cup. From that dunk on, he's a marked man who finds it difficult to conceal his chagrin. Should he be very temperamental or high-strung, he probably won't make another good dunk all morning.

Perhaps one of the most adroit and original dunkers whom it has been my pleasure to watch at work was an old campaigner in a cheap cafe in Trenton, N. J. As he ordered a cup of coffee and a cruller, you could note his anticipation to ply his skill. With relish he threaded the hole in the doughnut with his spoon. Then placing the spoon across the top of the cup, he gently let the cruller into the coffee, gave it a spin, which was so intricate that not a drop was dashed over the side until it was thoroughly saturated. He then daintily grasped both ends of the spoon—much the same as you would eat corn on the cob—and proceeded to whittle down the doughnut with his teeth. Although he violated the rules according to the number of drops upon extraction as set up by epicurean dunkers, in my opinion, he still deserves the Golden Doughnut, which it has been the custom for The Amalgamated Dunkers of America to award each year.

"A Dunker's no Dunker for a' tha." At least, today, no expert dunker would think so, as he watches the fumbler drop a doughnut in his cup, splash coffee all over the table, and continue eating undisturbed.

I've had loves of every fashion—
Subtle and most daring.
I've been cold to all their passion,
Never even caring.

Men have used their greatest powers
Fighting with persistence,
But they only spent their hours
Doubling my resistance.

—Why are you so damned impervious?
Don't you *want* to make me?
Your indifference gets me nervous—
Good Lord, darling—*take* me!

—*Claire.*

Descriptive No End

He threw a long pass a half mile towards New York intended for ....., who reached out with his long paws and told the oval to come to papa but ..... breezed in on his way to Mexico City and batted the ball to terra firma. — *Bill Mundy, broadcasting Alabama - Tulane game, Nov. 7.*

To a Mosquito

A moment ago you lived and lit,
Upon my arm, my flesh you bit,
But now your biting days are o'er,
You're just a mass of blood and gore.

—*F. M. Hutchinson.*

Present Company Excepted

If stars should fall instead of rain,
If dawn should herald the night,
If you should once admit you're wrong—
We'd both be tight!

—*M. W.*

"In this connection, let us mention Mr. James Braddock—former longshoreman, present world's champion heavyweight boxer, next longshoreman."—*Mr. C. P. Anson, Economics.*

Clarity

". . . The country surrounding Oberammergau and the Passion Play, illustrated with 100 beautiful pictures, has never before been seen on this continent and perhaps may never be seen again here."—From *Handbill of Oberammergau Passion Players,* Nov. 16th.

A tired young doctor was being asked by his father, who was also an M.D. the results of a night's work at a home which had been visited by the stork.

Father: Did you save the baby, son?

Son: No sir, I didn't.

Father: Did the mother live?

Son: No sir.

Father: Well, who did you save.

Son: I saved the father, sir.

—*Clark Rodman.*

My Gentlemanly Cad

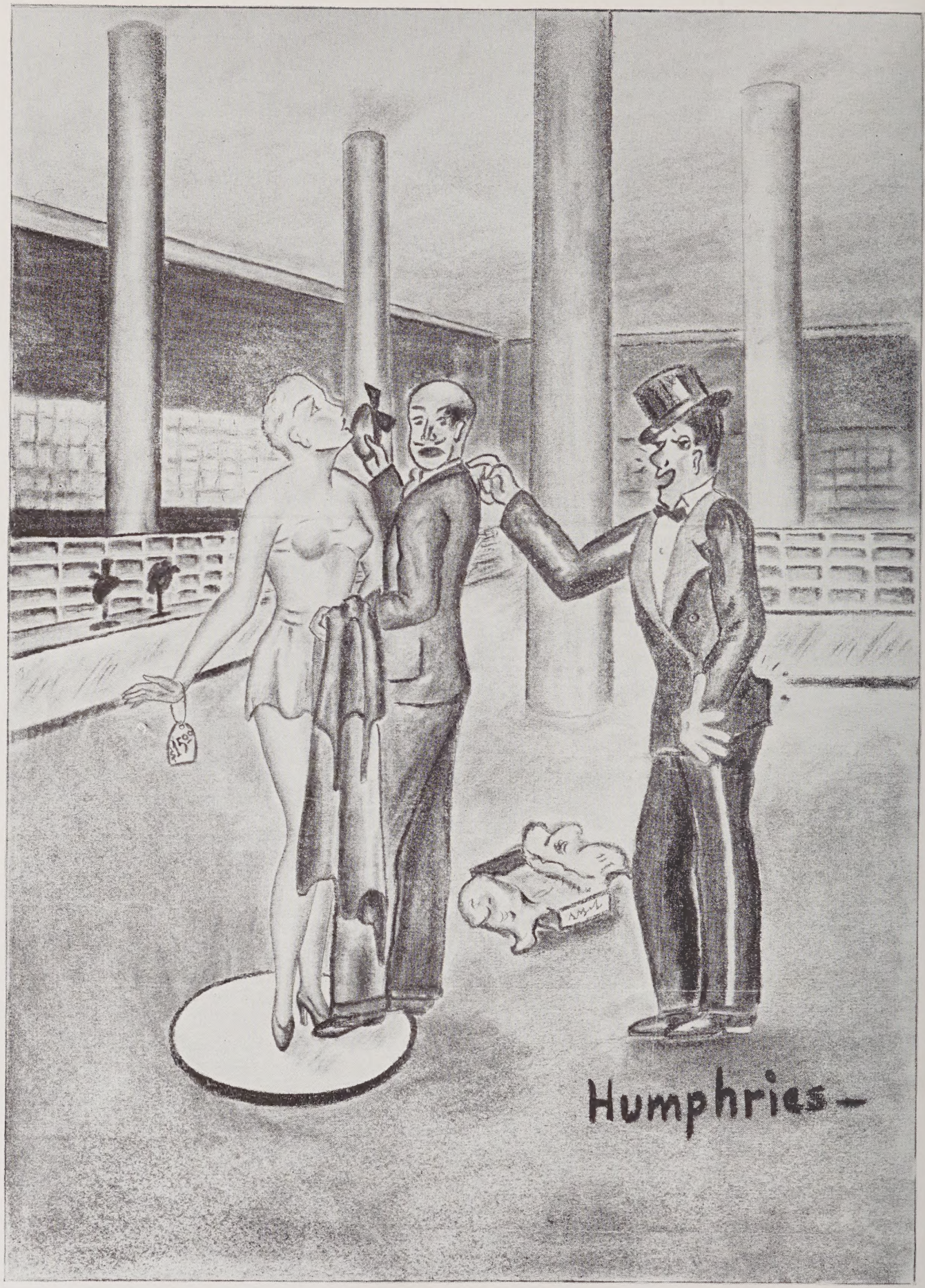
Careless attentions — but carefully wrought;
Playing with kisses so subtly bought;
Accepting submission with such gallant grace—
Then tenderly putting me back in my place.

Thrilling my heart with evasive phrases,
Twisting and turning my thoughts into mazes;
Considerately telling me I'm doing right—
Then dating another the very next night.

I bow to thee now, with amazed admiration
For one who is master of each situation;
Despising your motives, condemning your charms
As caddish—but still finding life in your arms!

—*Claire.*

"Momma says hurry home with that uniform; we got company for the night."



"Break, pleash?"

Putting Personality In Profanity

By Carl Pugh

ED. NOTE:

The names used are entirely fictitious. If any one is known by the names used, they have our whole hearted sympathy.

Kent.: Fellow, I know thee.

Osw.: What dost thou know me for?

Kent.: A knave; a rascal; an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knave; a lily-livered, action-taking, glass-gazing, super-serviceable, finical rogue; a one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldst be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, begger, coward, and pander.

This is quoted from Shakespeare's *King Lear* (censor, please note). And one must admit that he certainly shakes a wicked anathema. His observation of Oswald in the above leaves little to the imagination, the diction of that venerable vituperation is, to say the least, original. Now, why can't we be likewise original. (I don't know, why can't we?) The object of this little dissertation is to show the beauty of personality in profanity and the inelegance of *cliché cussing*.

Tooth and nail are *passé* weapons. And as our expressions of abomination are usually verbal, profanity is an invaluable medium of manifestation. Gentlemen fight with words. For instance—

—Suppose one of our paleozoic progenitors while in hot pursuit of a particularly delectable dinosaur had suddenly stubbed his toe against a protruding stump or something. What would be have done? In all probability he would have made a horrible grimace and, with certain appropriate snorts and gibbers, smote the stump asunder. Now imagine one of that paleozoic progenitor's present-day progeny confronted with the same situation (Please pardon the promiscuous alliteration. This is a humorous article as well as an instructive one. Heh, heh. Nothing like a bit of humor. Now where were we? Oh, yes—) What would *he* do? I daresay, if he were a college man, he would nonchalantly light a cigarette and proceed very calmly to anoint that stump with a derogation that would put his ancestor's cruder method to shame.

Profanity is most emphatically an art and when used with proper technique is much more effective than the arbitrament of pugnacity. Now, to acquire this technique takes deliberation and persistent practice. And one with personalized profanity will always stand out. Anybody can refer to a thing as a 7-4-19-15-B (here we resort to code to escape being called pornographic) but a man that instantly and under the same conditions applies the term "typical result of sodomy" is something quite out of the ordinary.

The aesthetical value of profanity depends entirely upon originality and it should be the principal aim of every bestower of gawdamnation to be original at all costs.

Whether your anathematic tendencies are only an occasional "ohfiddlesticks" or a blue streak that would make Rabelais blush and the devil flee with his tail between his legs, there is much room for improvement. Let's don't be satisfied with merely calling things "mean old so and so et ceteras." Let's burst forth voluminously. The true artist can carry on for hours without repeating a single word.

Let's put personality in profanity. Let's cut out *cliché* cussing.

"This definitely, is not *coming to you through the courtesy of B. C. Headache Powders."*

MUSIC

King of Swing

BENNY GOODMAN

Strangely enough, Benny Goodman always looked forward to the day when he would lead his own orchestra in the type of music which he believed would cater to the demands of a majority of the dance loving public. His youthful ambition was finally realized a short time ago when he stepped forth as the leader of his own outfit and made his baton-waving debut on a large commercial program emanating from the channels of NBC.

A peek into the background of this new maestro who has reached the heights in his chosen field, reveals the startling information that at the age of nine he was amazing theatre audiences in his native city of Chicago with his mastery of the clarinet as well as his dynamic imitations of popular musical favorites of that day. After being heralded for his childhood wizardry, Benny wisely gave up his musical proclivities to garner an education, and reentered the musical world as featured entertainer with a number of other orchestras.

When the announcement was issued concerning the audition for the commercial program sponsored by the National Biscuit Company, Benny had no idea of entering an orchestra, although he was planning on organizing his own orchestra in the near future. His friends influenced him in assembling an orchestra, continuing its playing to the same type of music that he had been playing on his clarinet and prevailed upon him to enter the contest. Although Benny professed that he was not ready to assume the duties of a baton waver at that time, his friends' confidence in his ability won him over and Benny hurriedly whipped his organization into shape for the contest. He was one of 125 band leaders who were given an audition, but walked off with all the honors in being selected to dispense his "swing" improvisations on the three hour program plus an engagement at the fashionable Roosevelt Hotel in New York City where he won the instant acclaim of critical dance lovers everywhere.

Enroll for the New Term

Nov. 25

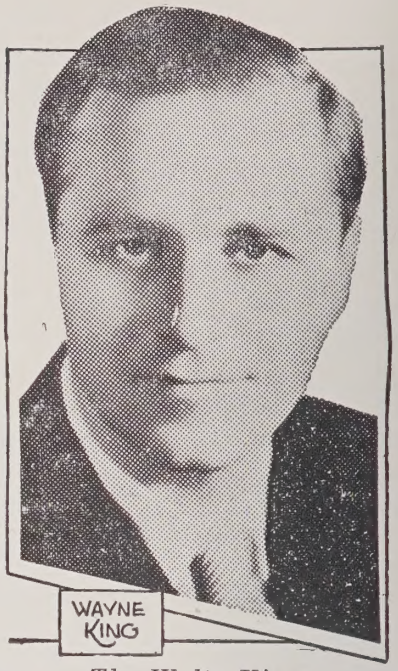
at

Rios School
of
Dancing

Special classes both for adults and children in ballroom, ballet, and tap dancing.

Call Miss Elizabeth Weaver

152 W. Franklin St.



The Waltz King

WAYNE KING

The Constitution of the United States declares in no uncertain manner that "all people are created equal." Whether they remain equal as they pass through life depends entirely upon themselves. But there is at least one moment in their lives when all find themselves on the same level of equality. That moment occurs when they listen to Wayne King.

Wayne King has always been a student of psychology and is a firm believer in the theory that music should be idealized, cherished, and guarded from the intrusions of evil and barbaric assault.

When the world passed through an era of savagery as displayed by the warring nations in the late World War it was only natural that its music took on somewhat the same hue. The world, very much disrupted by the adjustment taking place, was going through a period of readjustment in its music too, so that the music symbolized to a great extent the discordant effects of the ravages of the war. Musically, there were many crimes performed under the name of "syncopation."

Mr. King, at this time, was

just gaining a foot-hold in the orchestra field when the problem of either joining the ranks of those who were dispensing the distorted rhythms of the day, or keeping his music on the path that he had chosen originally, presented itself. Originality, marking the keynote of his musical character, over-ruled all else and he decided to keep his orchestra as it was. Needless to say, his decision has been vindicated by the favor with which his music has been met by millions of listeners who loudly and truly proclaim him AMERICA'S WALTZ KING.

YOUR BEST BET

"FOR SENTIMENTAL REASONS" and "ANOTHER PERFECT NIGHT IS ENDING"—(Victor 25446) — Recorded by Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra—A lot of young married people a year from now will look back on this record as the thing that brought them together—perhaps.

"ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND" and "RIFFIN' AT THE RITZ" — (Victor 25445) — The "SWINGMASTER" himself — Benny Goodman and his Orchestra—who really swings 'em with this all time classic of jazz.

"COPPER-COLORED GAL" and "THE WEDDING OF MR. AND MRS. SWING"—(Brunswick 7748)—Cab Calloway's latest and most outstanding Hi-De-Ho recording—First made by his new band.

"WILL YOU REMEMBER" and "THE ROAD TO PARADISE"—(Victor 25444)—Two gorgeous Romberg waltzes from the MGM film "Maytime," sweeping magnificently along under the direction of Wayne King.

"A HIGH HAT, A PICCOLO AND A CANE" and "CLOSE TO ME"—(Victor 25447)—Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra—Two tunes that get you and keeps on going for a long time—One a GRADE A fox trot and the other a smooth waltz.

"NO USE PRETENDING" and "YOU'RE ALL I'VE WANTED" — (Victor 25432) — Eddy Duchin and his Orchestra—The maestro who had his hands insured for one million dollars—some hands. —*Robert Jernigan.*

Dr. Hudson: What did Einstein teach us?

Voice from the rear of the room: Nobody knows.

—*Clark Rodman.*

Considerate

"I have always maintained that authorities are very inconsiderate when building school seats. You just can't sleep in them comfortably."—*Prof. G. T. Schwenning, Business Org.*

A colored servant in High Point, N. C., is named George Washington, American Life Ready To Fight Come Brave Boys The British Are About To Land Taylor.

"Have you ever walked him through the woods?"

S.A.E. CHAPTER MEETINGS

First Section—meets at 7:00.
Second Section—meets at 9:00.

Notice: You damned freshmen remember what section you are in.

"Hello George, how's the boy?"

"All right, how's your boy?"

Here's the Answer—
FOR A GOOD HAIRCUT
The
Carolina
Barber Shop

"I was never worried."

Whither Art Thou?

Last summer under the silver moon,
Lying beside the blue lagoon
I felt so alone, so very sad,
I really needed you awful bad—
But somehow I lost you in the night,
My one and only—good flashlight.

ANNOUNCING

A new Barber Shop featuring friendly, courteous service

Carolina Men welcome to use every convenience

H. G. Bailey W. P. Lloyd
J. V. Douthit

Tar Heel Barber Shop
Opposite Methodist Church

Revenge

Thinks he has another token!
Thinks I really meant it!
Thinks my heart is badly broken
When he only bent it!

Does me good to think I fooled him—
There's a point to gloat on.
When he finds I really ruled him
What's he gonna float on?

I'll show him he's not Don Juan—
Prick his little bubble.
But—will he recognize his ruin?
—That's my only trouble.

—*Claire.*

Specialization

"I'm majoring in Greek and Dramatics—I'm going into the Restaurant and Hot Dog business."—*Jimmie Shell, student.*

◆ SPORTS ◆

LOOKING BACK

Football was introduced into the South, following its success as a sport in northern schools, by the University of North Carolina, Trinity College, and the University of Virginia in the fall of 1888.

At Chapel Hill the annual season opened after a subscription list netted the necessary amount to purchase a ball. The field upon which it was played was the present site of Bynum gym and was approximately the same dimensions as those used today.

The game was not one of team play, but of individualism—each participant doing what he saw fit. There was a minimum requirement of 15 men on each side, so when 30 had arrived two were selected to "choose up sides," and the game was on. Sometimes the lineups ran as high as one hundred on each team.

With so many players, there was bound to be a goodly number of disputes. These were settled by individual combat, the game being halted while the combatants fought it out. The winner's point was declared carried and the game resumed.

In the fall of 1888 a game was arranged for the annual State Fair at Raleigh, to be played by the sophomore classes of Wake Forest and Carolina. This initial encounter saw the Deacons triumph by a margin of two goals to one.

For the introduction and continuance of modern football in North Carolina, two Yale men were instrumental—Dr. Crowell and Professor H. H. Williams. Dr. Crowell who at the time of the first game was President of Trinity—introduced the game in this state. After the inauguration, Captain Bragaw of Carolina led his team against Trinity

on Thanksgiving Day and suffered a 16-0 defeat.

Enough money was raised to secure the great Princeton tackle and captain, Hector Cowan, as coach. The first game in the spring of 1889 saw Carolina as a member of the State Intercollegiate Association beat Wake Forest 33-0 at Raleigh. In the Trinity game, Bragaw, a speedy backfield performer, broke his leg in the first five minutes of play and the team lost out 25-17. Compensation was rendered through the subsequent victory of Wake Forest over Trinity by a 32-0 score.

The next season saw Carolina beaten by Wake Forest 18-8 and then win on forfeit from Trinity. In the game against the Deacons, George Graham was painfully but not seriously hurt

Team of 88 . . . the Deacons beat them 2 to 1 . . .

and the Trustees forbade future athletic participation by students. Because of this ruling no contests were allowed in the fall of 1890.

The spring of 1891 saw the second Yale man come to the aid of Carolina football as Professor Williams led a successful fight to reestablish the game. This was permitted under faculty regulation, and at this time the University Athletic Advisory Committee came into existence. A team was organized and William P. Graves, Yale '92, who was in the South recuperating from pneumonia, was secured as coach. A game was scheduled with Wake Forest, but was cancelled when Vernon Howell, one of the Deacon's stars, broke his arm a few days before the game. The fall season resulted in a forfeit win from Wake Forest and a 6-4 defeat at the hands of Trinity.

In the fall of 1892, Carolina started on an ambitious program for its gridiron stalwarts despite the fact that it then had no regular coach. Richmond fell before the Tar Heels 40-0 in the opening game, but the next afternoon saw Virginia pounce on Carolina by a 30-18 count. This was the inauguration of the south's most famous collegiate rivalry.

Despite this reverse, the Carolinians were not discouraged and went right back to hard and faithful practice. The next three games resulted in wins over Trinity 24-0, Auburn 64-0, and Vanderbilt 24-0. Then came the crowning achievement of this great team—a 26-0 win at Atlanta over the previously victorious Virginia Cavaliers.

Thus it was that football was launched on its campaign at the University of North Carolina. Since then there have been ups and downs in Tar Heel gridiron history, but whether in victory or defeat Carolina elevens have carried on with the same fighting spirit that prompted their predecessors of '88.

—Fletcher W. Ferguson.

Taken from a plebe Bull paper: "A mortality play is a play in which the characters are goblins, ghosts, virgins, and other supernatural creatures." — *Log.*

Yes, It's True What They Say

At Carolina about—
SUPER SOLVENIZED
Waco Pep—Purol Pep
TWIN PRODUCTS

As well as our complete "Bumper to Bumper" Service

PurolServiceStation
Ben R. Stroud, Mgr.
"Chapel Hill's newest and finest"

Where Meals Are a Pleasure

Carolina Men know that **BROOKS'** has been planned expressly to provide the utmost in fine, inexpensive meals—right near the campus!

•

BROOKS' CAFETERIA
Old Fraternity Row

When your chilblains start calling signals, it's time for a pair of fur lined galoshes. If you memorize the ribald verse about Pierre the Trapper, and wear a pair of these, you will be the life of the post-game celebration.

Somehow, we can not find a brand of scotch that goes clean down to the toes when the frost nips, unless it's those heavy, wool scotch argyle plaid hose. Warm stuff, these—particularly when worn with the barge shoe in reverse calf. These latter come in dark blue and bottle green, which are not half so bad as they sound. At several of the eastern universities, a few of the lads are matching parkpie hats with these shoes, inspired by Norwegian ski-boots.

String gloves are no news by this time with the exception of the following pair. The backs are of chamois leather and the palms are of hounds tooth wool. The wristlets are ribbed to cling closely (if you keep your wrists warm, your fingerprints will be ditto), and keep out cold air.

SHROUDING THA

There's a lot of sense to this fashion. If you want heavy gloves with wool or fur linings, try the new pull-on gloves, the seams of which are whipped with the thread used for sewing baseball covers. These are made in many leathers, among which I prefer goat, cape, and oil-tanned buck.

Writing of leathers reminds me of the chamois waistcoat that I saw recently. What makes it unusual is that it is not tricky. Back and front are made of washable chamois in its natural color. It has small leather buttons and a silk lining. When worn with a sport jacket, it becomes desirable both for appearance's sake and added warmth.

Evidently Lawson Turner, D. K. E. pledge, made several purchases at the Durham Men's Shop, as he departs arrayed in some of the season's top notch styles, for example: camel's hair polo coat with the half belt; a new wide brim hat with low crown; the gloves are peccary (hog, gone high-hat) in a light tan shade; last but not least, take note of the heavily built Cordovan brogues in the wing-tip model.

Our other subject pictured here, Joe Webster, who wears a Phi Gam pledge pin, has also acquired some articles worth mentioning. With the gray district plaid suit, double breasted with side vests, he also wears one of the new gray hats, tartan plaid botany tie, and a white button down Oxford shirt. The overcoat is a plaid raglan model with a faint blue overplaid. Pritchard-Bright Company was the source of these furnishings.

—*Joe Haggerty.*

Virginia Lee's going tea-dancing—all dressed up in the right costume and the right mood. Remember last year's discomfort when tea-dancing meant swirls of material around your ankles in broad daylight? Forget it. No more need we feel self-conscious; the mood hath changed.

"Ginny" is really shining—her dress is a lamé of that lovely Longchamps green (it looks like young apple leaves in the early morning) patterned with silver. The neckline is a low 'V', caught with a large green and rhinestone clip. That's noteworthy—you may take your choice between the very high choker or the very low 'V' this year.

The sleeves are short, shirred at the shoulder, which is also indicative of a trend. The skirt has a dipping fullness in back that will flare out gracefully as she dances. Summing it up, you'll find the new line, the new color, and the new material right here. *The Little Shop* gets the credit for this model—they have a marvelous line in this sort of thing.

The date dress is an individual

(Continued on page 28)

ODY DOWN

THE LITTLE SHOP

DURHAM MEN'S SHOP

PRITCHARD-BRIGHT & CO.

Shrouding That Body Down

(Continued)

style, and deserves lots of attention. We don't mean for you to go tripping down attired in lamé for a movie date, of course, but there's a wide field open. F'r instance, there's that matter of color again—have you seen the new slate or spruce blue in silk? It's decidedly different, and guaranteed to remove all traces of the Classroom You. Another note for the date dress is suede broadcloth—the good old stuff with a new finish.

So—put aside your saddle shoes and sport dresses, and flatter your date with a decided change in the evening. It is a mood, remember, and you'll both appreciate the new atmosphere.

—Dinny Puckette.

PURE PERVERSITY

Notwithstanding epidemics,
Wars, political polemics,
Fevers, doctors, coughs and sneezes,
Microbes, unexplained diseases,
Earthquakes, shipwrecks, conflagrations,
Avalanches, inundations,
Droughts, volcanoes, frosts, tornadoes,
Autos, airplanes, desperadoes,
Comets, famines, revolutions,
Treaties, mandates, constitutions,
Kings, democracies, dictators,
Oligarchies, legislators,
Still the human species blunders
On! And why? One often wonders.

—Arthur Guiterman.

Fond Father (to son): My boy, drinking has many ill effects. For instance, if you were drunk, those two flagpoles over there would look like four. You can see how harmful it is to your eyes.

College Lad: But, Pop, there is only one pole. *—Exchange.*

LIQUID MEDIUM

"Papa, what's the person called who brings you in contact with the spirit world?"

"A bartender, my boy."

—Punch Bowl.

Young Thing (somewhat hesitatingly): I'd like to buy a petticoat.

Floor Walker: Antique department on third floor, miss.

—Log.

CAROLINA HEADQUARTERS

Ashley Field $5.00

The Tops in the College Hat

Miller-Bishop Co.

108 Corcoran St. : Durham, N. C.

THE ETERNAL PENNY

A loving husband was discovered one night, standing by the baby's crib. As he stood looking down on the sleeping infant, wifey saw in his face a mixture of emotions — rapture, doubt, despair, admiration, ecstacy. Touched and wondering too at the unusual parental attitude and the conflicting emotions, she slipped her arms around him and murmured in a tremulous voice: "A penny for your thoughts."

"For the life of me," he blurted, "I can't see how anybody can make a crib like that for three forty-nine." *—Exchange.*

HOGS DON'T OBJECT

"It isn't sanitary," protested the traveler, "to have your house built over the hog pen that way."

"Well, I dunno," replied the farmer, "we ain't lost a hog in fifteen years." .....*—Log.*

A negro went to court to ask for a divorce so he could marry again.

Said the Judge — "Well, that will cost you five dollars, Sambo."

After due meditation Sambo replied, "She ain't wuth the diff'runce." *—Log.*

"Do angels have wings, mother?"

"Yes, darling."

"Can they fly?"

"Yes, dear."

"Then when is the nurse going to fly? I heard Daddy call her an angel."

"Tomorrow, dear."

—The Purple Parrot.

"Guess how old I am?"
"21."
"No."
"24."
"No."
"23."
"No, try 22."
"22."
"No!" *—Record.*

IT'S STILL BOLONEY

A big buck Indian had just ordered a ham sandwich at a drug counter and was peering between the slices of bread when he turned and said to the waiter —"Ugh, you slice 'em ham?"

The waiter looked up and replied, "Yes, I sliced the ham."

"Ugh," grunted the Indian indignantly, "you damn near miss 'em." *—Awgwan.*

Remember Your Friends Christmas

This year we have a larger and more complete assortment of GIFTS than ever.

Individual
and
Distinctive

FOUNTAIN PENS
COLLEGE JEWELRY

Start buying your
CHRISTMAS CARDS now

Ledbetter-Pickard

WOMEN

Women working at the office,
Women in the smoking car,
Women teaching, women preaching,
Women drinking at the bar.
In our schools and colleges,
We see women all around;
Women working in positions
Where they ne'er before were found,
Women doctors, women cooks,
Women salesmen in the stores,
Women athletes, women crooks,
Women fighting in the wars.
'Twill ever be thus, we're told,
Until the crack of doom,
But thank the Lord we're always safe
Inside the door marked "Men's Room." —*Punch Bowl.*

PERFORMANCE
ECONOMY

See
The 1937 Models
AT

Strowd Motors

Authorized Sales & Service
Since 1914

MEN!!

For the Latest Styles in
Fall and Winter
Clothing
visit
Carolina's Greatest Store for
Men and Boys

Vanstory Clothing Company

Jefferson Standard Building
GREENSBORO, N. C.

SEE THE 1937 CHEVROLET!

CHEVROLET

Service

Our Shop is manned by factory-trained mechanics — Our Equipment is second to none in Chapel Hill.

Tufts Chevrolet Company

West Franklin Street
Chapel Hill

PRIZE-WINNER

Girl . . Dog . . Cigarette—Lucky Strike, of course. For "It's Toasted," a process which is private and exclusive with Lucky Strike Cigarettes, allows delicate throats the full, abiding enjoyment of rich, ripe-bodied tobacco. "Toasting" removes certain harsh irritants present in even the finest tobaccos in their natural state. "Toasting" is *your* throat protection against irritation—against cough. So, for your throat's sake, smoke Luckies.

Copyright, 1936, The American Tobacco Company

Luckies—a light smoke

OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO—"IT'S TOASTED"

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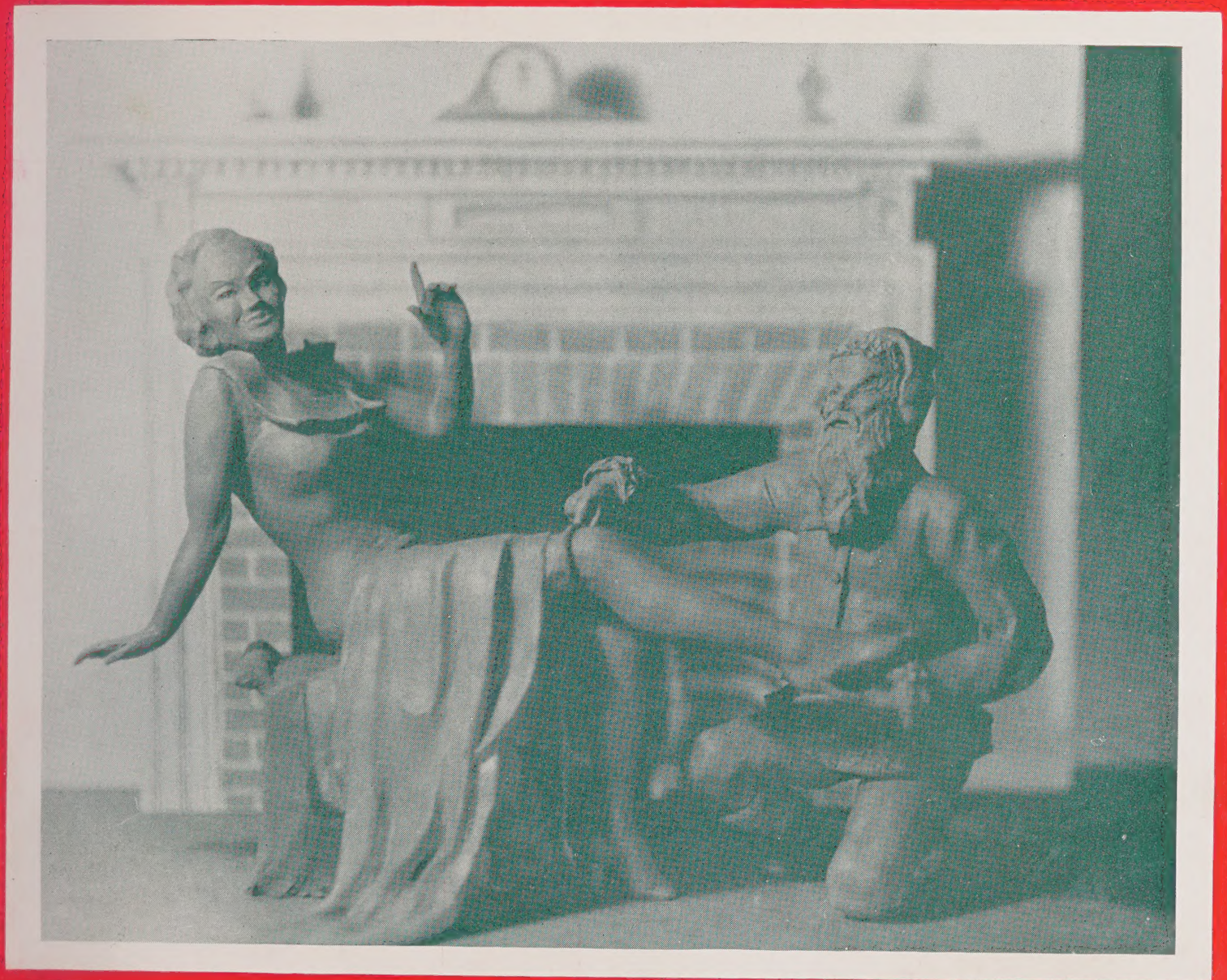
The Carolina BUCCANEER



December, 1936

15c

Season's Greetings

FROM

R·J·REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY

MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES AND
PRINCE ALBERT SMOKING TOBACCO

At your dealer's you'll find this Christmas package—the Camel carton—200 cigarettes.

Another Christmas special—4 boxes of Camels in "flat fifties"—wrapped in gay holiday dress. (right, above)

Camels

There's no more acceptable gift in Santa's whole bag than a carton of Camel Cigarettes. Here's the happy solution to *your* gift problems. Camels are sure to be appreciated. And *enjoyed!* With mild, fine-tasting Camels, you keep in tune with the cheery spirit of Christmas. Enjoy Camels at mealtime—between courses and after eating—for their aid to digestion. Get an invigorating "lift" with a Camel. Camels set you right! They're made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

Prince Albert

It's easy to please all the pipe-smokers on your list. Just give them the same mellow, fragrant tobacco they choose for *themselves*—Prince Albert—the National Joy Smoke. "P. A." is the largest-selling smoking tobacco in the world—as mild and tasty a tobacco as ever delighted a man. And Prince Albert does not "bite" the tongue. Have bright red-and-green Christmas packages of Prince Albert waiting there early Christmas morning . . . to wish *your* friends and relatives the merriest Christmas ever.

One full pound of mild, mellow Prince Albert—the "biteless" tobacco—packed in the cheerful red tin and placed in an attractive Christmas gift package. (far left)

Here's a full pound of Prince Albert, packed in a real glass humidor that keeps the tobacco in perfect condition and becomes a welcome possession. Gift wrap. (near left)

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MUSIC

There have been dancing feet since the world began. From the jungle to Iceland, men have made music for other men to dance to, but shortly after the World War, a leader came along who made dance music good enough to listen to as well; a man who, today, needs no introduction to the public, Paul Whiteman, the King of Jazz! He conjured real music out of the great American Noise, and brought it from the dives of the Barbary Coast to Carnegie Hall. This is Paul Whiteman, creator and dean of Modern American Music.

The originality of his orchestrations and his ability to translate the mood and tempo of the American people into a national music, has been responsible for a success greater than any other American orchestra leader has achieved here or abroad.

During the war, the Navy Department assigned Whiteman to the direction of a forty-piece navy orchestra. Up to this time, jazz had scarcely progressed beyond a jungle crudeness. Whiteman saw his first opportunity to interpret this medium in terms of the rhythmic and symphonic beauty of great orchestral music. On this his fame was born.

In 1918, Whiteman formed his own orchestra at the Alexandria Hotel in Los Angeles, and his popularity was so great that a famous New York financier told him he belonged in New York, and agreed to advance him the money to come. Since then, his career has been a series of triumphs. His experiments in modern American Music at Aeolian Hall and later at Carnegie Hall, startled the musical world here and abroad, and for the first time, gained recognition for our greatest art, modern American music. His music is considered a great contribution to our times, and his recordings are used in all the famous music conservatories in Europe.

Whiteman is also established through many other activities, as an outstanding motion picture star, a Victor recording artist, a Broadway favorite, a vaudeville headliner, a noted conductor and a world renowned musical philanthropist. His latest contribution to the advancement of modern American music is the Elfrida Whiteman scholarship endowed in memory of his mother.

In 1932, NBC invited Mr. Whiteman to be musical director of its Chicago Division, and radio audiences received his broadcasts with tremendous enthusiasm. His orchestra is now one of the outstanding radio attractions, and his personal appearances in theatres and the country's famous hostelries insure tremendous followings.

Whiteman Explains "Swing"

Swing music isn't a 1936 infant by any means. It's a full-grown musical phase that professionals have known for many years. Only this season, the general public of dance music listeners met it by its given name and the fact that they've gotten all excited over it proves that such of us who knew it by its tempo more than fifteen years ago weren't wrong when we felt it was "somethin'."

More than a dozen years ago, I made a phonograph recording of "Dardanella," which was then a second waxing of an old favorite. This season the Victor people reissued the old record as an example of the current swing music.

Swing isn't a musical style, it's a feeling, as elemental as a summer heat wave, as primitive

(Continued on page 22)

YOUR BEST BET

"THE MILKMEN'S MATINEE" and "SING BABY SING"—(Bluebird B6593)—Recorded by Charlie Barnet and his Glenn Island Casino Orchestra — Two very good swing numbers featuring Barnet's famous TRIO.

"RIDIN' HIGH" and "WHO IS MY BABY GONNA LOVE ALL WINTER?" — (Victor 25440)—Guy Lombardo and his Orchestra—The nation's favorite dance orchestra again comes through with flying colors.

"I WAS SAYING TO THE MOON" and "ON A TYPICAL TROPICAL NIGHT"—(Brunswick 7766)—Recorded by Hal Kemp and his Orchestra—Two of the best arrangements Kemp has made this year.

"WHO LOVES YOU?" and "WITH THREE I SWING"—(Brunswick 7768)—Teddy Wilson and his Orchestra—MCA's latest and most popular colored orchestra swinging two outstanding hit songs of the season.

"YOU'RE EVERYTHING SWEET" and "In THE CHAPEL IN THE MOONLIGHT" — (Bluebird B6640)—Shep Fields and his Rippling Rhythm Orchestra—The maestro who succeeded in captivating the musical world with a hollow tube and a bowl of water.

"FLOATING DOWN TO COTTON TOWN" and "SUPPOSIN' "—(Victor 25415)—Fats Waller and his Orchestra—Two very fast numbers featuring Fats at the Ivories.

THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER

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December, 1936

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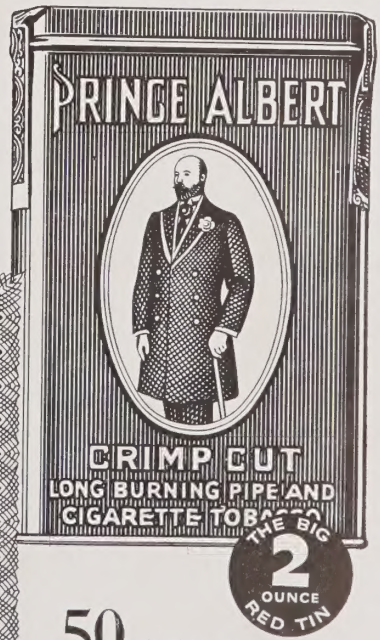
Volume 13
No. 4

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
ICE SKATING
HI, CHUBBINS — WHAT'S CHARLES LOOKING SO GLUM ABOUT?
OH, HE'S KINDA PEEVISH BECAUSE HE LOST HIS OLD PIPE AND HAD TO BUY A NEW ONE
A FINE BRIAR ALL RIGHT, BUT YOU DON'T SEEM TO BE MAKING MUCH HEADWAY BREAKING IT IN
CAN'T DO IT FAST! I HAVE A SENSITIVE TONGUE, JUDGE — AND A NEW PIPE ALWAYS STINGS AND BURNS
LISTEN SON, TAKE A TIP FROM AN OLD-TIMER. BREAK IN YOUR PIPE WITH PRINCE ALBERT AND AVOID TONGUE-BITING UNPLEASANTNESS
YOU OUGHT TO KNOW, JUDGE, I WILL
IT'S NICE TO SEE YOU SMILING AGAIN
GOSH, CHUBBINS, WHO WOULDN'T SMILE? THIS P.A. IS AS SMOOTH AND TASTY AS CAN BE. AND IT DOESN'T BITE MY TONGUE
WELL, DID CHARLES AND P.A. AGREE WITH EACH OTHER?
DID THEY? I'D CALL IT A CASE OF LOVE AT FIRST PUFF!

Copyright, 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

PRINCE ALBERT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF—

Prince Albert is as tasty and mellow as Nature and man, both working together, can make it. The tobaccos in P. A. are among the choicest grown—expertly cured, carefully matured. As the crowning touch, every leaf is processed to take out "bite." Then, cut the scientific way—"crimp cut." It's bound to be mellow, tasty, slow-burning tobacco that suits steady pipe smokers to a T. Prince Albert is great tobacco for roll-your-own cigarettes too.



PRINCE ALBERT MUST PLEASE YOU

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

MISSISSIPPI

"What are you doing?"

"I am playing a game."

"What is the game called?"

"The game is called Mississippi."

"How do you play the game called Mississippi?"

"Well, first you take a long, tall glass, and fill it with some delightful mixture, like 68c whiskey. Then you get a partner. This partner is your opponent. How can a partner be an opponent? A partner can be an opponent in this game because I invented it myself, and I made my own rules up as I went along."

"Then you and your partner-opponent start playing the game called 'Mississippi.' First you take a sip. Then your partner takes a sip. Then you take a sip. And so on. And the first to Mississippi is a sissy."

—*Exchange.*

Passenger: What are you slowing up for?

Driver: Thought I heard the lady say "stop," sir.

Passenger: She wasn't speaking to you, drive on.

—*Purple Parrot.*

He: I suppose you dance?

She: Oh, yes. I love to.

He: Great. That's better'n dancing. —*Humbug.*

Then there was the Scots-woman expecting her first-born, who moved to the country to take advantage of the Rural Free Delivery. —*Purple Parrot.*

Ambition is a great thing to be shunned. Take the example of the street cleaner who was over ambitious and had to have his face kicked in. —*Sun Dial.*

When I asked her to wed, "Go to father," she said.

She knew that I knew that her father was dead.

She knew that I knew what a life he had led.

She knew that I knew what she meant when she said, "Go to father!" —*Lampoon.*

"I tell you I won't have this room," protested the old lady to the bellboy who was conducting her. "I ain't going to pay my good money for a pig sty with a measly little folding bed in it," she exclaimed. "If you think that just because I'm from the country——"

Profoundly disgusted, the boy cut her short. "Get in, mum, get in. This ain't your room. This is the elevator." —*Log.*

If the person who stole the alcohol out of my cellar in a glass jar will return grandma's appendix no questions will be asked.—Ad.

Teacher: Now, if I lay five eggs here and three eggs there, how many will I have altogether?

Jimmy: I don't think you can do it! —*Siren.*

Diner: Waiter! This is a very small steak you gave me.

Waiter: Yes sir; but it will take you a long time to eat it.

—*Widow.*

SHE OUGHT TO BE SHOT

His wife lay on her death bed. She pleaded: "John I want you to make me one promise." He thought he might as well give in, after all she was dying. She continued: "Will you ride in the same car with mother to my funeral?" He sighed: "O. K., I'll keep my promise, but it's going to spoil my whole day!"

—*Lord Jeff.*

THE LATEST SCOTCHMAN

The latest reports on the thrifty men say that a Scotchman was found dead inside his electric refrigerator. He had crawled inside to make sure that the pilot light was turned off when the door was closed.

—*Yellow Jacket.*

The commanding officer was a very sound sleeper. One night as an unexpected attack began, his assistant roused him and asked, "General, we are surprised. What shall I do?"

The general replied quickly: "Hide on the fire escape, and if they catch you don't say a word." —*Penn Punch Bowl.*

A Chinese cook was walking through the woods. He turned around to see a grizzly bear following him, smelling of his tracks.

"Hm," said the Chinaman, "you like my tracks? Velly good, I make some more."—*Red Cat.*

And our learned classmate insists that horse sense comes as a result of stable thinking.

—*Widow.*

"Stand in back of your lover, false woman," shouted the Scotchman, who found his wife in the arms of another man. "I'm going to shoot you both."

—*Lord Jeff.*

The height of something or other is a dumb girl turning a deaf ear to a blind date.

—*Aggievator.*

There is almost always a tie between father and son — and the son usually wears it.

—*Dirge.*

And He Learned about *FRESHNESS* from Her!

DOPEY'S delicious Delilah dished out fetching freshness with saucy sureness. Always start them off with *Double-Mellow* Old Golds. They will catch on so much quicker.

The two jackets of Cellophane is the first tip-off, and then with the first delightful puff of that mellow, sun-ripened, prize crop tobacco, the light of true freshness will dawn and he'll catch the spirit of things, Christmas included.

Yes indeedy, and you'll get a bigger kick out of that Kriss Kringle Kiss . . . *it will be factory-fresh.*

ZIPS OPEN DOUBLE-QUICK!
Outer Cellophane Jacket opens from the Bottom.
Inner Cellophane Jacket opens from the Top.

Copr., 1936, by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

PRIZE CROP TOBACCOS MAKE THEM **DOUBLE-MELLOW**

2 JACKETS OF "CELLOPHANE" KEEP THEM **FACTORY-FRESH**

Humphries

The Carolina Buccaneer

University of North Carolina

VOLUME XIII DECEMBER, 1936 NUMBER 4

PIECES OF EIGHT

● *Explanation*

A story in itself, the following clipping from N. C. State College's newspaper, *The Technician,* is presented to shed some light on what is going on in the dirt world and perhaps the reason why you readers aren't getting the sort of cartoons you might expect. The columnist shows real talent and imagination but some how failed to mention that Hal Overman is the Art Editor of their "Humor" publication, *The Wataugan.* Consider:

"And then Hal Overman received a folder from the editor of *The Carolina Buccaneer* with a note attached which read, 'These are too dirty for our magazine, maybe you could use them.' Hal immediately returned them with a note that they were not dirty enough. Well, after a standard is set, you must stick to it."

● *Deserving Anyhow*

While we are over in this section of the country and musing about editors, etc., we might mention editor Carl Goerch of *The State* magazine. Besides putting out a well prepared magazine that surprisingly resembles *Time,* Mr. Goerch is a radio announcer and at one time might have been a hog caller. That, indirectly should be taken as a compliment as he is also one of North Carolina's best after dinner speakers and advertisers.

Recently, while conducting a sidewalk broadcast for WPTF, editor Goerch accosted a young lady as she was dashing down the street. Said he, "Allen's Service Station will give you one brand new dollar if you can answer the following questions, madam."

"That's nice," answered the damsel.

"Hah - hah," laughed Mr. Goerch. "Now see if you can answer this one."

"Shoot," she said.

"Who is Paderewski?"

"He is a piano player."

"Right, now if Paderewski is a piano player, who is Brunansky?"

"Brunansky? Why, he is a piccolo player. Where is the dollar?"

"Madam, you were *almost* right. Brunansky plays football for State College. I'm sorry."

● *Knowledge over Energy*

Rare indeed is this thing called "sense of humor." Rarer is "subtle sense of humor," but rarer still is a mother with a "subtle sense of humor." Such is the luck of a student up in Old East. Rambling through his desk the other day, when he wasn't there, we came on this morsel from one of his letters from his mother.

"I was amused this morning in the Cafeteria about eleven A. M. One of Harvard's youths was waiting at the counter for his breakfast tray. Finally, it came, with a boiled egg in the shell.

"What's this?" he asked.

"Boiled egg you ordered," answered the girl behind the counter.

"What shall I do with it this way?"

"Why—break it."

"Can't you have it broken?" student, using hauteur.

"It isn't done here," said the waitress.

"I can't eat it this way," said the Harvard youth.

"I shall have it broken for you," said the waitress carrying it off.

● *Freight Fecundity*

Of late there has been much talk of getting more coeds to attend Carolina. Back in the years when they were considered as rare as turkey the professors weren't strongly in favor of women and all that goes with them in their classes. However, there were some bolder ones that conducted their classes as usual and acted as if the girls weren't there.

This one happened to an excoed who is now happily mar-

"Gosh! There IS a Santa Claus!"

ried and settled down peacefully on a farm, raising chickens. She was the only girl in the economic class and in order to carry on as before the professor told her that he would have to treat her as a gentleman. This he did, and proceeded to emphasize his points with words that can only be used for certain meanings. The girl was broadminded enough to accept her position gracefully.

Towards the last of the quarter the instructor was explaining freight-rates and their economic importance. The coed up to this point had held her peace but now she raised her hand and asked the professor a question:

"If a man shipped a pair of guinea pigs from California to North Carolina, and when they were received by the man in North Carolina, there were ten instead of two, what would be the freight-rate?"

"Lady," replied the professor, "your guess would be as good as mine."

● *Interrogator*

It must be true, because Prof. Schwenning said it must be true because it has been reprinted in so many economic books.

There was a prominent theorist who always went around asking for the "why" of everything. If there was no answer immediately evident he would delve into the thing and produce one. In his search for answers he finally found himself in England.

He was being shown through an English factory one day, by the manager. Everything seemed to be in perfect order until they came upon a man pouring water into a hole in the floor. This rather baffled the theorist so he asked the manager why the man was going back and forth from the water pipe to the center of the factory, pouring water in that one hole. The manager didn't know so the theorist asked the foreman of that department. The foreman didn't know the answer nor did the man pouring the water. The trip was continued on through the factory.

When they had finished looking over the factory our theorist, still wondering, went back to the offices to find out why the man was employed to pour water down the hole. His search carried him through files and more files. There he found the answer.

Seventeen years ago, the company had had a rat plague. Rats were every where, in fact there were so many that the workers couldn't continue their work. In the middle of the factory there was a hole through which the rats were continuously coming through. The company had to do something about it, so they hired a man to pour water down the hole to keep the rats from coming through. Although the rats had long since disappeared, this man had been pouring water into the hole for the last seventeen years.

● *There*

The other day, an accounting instructor, while lamenting the fact that he had never had the experiences that some accountants had, told a story concerning an unscrupulous bank cashier. Consider:

"A local cashier of the bank had been getting away with some of the bank funds. In fact he had embezzled to the extent of a mere one hundred and fifty thousand dollars and was continuing to do so. His system was nearly fool proof.

"When money was taken, false entries were made in the books at the bank. At home over his garage the cashier had another complete set of books where the correct entries were made. No doubt he was planning to pay back what he had *borrowed* in the future.

"But somehow, somebody suspected something; at least the bank cashier thought that somebody was suspecting him. He mulled it over and decided to give himself up. First, however, he went to his books over the garage, made out two pages of entries not yet listed and sat down to think. Having arrived at another decision, drastic as it was, he wrote out a note telling what he had done and how he had gotten the money, mailed it to the president of the bank, and shot himself."

After he had finished this story the would-be accountants sat, silently figuring out a way in which they could have gotten away with the money and not have been suspected. This had been going on for two minutes when Nate Lipscomb jumped up in the back of the room and asked, "did they ever catch him?"

● *Hot Air or Cool*

Contrary to his usual principle in instructing Advertising, Dr. M. D. Taylor last week mixed humor with psychology in a lecture to his students.

The class had been discussing psychology in advertising and at this particular moment they were talking of conditioning. "Conditioning one to the subject or object being advertised is the aim of much advertising, isn't it Mr. Taylor," asked one of the brighter pupils. "Now take a brand new object," continues our student, "in order to put it before the public, the advertisers have to tell something about it for months before it is sold don't they? They have to get the prospective user in the frame of mind to buy it. They will tell us what it will do and what it's supposed to do and with this ballyhoo they finally get it across to us. Wouldn't you call that some sort of conditioning, Dr. Taylor?"

"Yeah, Air Conditioning," answered Dr. Taylor.

GREETINGS

Exams are here, studies swamp us,
Sweetly the Giffus calls to the Wampus.
My girl's so hot she smokes in water;
Don't shoot Mister! I'll marry your daughter.
Shoot if you must, this old grey head,
"Remove your hand, you cad," she said.
Merry Christmas and chicken salad,
I guess I'll end this little ballad
Period.

—Ivey.

Advice to Young Girls

When lost, never ask directions of policemen; ask the first presentable gentleman who happens along if he would care to see your etchings; if he says no, take a bus to the nearest beauty parlor; if he says yes, give him the address of your apartment and he will call a taxi; all taxi drivers know their way around; at the door of your apartment, tell the gentleman that your sweet old mother will make him a cup of tea; if he accepts this suggestion with enthusiasm, give him a cup of tea—he brought it on himself—and send him on his way; if you should run into him again, give no sign of recognition; if he acts like a frightened stallion at the mention of mother and tea, tell him that mother is out of town every week-end, and that the Mayfair has the loveliest bar; policemen are unromantic people, anyway.

If you are looking for a job, go to the nearest Stetson store and buy a ten gallon hat; give this to your congressman along with your prettiest smile, and he will give you letters of introduction to everyone from the Ambassador of Zanzibar to Father Divine; don't present the letters given you to the Ambassador of Zanzibar or Father Divine, but follow up the five most promising, and when they don't pan out, start on the phone book beginning with the Smiths; you won't get a job this way, either; in fact, you won't get a job unless your father is a congressman himself or your brother a racketeer; but don't give up hope; try to meet all the right people, and by and by one of them will send you home where you really belonged in the first place.

If you are still there when Christmas comes along, pass up that trip to Bermuda with that handsome young broker, and tell him that you must go home to see your family, whom you haven't seen in a year; maybe next time he'll ask you to go to Paris; go to New York for the holidays and spend all your money for hotel and liquor, since that young Harvard chap will be broke; come back to Washington and tell all your friends that you spent a quiet Christmas with the family; they'll lie to you about theirs, anyway.

The first time a presentable young man proposes, quietly find out if his pocketbook is as presentable as his tailor's products; if it is not, tell him that your father is janitor of the building in which his law office is located;

(Continued on page 27)

Chacun à son goût.

No Sale

By Dick Hicks

Mr. Roland Tumble, the newest representative of the Sweepo-Vac Vacuum Cleaner Company, could easily have chosen a better prospect for his first customer than the one who swung wide the door at 221 LaFayette street.

"Whatcher want, young man?" asked the stony-faced individual who was Mr. Tumble's first customer, wiping her hands on an apron.

"Good morning, Mrs. McInnis. I would like very much to demonstrate the 1937 edition of the Sweepo-Vac for your benefit."

"How'd you know my name was McInnis?" asked the first customer recalcitrantly. "You ain't ever seen me before."

"Ah," said Mr. Roland Tumble, with the true polish of a more experienced Sweepo-Vac missionary. "That is beside the point, Mrs. McInnis. The point in discussion is the new Sweepo-Vac."

"Whatcher talkin' about—Sweepo-Vac?" asked Mrs. McInnis, puzzled.

"I am speaking," said Mr. Tumble nobly, "of the 1937 Sweepo-Vac, the finest vacuum cleaner that ever swept a carpet."

"Whatcher doin', selling 'em?" questioned Mrs. McInnis suspiciously.

"Not exactly," said Mr. Tumble smoothly. "I am here merely to show you that a Sweepo-Vac is indispensable in your home, as well as every other home in America. May I come in and demonstrate, Mrs. McInnis?"

Mrs. McInnis noticed to see if Mr. Tumble tried to stick his foot in the door. He did not, so Mrs. McInnis said:

"I guess so, young man, if you don't stay too long. I've got to git on with me housecleaning."

"Ah," said Mr. Tumble, crossing the threshold with the 1937 edition of the Sweepo-Vac in one hand and his order book in the other, "I see that you are a slave to your housework. I have here the thing that will make you a free woman again."

"What kind of contraption is that?" asked Mrs. McInnis, puzzled, her curiosity breaking her iciness slightly.

"The Sweepo-Vac, madam," said Mr. Tumble, undismayed by his customer's ignorance of the

best cleaner that ever swept a carpet. "I have here an instrument which will do everything in the way of housework except make up beds. Ha! Ha!"

Mr. Tumble injected this last remark in an effort to get his customer into a good humor for his coming sales talk. He was first selling himself, as every good salesman should do. Mrs. McInnis did not laugh. She was evidently not on the market to buy Mr. Tumble, even if he were willing to sell himself. At any rate, she remained cold. "She does not have a sense of humor," reasoned Mr. Tumble to himself. "Therefore I will appeal to her through facts."

Aloud he said to Mrs. McInnis:

"Mrs. McInnis, the mechanical improvements made upon the 1937 Sweepo-Vac are so advanced that they place your old cleaner in as outmoded position as the 1920 Ford occupies. By means of the new rollator, the Sweepo-Vac discards the necessity of ever taking a rug to the line to be beaten. The Sweepo-Vac beats the rug as it lays upon the floor. Impossible, you say, but one would also say that it was impossible to embody free wheeling into a vacuum cleaner, would he not? Sweepo-Vac has done this, however, and more too. Sweepo-Vac has embodied the principles of knee-action, hitherto known only to the automobile. Notice how easily it runs, Mrs. McInnis, as light as a feather!"

Mrs. McInnis noticed how easily it ran, as lightly as a feather. Still she was cold. Mr. Tumble decided to skip over the rest of the mechanical details, although he hated to withdraw without expounding on the streamlining of the new Sweepo-Vac (developed by the General Motors engineers) and the novelty of the little headlight, which led the Sweepo-Vac into dark corners to literally "scare out the dirt," as Mr. Tumble would have put it figuratively. Yes, Mrs. McInnis was a practical-minded person, and needed a demonstration.

"But," said Mr. Tumble to Mrs. McInnis, "the crowning achievement of the new Sweepo-Vac is its performance. I will now give you a demonstration which no other cleaner on the market, except Sweepo-Vac, is unable to undergo."

Mr. Tumble reached into his

(Continued on page 28)

A Visit From Sa

"Mr. Dill," said the dean, "you will have to explain
Your conduct with one of our co-eds, Miss Lane,
Who was found in your room, and is now being held;
Or you may be considered as good as expelled."
"Please," answered Dill, "it can all be cleared up."
"Go on," growled the dean, like a threatening pup.
Dill sucked in his breath with an audible hiss,
And quakingly started his story like this:

'Twas after the dances, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a souse;
The pledges were laid by the chimney with care
And the odor of brandy was high in the air;
The brothers were nestled all snug in their beds,
While green and pink dinosaurs danced in their heads;
And Wirt in his nightshirt and I in my tails,
Were saying good night with a couple of ales,
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter
Wirt got out of bed to see what was the matter.
Away like a flash he flew down the hall
And threw up the window (and that was not all).

The moon was like gold on the new-fallen snow
And lighted whatever he looked at below.
With a voice full of awe he said, "Dilly, c'mere!
There's a woman down there with a whole herd of deer!"
So I got out of bed and I ran over quick,
'Cause I figured that Wirty was drunk as a tick;
And durned if my eyes didn't show me the same
—So then Wirty called out and asked her her name.
"Hey, Janie! Hey Sally! Hey Phoebe! Hey Vixen!
Oh, dammit, you stupid . . .! Oh Donder und Blitzen!"
With a glint in his eye and an asinine mutter
He climbed out the window and slid down the gutter.

Claus, Almost

He steered for the girl with a wobbling stride;
She laughed in his face as she scampered aside.
Right up the wall, to the top of the house
From Wirty she fled—and he followed, the louse;
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
A prancing and pawing and Wirty said "Oof"
As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney the young lady flew with a bound.
She was dressed all in red, from her head to her foot
And her clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;

But she made up in looks what in clothing she lacked,
'Cause she might have been dirty, but boy, she was racked.
Her eyes—how they twinkled! Her dimples how merry!
Her cheeks were like roses, her nose like a cherry!
Her pert little mouth was drawn up in a bow,
And the hue of her skin was as white as the snow.
Her curves were as pretty as those of a swan;
They were hardly obscured by the dress she had on.
She smiled like the sun on a September morn
—And I gasped when I saw where her clothing was torn.

And, Dean, when she walked, I swear to Aunt Nelly,
She shook her whole stalk like a bowlful of jelly.
A wink of her eye and a toss of her head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;
She spoke not a word, but went straight to work,
And pulled off her wrap, then turned with a jerk,
And, patting a place on the couch by her side,
She winked at me archly, and wistfully sighed.
My eyes opened wide and I gave a short whistle,
My head felt as light as the down on a thistle;
I ran for her side with a satisfied shout
—And damn the luck, Dean, just then I passed out.

—Lawrence Hinkle.

"The commandant has left his keys in his other pants again."

●

DID NOTT SHOOT SHOTT?

The following tragedy, unearthed from an old Harper's, has never been fully solved. Try your hand at it:

A duel was lately fought in Texas by Alexander Shott and John S. Nott. Nott was shot, and Shott was not. In this case it is better to be Shott than Nott. There was a rumor that Nott was not shot, and Shott avows that he shot Nott, which proves either that the shot Shott shot at Nott was not shot, or that Nott was shot notwithstanding. Circumstantial evidence is not always good. It may be made to appear on trial that the shot Shott shot Nott, or, as accidents with firearms are frequent it may be possible that the shot Shott shot shot Shott himself when the whole affair would resolve itself into its original elements and Shott would be shot, and Nott would not. We think, however, that the shot Shott shot shot not Shott but Nott; anyway it was hard to tell who was shot.

Abridged Biographies

There was a young coed named Tess,
Who bought her a flaming red dress
And went to a dance
To look for romance,
But burned up the stag-line, I guess.

There was a young man named Fred,
Who had the misfortune to wed.
When he saw his mistake,
He said, "Am I awake,
Or have I been dreaming, instead?"

—M. W.

Little Audrey and I were touring through the desert when our car broke down. After two days of patient waiting and empty stomachs, we were nearly frantic. Then, we decided if Columbus could eat his shoes, we could eat the car—so, day by day and piece by piece, we devoured the car. One day after finishing the car, a rescue party finds us. Little Audrey's mother wanted to know where was the car, but Little Audrey just laffed and laffed cause she knew about the Ford V-8. *—Billy Robertson.*

THE COED WITH THE ROVING EYE

The coed with the roving eye,
Sat in the drug store nook,
And as each he-man passed her by,
She gave her "yoo hoo" look.

With wistful gaze, she eyed the door.
And brightened now and then,
Of all the things that she adored
The greatest was the men.

Oh Lord, I breath a daily prayer
With loud and mournful sigh
Deliver me, oh Lord I pray
From the Gal with the roving eye! *—E. Doake.*

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SPORTS

By Fletcher W. Ferguson

In less than a month Carolina will start out on a new era as far as boxing is concerned. The reason for this is the acquisition of Coach Mike Ronman as varsity mentor.

COACH
Ronman, holding the team trophy, won by Penn State at the 1935 intercollegiates.

Mike, or Ronnie as he is also known, was born in Beaver Meadow, Pa., 25 years ago. At West Hazleton high school he made an enviable record in dramatics, singing, football, basketball, baseball, and track, winning for himself the prize for the best all-around student.

After graduating in 1931, Mike packed his trunk and headed for Penn State College. There he continued his fine record as a Thespian and was a member of the glee club that won third place in the 1932 national contest at St. Louis.

It was here that Ronnie turned to boxing as his major sport. In his first year he went through some 30 intramural and interclass bouts undefeated. At the end of the year he was selected to represent Penn State in the Olympic tryouts.

His sophomore year saw him make the varsity team, boxing in the 125-lb. class. He met only two defeats, one at the hands of Syracuse's Al Wertheimer, national champion and three times Eastern Intercollegiate titlist.

In his junior year, Ronnie saw service in both the 125 and 135-lb. classes, going undefeated in the former and losing only two in the latter. For the intercollegiates he returned to the 125-lb. division and easily won the title.

He was selected captain in his senior year, going through bouts in both the 125 and 135-lb. classes undefeated. The intercollegiates saw him easily take the 135-lb. title, the first time in the history of those bouts that a champion in one division successfully moved up to another weight and win that title.

Ronnie gives the credit for his boxing ability to Leo Houck, for 15 years coach at Penn State. Houck will be remembered by the old timers as the man who stopped K. O. Gannon 26 years ago at Philadelphia. "Not only is he one of the smartest, cleverest, and wittiest college coaches, but one of the finest characters I have ever met. It was a privilege and an honor to work under him." These were Ronnie's works of praise for his former teacher.

Last year Ronman coached the Penn State freshman team through an undefeated season. In the picture above, he is shown holding the team trophy won by Penn State at the 1935 intercollegiates.

60-65-70! The car sped down the road.

The girl looked in the rear-view mirror. A speed cop was following her. She rounded the curve and saw a filling station ahead. The cop was gaining on her. She stepped on the brake, slowed down and stopped in front of the filling station.

As she jumped out of the car the cop pulled up beside her. "Well, I suppose you were going to a fire."

She looked neither to the right nor to the left. "I'll be back in a minute and explain." She made a bee-line for the "side entrance" of the filling station.

Several minutes later when she came out the speed cop was nowhere to be seen. "The dumb fool," she said and climbed in the car. *—Rodman.*

Weekender

RAMESES PASSES SATURDAY NIGHT AT HOGAN FARM

—The Daily Tar Heel.

Do Your Christmas Shopping Early

Listen, dear coeds, and you shall hear —
Christmas comes but once a year,
And a word to the wise is sufficient. Well,
Work these N. C. men like Hell.
—M. W.

Johnny, home from his first quarter at Carolina, stepped out on New Year's Eve and imbibed of strong drink.

At breakfast next morning, Johnny's parents proceeded to give him a pep talk on the evils of "hard-licker." His father recalled the good old days when one could have fun innocently with platonic dates and good books. His final conclusion was —"Now, Johnny, do you think you will be able to tell your sons what I have just told you?"

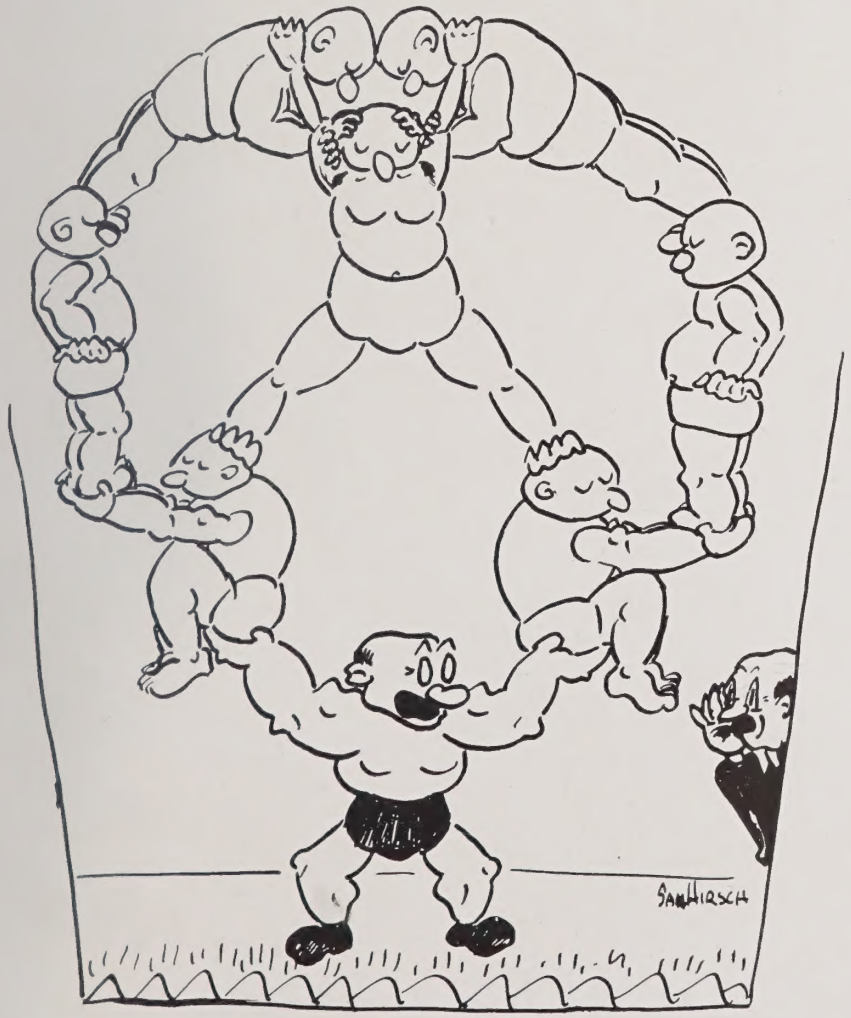
Johnny looked up with his blood-shot eyes and replied in a man-to-man voice, "Yes, Dad, I think I will—but not with such a straight face."

—*Billy Robertson.*

And then there was the Coed who wanted to see if her date was really flattering her, so she went down and asked the Botany Dept. to describe a wallflower to her. —*C. R.*

TO MARY LIVINGSTONE

Christmas, Oh Christmas!
You come but once a year
Bringing good cheer
To everyone
Under the sun
And bicycles to the children
Who do not ask for cowboy suits.



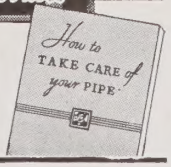
"Pst, you've just had triplets!"

GIRLS CALLED HIM 'BLUEBEARD'!

—because every time he let out a blast of murderous tobacco from his never-cleaned pipe they couldn't help thinking of the famous gent who assassinated six wives. A pity, too—when women love pipe-smoking done in the right way. Which is? 1. Keep your pipe tidy. 2. Switch to the tobacco that burns cleaner and smells more fragrant. We modestly admit *that's* Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco—an uncommonly mild blend of Kentucky Burleys delightful to both smoker and audience. How such superlative tobacco can be only 15¢ is *our* worry. Try a tin. You'll bless us.

SWITCH TO THE BRAND OF GRAND AROMA

FREE booklet tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter; how to break in a new pipe. Write for copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky. Dept., L-612.



"Hey . . . Durham?"

GEORGE

By JULIAN D. BOBBITT

"We saw a sign off Times Square glittering out *Fifty Glorified Beauties,*" said George, "so we bought three tickets and went in."

"Three tickets, eh," said Henrietta, "so you had some women with you, did you?"

"Now, listen, Henrietta, the other two were English boys on their first trip to the States. I met them on the boat coming over."

"Go on with your story, what are you wasting time for. You couldn't get a date with a Yankee girl even if you tried. I shouldn't have been worried."

George let that pass and continued: "As I was saying, we bought three tickets and went in. Over the entrance was another sign beating out *Burlesque,* but this meant nothing to my two English friends, Henry and William. I didn't try to enlighten them."

"Ha," laughed Henrietta.

"Yeah, I could have enlightened them, if I had wanted to."

"Alright, I didn't say you couldn't have. Go on and tell your tale."

"After getting into the *Burlesque,*" rasped George at Henrietta," we had to stumble up and around more than a little of half-lit stairs to the balcony. A female creature with a flashlight showed us to some good seats up front.

"As we seated ourselves, two gag-men were putting on their act.

" 'Is this the vaudeville?' asked Henry, leaning over to me.

" 'Sit tight and keep your eyes open,' I answered.

"The tin-pan orchestra beat out a dreamy waltz and blue lights flashed on the stage.

" 'That's the best orchestra I've heard since I've been in New York,' exclaimed friend William, straight from England. I knew this was the first one he had heard so I said nothing.

"The curtain rolled back and behold, we had an Arab Chief and his twenty wives. Peering through the smoke we made out twenty loungy *ladies* draping themselves over the stage like

snakes. Four very feminine females slunk out and arranged themselves in the background.

"Cymbals clashed, the music rolled, and out of the wings bounded a bit of bunting with a bubbling blonde in it. Following was a romantic male in a white full dress. Sweetly the bunting and Cab Calloway suit drifted about the stage with dignity, going off amidst the applause of one or two appreciatives. The sleepy eyed chorus (lounging ladies) jumped up and flowed around for five minutes. They came to rest with their backs to us and their faces turned back stage. 'They aren't standing there looking back stage for nothing,' I said to myself, so I also look back stage.

"Doubtless this was what the audience was waiting for.

"The four feminine females were still standing on the platform back there but somehow their gowns were gone. The curtain came to.

" 'My God, what is this?' exclaimed the English friends in unison.

" 'It's a *Burlesque,*' I replied.

" 'Yes, that's what we saw outside but what is a *Burlesque?*'

"I told them the people performing before us were paid to do the sort of thing the audience like and the things the audience liked for these stage-artists to do was what went under the name of *Burlesque* acting. That was the best I could explain and my friends weren't satisfied but they settled back anyhow, to listen to the gag-team coming on.

"As before the jokes were old and morally on the wrong side of the tracks.

" 'But this is pos'tively vulgah!' shouted Henry to me above the din. At this two or three of the audience sitting near us turned around and scowled.

" 'Shall we leave?' I asked.

" 'Certainly not,' replied Henry, 'this bloody thing is educating, don't y'know.'

"As time marched on and things came off, a tenseness gripped the audience. Finally, the orchestra let out a scream and we had the beautiful strains of 'Tiger Rag' played in its hottest form. Before we could bring ourselves together after the first clash, a red-headed queen in black satin danced out and yelled, 'Hello Everybody!' The house nearly came down with whistling, yelling and clapping.

(Continued on next page)

"Aw, you get in my hair."

•

GEORGE

(Continued from last page)

"This was *the* act. The redhead danced. The audience called it dancing anyhow. Feet flew, her body swayed and she traveled. When she stopped for a breather, the black satin was gone, or most of it.

"Then the clap-in and clap-out began and she did more of *her* dancing. Again there was a blur of feet and more satin was thrown around until the audience was satisfied. We went out with the crowd. Looking around for my friends I saw that we were the only ones looking guilty around the gills.

" 'How'd you like the Burlesque?' I asked them.

" 'S'trodinary, but rawther rough for we English, my deah George. I must say, you Americans do go in for the extreme over heah, don't you?'

"We didn't plan anything definitely but we said something about going together to see 'Tobacco Road' the next night."

Here, Henrietta yawned, "Oh, did you see 'Tobacco Road' too? I saw it last year, and I don't think Erskine Caldwell knows what he is talking about, do you?"

"What?" asked George.

"Oh, nothing," answered Henrietta, "what ever became of your two English friends?"

"Yeah, I thought you'd want to know. I went by their room the next night to get them to go to this 'Tobacco Road' we were mentioning. They weren't in their room but I found a note for me. 'Have gone to the *show*, old thing, meet us in front of *Minsky's* at 8:40'."

"Is this wrong: 'I have et.'?"
"Yes."
"What's wrong with it?"
"You ain't et yet."
—*Exchange (Tiger Rag).*

For Sale: Good stomach pump. Formerly used by the D. K. E.'s. We don't need it any more—no more stomachs left.

Mrs. Jones of the suburbs had finally discharged her extremely dumb maid. The maid was all packed and ready to go and Mrs. Jones was writing out her check. The maid was annoyed at losing a good position and didn't intend to have her mistress get off quite free. The maid began to make conversation:

"At least, I guess I'm better looking than you, anyway, even if I can't wait on the table good."

Mrs. Jones was a little shocked, "Oh, indeed—well—whoever told you that?"

"Your husband."

At this the conversation very appropriately lapsed for a while until the maid again got loquacious: "And I can kiss much better than you, too."

Mrs. Jones was a little worried. "So? Well, now; who told you that?"

"The chauffeur told me that."
—*Wataugan.*

Poems By Claire

To B. S.

Wonder if he knows how tiring
His philosophy can be—
Does he think I'm still admiring
His profoundest theory?

I must hark with rapt attention—
Never hint that he's a bore—
Nod with vigorous assention—
There are only two weeks more.

Hope he stays as dumb as ever.
Hope my little scheme won't fail,
Persuading him that he's so clever
So he'll take me to the Grail!

He brought out the best in me,
Made my thoughts flow sweetly;
Didn't see the rest in me—
He was mine completely.
You brought out the worst in me;—
Indiscreet discreetly—
Saw the sin immersed in me—
I am yours completely.

Burning the candle at both ends
May give a lovely light;
Ah, my foes, and oh, my friends
I grant that Edna's right.

But may I add one word to Youth,
One syllable of warning?
You're gonna question Edna's truth
On waking, Monday morning!

I always refused to believe in
Deception progressing so far
Until trustingly hitching my wagon
To a brilliant but flickering star.
Now I say with the best of the cynics—
"How appearing deceivances are."

Love, you wouldn't wait for me--
Time was short, you said.
I was busy childishly
Playing love instead.

Suddenly I found myself
Racing after you--
I'm so tired of make-believe,
Love,—may I come too?

Why, when all my training fights
Morals in upheaval,
Do I long to spend my nights
Dabbling in evil?

Thought for Tonight

Sin could be so rosy
If people weren't so nosey.

Personal

CROOKS AT DUKE

—The Daily Tar Heel.

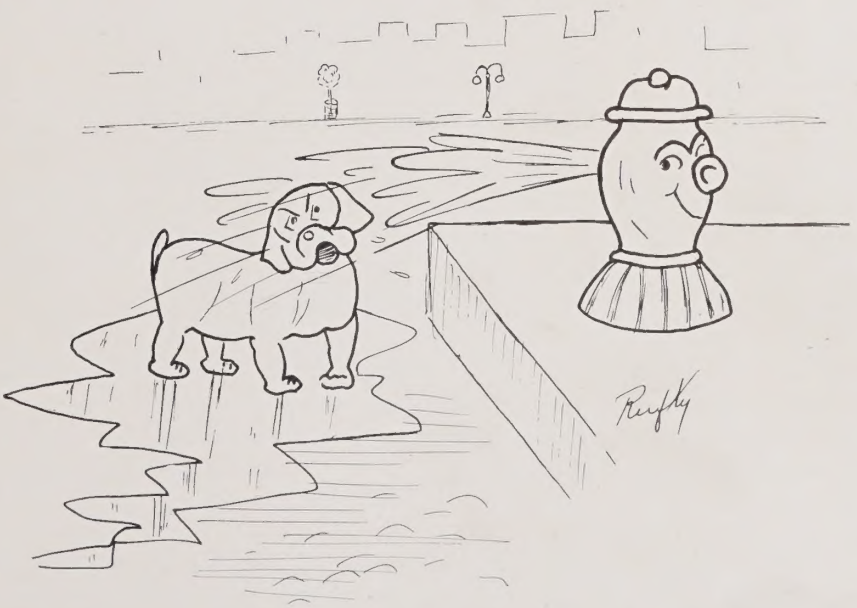
Anti-Climax, Twist

"To illustrate the value of scientific management I relate the following story. A North Carolina business man took a college graduate out of his factory and sent him up to Harvard to get a master's degree in scientific management. When he had finished there, he sent him to another school to get a more thorough understanding of this field. Finishing this course he thought the boy to be adequately prepared, so he sent him to manage one of his plants down in South Carolina. I haven't heard of him since." — *Prof. G. T. Schwenning, Business Organization.*

Math Prof. (after finishing a long problem) : And so we find that X equals zero.

Frosh: All that work for nothing. *—Punch Bowl.*

Probably the easiest way out of our national financial worries is to give the land back to the Indians and apologize for the condition it's in. *—Pup.*



"You turned the tables on me."

MUSIC

(Continued from page 1)

in its effect as the widely beating tom toms that set aboriginals on their fastmoving feet in a dizzy circle.

In the Whiteman Museum of American Music, which is being established at Williams College, as the only complete record and history of the development of American music, "swing music" will have its place, as will every phase of the musical history of this country from the introduction of the zim zims, brought over by the first slaves from Africa, through the varying expressions of a people and their times as typical in their songs, down to the present day.

Only I realize and so do the other professionals, that this current popular swing music that seems to have swept the country this year, isn't a brand-new musical manifestation. Some of us understood it well and tried it out more than fifteen years ago. We took it to Europe and started the continentals swinging and now we've brought it back home and the natives are wild about the kind of music they enjoyed a long time ago.

—Roberts Jernigan, Jr.

•

Behind the Mike

Radio artists employ many curious methods for breaking the tension of the thirty seconds of silence preceeding a broadcast. Prior to the signal to "stand by" while station identification is made between network broadcasts, artists are usually in a gay mood. But when the flash comes for silence, all react differently.

George Burns and Gracie Allen stare at the studio clock as though horrified that they are actually about to go on the air again. It's quite amusing to watch them change this hypnotized expression into the humorous antics of their free-and-easy sketches.

Red Nichols clears his trumpet and tries all the valves. Fred Waring relieves the tautness by telling his Pennsylvanians to cough until they feel better. Tom Waring takes out a small pocket comb and runs it through his hair.

Kate Smith and Fannie Brice both belong to the Water Drinking School. Quite unruffled, Kate sips a glass of water, smiles at the musicians, and then glances at the clock. Fannie remains seated calmly until it's time for her to take to the air.

Ray Noble is probably the most nonchalant of all. He corrects a musical score, reads a letter, strolls around the studio until the second hand nears his cue. Then he steps quietly to his stand and begins his performance.

And all this reminds your correspondent that he gets jittery writing of these curios of the stars.

Facts and figures on Loretta Lee, the Louisiana songstress: She was born in New Orleans June 14, 1914. To her father, a judge, and her mother, she is still Margaret Viegas. Her first job was singing at a New Orleans radio station for $15 weekly. Her hobby is clothes, and still more clothes, particularly formal ones. The lovely singer prefers swimming for exercise and to watch others exercise at football. Her favorite song is "When I'm With You." When she retires she intends to marry and have a family. She is five feet two inches tall, weighs 110 pounds, and has red hair and blue eyes.

Memos on a radio reporter's pad: Kay Thompson, CBS vocalist, says she can't sing unless she wears a scarf . . . Lanny Ross earned his first dollar as a grocer's delivery boy . . . Although the musicians' union doesn't recognize Bob Burns' bazooka as a musical instrument, the comedian is a real artist. He can play the piano, the banjo, and the mandolin . . . Kay Kyser dislikes mustaches on musicians . . . and last, but unforgettable, The End.

Hats are over our hearts to "Smith" Ivey for the part he played in making the recent visit of Kate Smith and party to the campus a complete success.

Although Miss Smith held a decided weight advantage over pugilist Pete when the two exchanged "blows in Kenan Stadium on that famous day, November 14, the contest ended in a tie. Spectators knew of Miss Smith's blazing personality through her radio programs. Pete displayed his then.

The following words were taken from a letter received by Pete from Major Edney Ridge, director of WBIG, Greensboro, who invited Miss Smith to come South.

"This is to thank you for the fine cooperation that you gave Miss Smith and her party. They had a wonderful time during their visit to North Carolina, and you in a great measure contributed towards making it such a success. Miss Smith and Ted Collins (her manager) were loud in their praise of the many courtesies accorded them by you." *—Erwin Darlington.*

She: I know that you are an Engineer and interested in curves, but really this is no research Lab. *—Exchange.*

The dance had been a good one. Outside, a full moon and cold mid-night air greeted us. We rushed to the car and settled in the low, comfortable, plush seat. I switched on the radio—music by Hal Kemp soothed us. I glanced at her—a thing of loveliness. Golden hair with newest style curls, high-slim eyebrows, blue-green eyes, pert nose, kissable lips, and in her new evening gown of slinky material, she seemed to be Beauty Personified. With her exotic perfume acting as incense, I was petrified to think of anything else but her and her nearness. I moved closer. She tilted her chin; her eyes were half-closed; her lips twitched . . . she sneezed.

—Billy Robertson.

"Why the black crepe on the door? Is your roommate dead?"

"That's no crepe; that's the roommate's towel."

—Yellow Jacket.

A man came into a store with a very small dog under his arm. An Irishman was standing near and after a few minutes of close observation he asked the stranger what breed his dog was. The man replied that he was a cross between an ape and an Irishman.

"Faith, then," replied the Honorable Patrick. "He's kin to both of us." *—Medley.*

A girl's best asset is a man's imagination. *—Growler.*

VERSE?

Some
girls are
built like
this one

Others
a r e
m o r e
l i k e
t h i s

But they usually end up like this.

—Maine White Mule.

Propaganda

You've got the height,
The build,
the looks,
the charm,
And, by the way,
You're always quite the gentleman, my love,
Or so you say.

—M. W.

"Whatcha doing, honey?"
"Spitting, honey."
"Spitting honey?"
"No, spitting spit."

—Dick Hicks.

He: Do you happen to be triplets?

She: Don't be silly, what makes you think so?

He: This is the third birthday you've had this year.

—Cherub.

Ed. Note: Even so — there's something funny if triplets have birthdays at different times.

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•

Our Best Wishes
to the
Students and Faculty
for
A Merry Christmas

•

The Orange Printshop

Distinctive Gifts
For Christmas

Carolina Jewelry
Carolina Pillows
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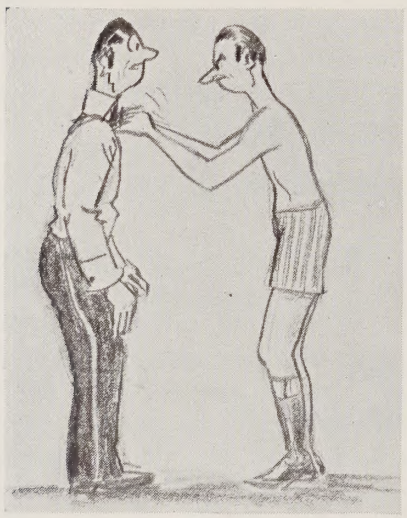
Pipes
Tobacco
Stationery
Cigarette Cases

The Book Exchange

SHROUDING THAT BODY DOWN

Traditionally the beginning of the winter social season is marked by the eternal question: black or white tie? In either case clothes and accessories must be right. With this thought definitely established let's discuss what's what in both formal and informal evening wear.

For that formal, Christmas evening party don a full-dress suit, or "tails" as they are now popularly known—made of black vicuna or worsted. Midnight blue is preferred, for under artificial light it appears blacker than black. The peaked lapels should be of dull ribbed grosgrain. The waistcoat should never show below the line of the jacket in front; the newest model is made without points and without lapels. A well-fitting tail coat fits snugly around the collar and waistline. The tail should not extend below the bend of the knee. Dress trousers are high rise, tapering from the knee down, cuffless—with two narrow medium braids set close



together. Pumps or oxfords may be worn with either tailcoat or dinner coat.

The correct accessories worn with a tailcoat consist of a white linen or piqué shirt with starched bosom, a high wing collar, and a semi-butterfly tie or the small shape white tie—these ties should not extend beyond the wings of the collar. Evening jewelry should be simple and conservative, for example: studs, links, and weskit buttons of white china, solid gold, precious stones, or pearl. Any of these jewels may also be worn with your informal outfit.

A silk top hat or collapsible opera hat is correct for full evening dress. A white linen handkerchief in the breast pocket and a clove red boutonniere in the buttonhole complete the turnout.

For semi-formal occasions, there is an arbitrary choice between two types of dinner jackets—either the single-breasted or double-breasted model. The double-breasted jacket is slightly favored in the four button, long roll lapel model with either peaked or shawl collar, both collars best in ribbed dull silk. Handkerchief sleeves and non-padded shoulders add to the "V" type of silhouette. Waistcoats of the cummerbund and backless types are favored with this jacket. The trousers are high pleated models with one row of braid.

Only starched bosom shirts are correct with dinner jackets. Wing collars and fold collars are worn with club, pointed end, or semi-butterfly black ties. Top your outfit with either a silk opera hat or a Homburg—black or midnight blue. To keep the chilly blasts where they belong, a black or midnight blue single-breasted fly front topcoat with or without silk-faced lapels is important. Montignacs in chesterfield model and Inverness coats for winter may be either black or ravens blue.

Kinion Proctor, Kappa Alpha, and Doc Yokely, Kappa Sigma, are the subjects for our pre-Christmas fashion picture. Both are dressed with fashion first outfits, the formal dress (left) having its origin in the *Durham Men's Shop* and the semi-formal model bears the stamp of *Pritchard-Bright Co.*

—Joe Haggerty.

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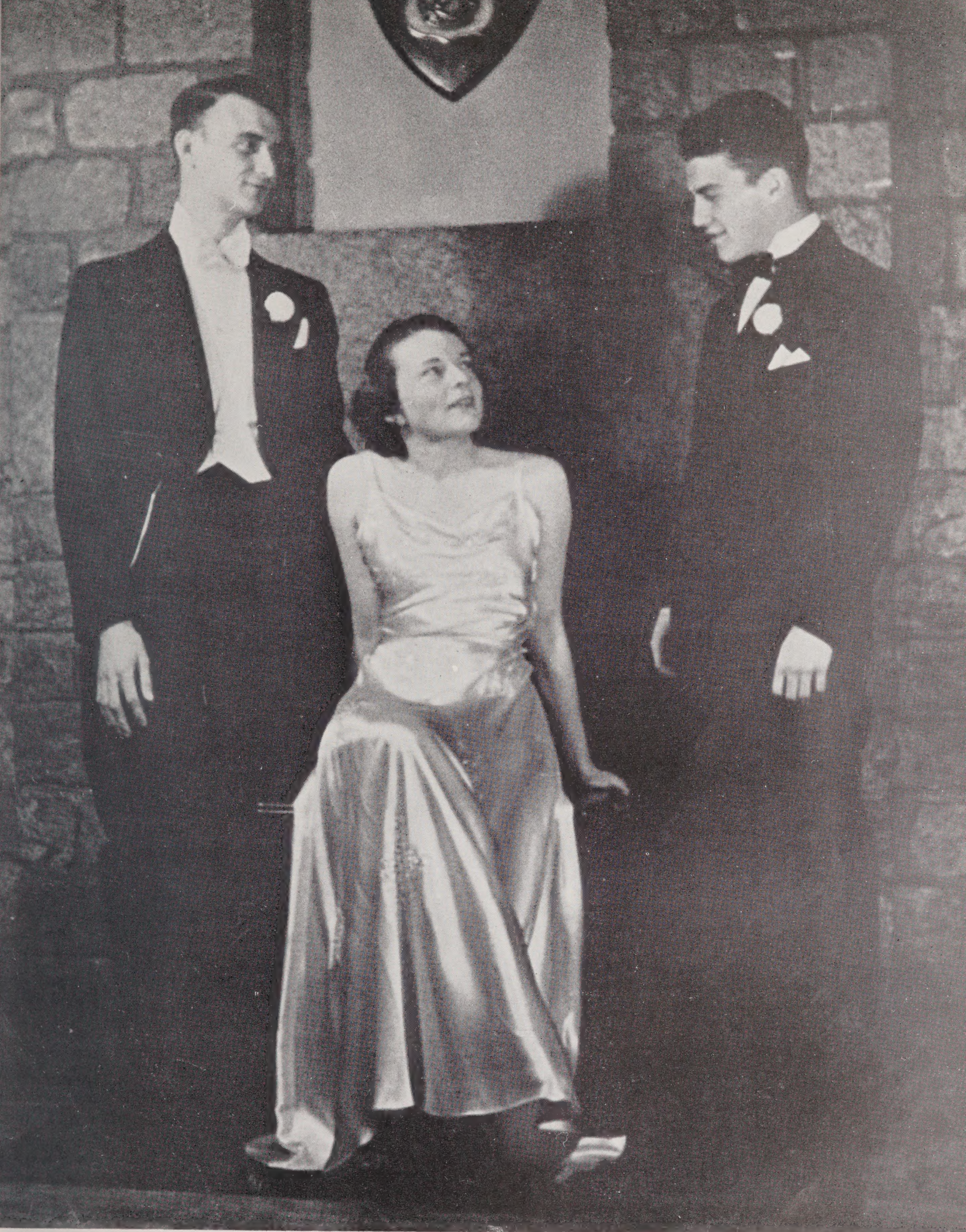
COED WEAR

Glamour and glitter gals are certainly not confined to the movies this winter. College girls adopt the new exciting evening dresses with cheers, because it's such a radical change from their regular sweater- and-skirt uniform. Ever since we first saw a circus equestrienne wearing white satin bordered with sequins, we have had a secret yen for glitter, but have so far suppressed it. Now it appears that we not only may, but must, scintillate.

Above, the trend is aptly shown—white satin, appliquéd with rhinestone stars of graduated size from neck to hem. The dress is perfectly plain except for a slight cowl in the neckline, and three very narrow straps—which, by the way, is how to have straps this winter. *The Little Shop* has this dress.

With one or two dances every week-end, the co-ed sooner or later (depending on the size of



DURHAM MEN'S SHOP THE LITTLE SHOP PRITCHARD-BRIGHT & CO.

her wardrobe) is faced with the ancient problem of having nothing new to wear. She may then, if she is resourceful enough, resort to one of the following dodges:

The two-way dress—this idea, some designer's brainchild, has been appearing in one form or another for many seasons, but never done so cleverly as this year. The original idea was to permit dining and dancing in the same evening, in large cities where changing in between was not practical. There's no reason, though, why the coed can't use the same idea for transforming Friday night's long-sleeved, high-necked evening gown into Saturday night's low decollatage formal, with nobody any the wiser.

A few sterling examples of how it is done are on display at *The Little Shop*. A rust crepe tunic dress, with elbow-length puffed sleeves becomes severely formal when the tunic, which is a separate jacket, is removed. Another real prize is a marine blue crepe which appears to be a tailored dress with sequin shirtwaist front and becomes formal without the sleeveless jacket.

Another clever contrivance Paris has introduced is the long floating scarf. In a color contrasting from your evening dress, a new effect is achieved. It may also be used to make a tailored dress softer and more flattering. These scarves may be worn around the shoulders or twisted in different ways. *The Little Shop* has a Marlene Dietrich model in white satin with a removable scarf of the same material.

Tulle coats can also be worn over plain dresses. After Christmas the new spring dresses will be out, and this is one way of giving your crepe or satin new life. We haven't seen these yet in Chapel Hill, but the dressmaker can attend to it for you.

Generally speaking, fronts of evening dresses are straighter than last fall, with fullness drawn to the back by shirrings and godet inserts. Newest are the down-in-back, shorter-in-front hem-lines reminiscent of a few years ago. These may be ankle length in front and form a small train in back, which will be very devastating and get in your way when you dance.

Interesting back decollatages and hemlines have long been favorites on the dance floor because of their attention-getting value. In the same way flowers and hair-gadgets are popular. We once knew of a girl who wore a pin exactly resembling a beetle on her shoulder at dances. While we don't recommend anything as drastic as this, we do endorse the new off-the-face hair dos that do a quick change act for your personality.

And about that personality . . . play up to the new glitter gowns. Nothing could be worse than a shining dress combined with a bored expression.

For the plutocrats who will go south for the holidays, we suggest a diminution of the glamour mode in organza shot with tiny silver threads; embroidered cotton, crisp as the first night of spring; sheer black, contrasting with your untanned skin; or silk jersey, in riotous colors, a welcome relief from dark fall colors.

—*Louise Waite.*

Check

"Gerstenberg is called the 'Dean of Revisionists.' He puts out a new book on the same subject each year, changing one chapter only slightly."—*Prof. G. T. Schwenning, Bus. Org.*

Scram Out of My Life, Mug

You call your life your own,
I wouldn't know—
I've taken far worse beatings
Even so—
But slam the door behind you
When you go.

—*M. W.*

At a party in England, the headmaster of a local school felt that he had partaken rather freely of champagne; he determined to be careful and avoid showing any of the usual signs of tipsiness.

When they rose from the table some one suggested that the hostess exhibit "the latest addition to her family." She agreed and presently the nurse appeared with a dainty pink basket containing twins. The headmaster was nearest and, mindful of his determination, he steadied himself and said as he gazed into the basket, "what a beautiful baby!" —*Exchange.*

"Are you a college man?"

"No, a horse just stepped on my hat." —*Sun Dial.*

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"You go in and phone the wife, I'll go for some gas."

Handle Her Electrically

If she is bored—Exciter
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If she is hungry—Feeder
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If she gets cold—Heater
If she is a nice girl—Shocker
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If she becomes upset—Reverser
And when you get tired of her—Electrocutor.

—Urchin.

Only the 1937 PHILCO
has all these features:
Foreign Tuning System
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THE COLOR PROBLEM AGAIN

A little colored boy was sitting slumped down in a chair with his feet resting on the table top, when his mammy came into the room and said, "Lord, yo' is a lazy boy; yo' is zackly like yo' pappy. Thank God I didn't marry dat man!"

—Exchange.

ADVICE TO YOUNG GIRLS

(Continued from page 9)

if it is, marry him; then you will be eligible to give Advice to Young Girls Alone in the Big City.

If you are there just for the week-end, don't go to see the Sights of Interest; you can read about them on the way home; draw up a map of the night clubs of the city and thoroughly familiarize yourself with it by adequate exploration; you will find bartenders the most interesting people, anyway.

On New Year's, resolve not to go to night clubs, wild parties like this one, or get drunk; you will forget your resolutions the next day, but you will have done your duty by your conscience.

—tommy wilson.

It Can't Happen Here!

She got a big rush at the Grail
And plenty of notes in the mail
But the boy she was courting
Went in for importing
And this is the end of my tale.

—Audrey Rowell.

Wishing You All
A
Merry Christmas
and a
Happy New Year
•
The
University Dining
Hall Cafeteria

NO SALE

(Continued from page 11)

satchel and pulled out a small brown paper bag full of cotton lint. He pulled out another bag, slightly larger, full of fine ashes. He pulled out still a third bag full of thumb tacks. He took the cotton lint and rubbed it into the floor with his heel.

"Cotton lint," explained Mr. Tumble to Mrs. McInnis, "is the most difficult material in the world to remove from rugs."

Mr. Tumble took a large handful of ashes from the bag.

"Ashes and grits are what cut your carpets to threads," said Mr. Tumble as he threw the ashes flying across the carpet. They made a fine mess.

Mrs. McInnis stood calmly by, a diamond-like glitter stealing into her eye.

"You're gonna clean that junk up, ain't you?" she said, her voice more commanding than asking.

"Why, certainly, Mrs. McInnis. The Sweepo-Vac will have everything I have put on the floor up in a jiffy. But wait, I'm not through yet."

As a crowning triumph, Mr. Tumble sprinkled a first full of thumb tacks here and there.

"Look at that floor, Mrs. McInnis! How long would it take you to clean that floor with a broom or an inferior cleaner. Now watch the way the Sweepo-Vac does it!"

Mr. Tumble unwound the electric cord from the Sweepo-Vac. Grasping the end he said:

"And now, Mrs. McInnis, if you will show me the nearest electric plug, I will show you the Sweepo-Vac at work."

The eyes of Mrs. McInnis were as hard as nails.

"We ain't got no electricity in our house," she said.

●

TLOO BLAD

"Lighthouse no good for flog," says Chinaman. "Lighthouse he shine, whistle he blow, flog bell he ring, and flog he come just the same. No glood." —*Filched.*

"Where does virgin wool come from?"

"From sheep that can run the fastest." —*Purple Parrot.*

"Do you have good shorts on tonight?" asked a boy of the ticket girl, as he was buying a ticket to the picture show.

"They ought to be; I paid two dollars for them," replied the girl.

—*Clark Rodman.*

"How bashful you are," a pretty girl said to a young man.

"Yes, I take after my father in that respect."

"Was your father bashful?"

"Was he? Why, mother says if father hadn't been so darned bashful, I'd be four years older."

—*Stooge.*

DEAD ISSUE

"Porter, get me another glass of ice water."

"Sorry, suh, but if I takes any mo' ice dat corpse in the baggage car ain't a goin' ta keep."

—*Sulphur Spray.*

A missionary in India was trying to convert a Hindu to Christianity, and finally he asked: "Don't you want to go to Heaven when you die?"

"No," said the Hindu. "I don't think Heaven's so good or the English would have grabbed it long ago."

—*Winnipeg Free Press.*

A man in the insane asylum sat fishing over a flower bed. A visiting marine approached and wishing to be jolly, remarked, "How many have you caught?"

"You're the ninth," was the reply. —*Shipmate.*

A pedestrian is a case of survival of the flittest.

Tough prisoner simpering in the Warden's office while the keeper explains—"He wants to stay up and listen to the radio. His crime is being reenacted on the March of Time." —*Log.*

The mistress of the house heard the front door bell ring, and saw standing at the door a Chinese Hawker. Quickly retreating she called out to the maid:

"You go, Ella, it's a Chinaman."

In a disgusted voice, the Chinaman stuck his head in the door and yelled:

"You go 'ella yourself, lady."

—*Montreal Star.*

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Ground Floor University Library
West Door

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New Books of Fiction and Non-Fiction
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Especially attractive in holiday wrappings of cellophane and ribbon.

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Unusual Christmas cards on display from which orders for quantities may be made

—◈—

PICTORIAL MAPS: England, Scotland, Ireland, France Mexico, London

First: See that girl? That's my girl.

Second: Uh-huh — Good looking fox scarf she's got on.

First: Yeah, I gave her that.

Second: She's a good looking mama. Pretty hat.

First: Yep, I gave her that.

Second: In fact the whole outfit she's wearing is swell—elegant.

First: Shore it is, I gave it to her.

Second: And say, that's a cute little boy she has with her.

First: Yeah. That's her brother. —*Pilfered.*

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Because "The Buccaneer" is modern, sprightly, alive to the passing show! That's why everything is in your favor if you have it sent your best girl from now on! Let the "Buck" talk you up!

You have probably sensed it already—we'll send her the next six issues for just seventy-five cents.

The Carolina Buccaneer

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
A GIFT OF PLEASURE
My spirit—the spirit of Christmas-giving—
is abroad in the land. A gift that expresses
that spirit, and brings pleasure to every
home, both great and small, is rare indeed.
Such a gift, my friends, is LUCKY STRIKE.
Santa Claus

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Luckies—a light smoke

OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO—"IT'S TOASTED"

JAN 3 0 1937

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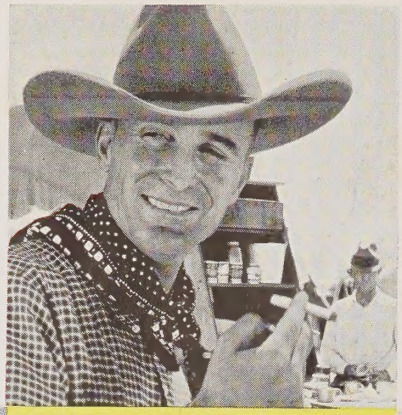

"For Digestion's Sake Smoke Camels!"

"MIGHTY GOOD ADVICE," SAYS THIS HARD-RIDING TEXAS COW PUNCHER

Copyright, 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

"AFTER RIDING HERD from sun-up to sun-down, the chuck-wagon looks mighty good to me," says Fred McDaniel *{above, also right}*. "But I wouldn't enjoy my 'chuck' half as much without the pleasure I get from smoking Camels with my meals and afterwards. After a good meal and Camels I feel plenty O.K. Camels set me right! And they never get on my nerves."

Smoking Camels, you enjoy a sense of ease while eating, and afterwards too!

WHAT Fred McDaniel says about Camels is backed up 100% by baseball's "Iron Man," Lou Gehrig — by Frank Buck, of "Bring 'Em Back Alive" fame — by Eleanor Tennant, outstanding woman tennis coach — and by millions of other Camel smokers in all walks of life. Enjoy Camels at every meal. They speed up the flow of digestive fluids. Increase alkalinity. Help you *enjoy* food. Camels set you right!

BUSY SECRETARY. "I smoke Camels," says attractive Joselyn Libby. "Camels put more fun into eating and smoking too. So many girls smoke Camels."

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS ...TURKISH AND DOMESTIC...THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND

BEHIND IT ALL

To show you how it's done, we'll let you sit in on one of the meetings for a few paragraphs. Preliminaries over and the gum gathering well under way somebody asks what the next issue will be about. Suggestions are called for. One of the older staff members has a brainchild and suggests that it be about "gloom". The idea is a good one for to every one who has been here a year knows that "gloom" stands for Winter Quarter at Chapel Hill. We mull over this and other suggestions but "gloom" wins out. "Gloom" it will be.

Later, someone suggests having it be a "surrealist" number. This is after the "gloom" cover has already been drawn. That sounds even better than "gloom", so—the theme is changed. It will be a "surrealist" issue. Another cover is drawn for that. Then comes the calamity. The *New Yorker* comes out with a "surrealist" cover, so naturally, our idea is out. So, back to "gloom" we go. Definitely this time, it will be a "gloom" number.

But, somehow the wheels of fortune governing the weather hear of the final decision. A 13th month is slipped in on us. Or probably it is June changing places with January. There is no gloom. True—the walks are sometimes knee deep in slush but it is a warm slush, not that kind that comes from snow. Then the sun comes out and stays out.

Down in Georgia they start putting ice around the roots of the peach trees to keep them from budding. Up in New York there is no snow and ardent skiiers have to frequent the artificial slide in *Saks*. But here, we do nothing. We let the sun shine and like it. We even act the way anyone would with such weather. The birds, and the bees, and the squirrels, and the students are making passes at each other like it's June. And the flowers haven't any sense either. At least one kind of flower anyhow. These little yellow ones. No botanists we—but we'll call them jessamines. These jessamines are breaking out all over the place.

But back to "gloom". Where is it? Where are we? The cover is drawn, part of the material is in and gloom is out. A conference is called.

The conferees convene. Nothing can be done about the sun shining. That's definite. Perhaps there is gloom somewhere we say. But no, there is no gloom anywhere, except among the members of the conference. But wait. Think of the future someone suggests. So we think of the future. The answer is there.

This can't go on—the weather —we say. True, but it might. So what, we've got to take a chance. If it does get cold we'll have the jump on it. The publication will be known as something of a prophet. It will say there will be gloom and there will be gloom. The birds will be fooled. There little ones will die. The bees will make honey while the sun shines and it will go for nought. The squirrels will have dug up some of their summer supply of nuts and will go hungry before the year is out. The students—well, they can read, so they will have been warned, the mugs. But the flowers, the jessamines. What will become of them? What haven't been picked by flower fanciers and color lovers will die, and those that have been picked will have died anyhow.

So you see, it's a problem. The magazine's first aim is to satisfy the customer. This cannot be done for if it gets cold, no one will be satisfied but the staff

(*Continued on page* 3)

THE MONTH'S RECORDS

JAM SESSION — Benny Goodman and his orchestra . . . an orchestral specialty composed and arranged by James Mundy, Goodman's chief arranger . . . SOMEBODY LOVES ME, an old favorite revived with a Fletcher Henderson arrangement . . . nuf said! (Victor 25497).

JAMBOREE—Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra . . . a smooth "swing classic" with some smart work by the brass section . . . Edythe Wright and the Three Esquires do some smooth vocalizing . . . MAPLE LEAF RAG . . . a good side with Joe Dixon, the youngest member of the band doing an excellent clarinet solo near the end of the record. (Victor 25496).

TEA ON THE TERRACE —Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra . . . A good example of Dorsey's versatility . . . a fox trot played in a very danceable manner . . . and featuring the vocal of Edythe Wright . . . I'M IN A DANCING MOOD . . . another fox trot with a Jack Leonard vocal rounds out a very good record for Dorsey fans. (Victor 25476).

THERE'S SOMETHING IN THE AIR—Shep Fields and his Orchestra — The orchestra that is to play the Mid-Winter dances . . . featuring the usual trumpet and accordion work . . . WHERE THE LAZY RIVER GOES BY . . . the originator of "rippling rhythm" playing a very smooth fox trot, and featuring plenty of bubble blowing and drum wood blocks. (Bluebird 6683).

THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER

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Volume 13
No. 5

CEDRIC

I have always had a secret desire to meet someone named Cedric. I have tried everywhere —often go out of my way in hopes of meeting him—but all of no avail. Now, I know that there are people named Cedric because Oscar Wilde says so, and if Oscar says so, that's enough proof for me, because Oscar always has his material on reliable sources—although he's much too modest to admit it. So—if I can't find my real man, I'll just name my chief character Cedric, so there! Cedric it is.

Cedric is just a little fellow when he hit town to "get an edgication." Five - feet - four of sheer skin and bones and weighed about one hundred ten—dripping wet. His features weren't anything to speak of—so let's don't. He was still a virgin to drink, poker, dances, smoking, and "cussin' " when he first entered school, but once the boys of Aycock started work on him, he realized that the vicissitudes and temptations of college are many and several. Cedric couldn't stand it and at the end of one month, he broke down. In one night he smoked a cigarette, drank a coca-cola, dissipated all over the dorm store and had a helluva good time. But the crown blow came when he decided to break his amateur standing and go professional by having a date.

Pete Ivey's Date Bureau or Dresser or something did the dirty work. Yeah, dirty work, because Cedric found out the morning before the fateful evening that he must carry his date to a dance. Great balls of fire! Cedric had never been to a dance in his life, couldn't dance, and didn't even know which side to hold the girl on. Someone suggested beer. After two beers and one hour of intense practice of the latest dance steps, Cedric roared in his sick tenor to bring

(Continued on next page)

INITIAL PLEASE

Hotel Page: Telegram for Mr. Neidspondiavance, Mr. Neidspondiavance!

Mr. Neidspondiavance: What initial please? —*Exchange.*

Was a car
In the lane.
Was a man
Was a jane.
Was a moon
Was a star
Was romance
In the car.
Was an arm
Went around.
Were two lips
To be found.
Was a kiss
Was a sigh.
And another
By and by.
Was a car
In the lane.
Was a man
Was a jane.
Was a man
Growing bold.
Was a jane
Getting cold.
Was a man
Was a goof.
Was a jane
Was aloof.
Was a man
Put in place.
Was a jane
Slapped his face.

—*Log.*

Solemnity

BEHIND IT ALL

(Continued from page 1)

members. The birds and bees will die. Some students will be disillusioned and everything will be wrong, except the weather.

But the deed is done. The material is in. The cover is drawn and the pictures taken. What do we care? Nothing. You get a "gloom issue". We get satisfaction . . . . and after all what is more important than the good feelings of one's own self. And —you're going to get that gloom anyhow, along about February and the first of March.

—*The Editor.*

SORRY PLIGHT

Joe (reading death statistics): Say, Phil, do you know that every time I breathe a man dies?

Phil: Then why don't you use a mouth wash? —*Ohio Sundial.*

Frosh: How about a date tonight?

Senior Co-ed: I can't go out with a baby.

Frosh: Pardon me—I didn't know— —*Exchange.*

"What's worse than being a bachelor?"

"Being a bachelor's son."

—*Log.*

"Frequent water - drinking," said the specialist, "prevents you from becoming stiff in the joints."

"Yes," says the co-ed, "but some of the joints don't serve water." —*Log.*

Customer (in drug store on Sunday morning): Please give me change for a dime.

Druggist: Here you are. I hope you enjoy the sermon.

—*Widow.*

"VOGUE photography is a bit erratic, but good, nevertheless."

—*Wootten-Moulton.*

CEDRIC

(*Continued from page* 3)

on anything. At eight-thirty, Cedric saw his first date—Gawd! he thought, her ancestors must have been thundering packydurms. She was about five-feet-six, weight about one-forty, guessing light, and talked continuously about nothing. Running true to his naive form, Cedric and his date arrived at the dance at exactly nine o'clock—the only couple on the floor.

Pity poor Cedric—his first dance and he couldn't dance; his first date and he drew a blank; no help in sight and his beer about worn off. Cedric was disgusted. No, his date didn't mind coming early, now they could dance awhile before the crowd gathered; she just loved to dance, and could he truck? He, thinking she meant truck farming, answered yeah and the next minute they were standing out on the dance floor—where she had pulled him. Cedric turned a limpid green, but grabbed his hold and started—shall we say dancing. After one minute, four and thirty-seven sixtieth seconds, the date slowed down and looked earnestly at Cedric as she asked, "what kind of a step are you doing?"

Cedric had suffered enough. The he-brute surged forth in him as he grittingly answered, "It don't make a Goddam, you just follow me!"

When last heard from Cedric had entered State College where he is contemplating becoming a forest ranger—someone told him women wouldn't bother him then. —*Billy Robertson.*

When the flood was over and Noah had freed all the animals, he returned to the Ark to make sure all had left. He found two snakes in the corner, crying. They told him their sorrow:

"You told us to go forth and multiply upon the earth, and we are Adders."

MODESTY

"Yeah," said the sophomore, "when I first came here I was pretty conceited, but they knocked all that out of me, and now I'm one of the best fellows in college." —*Tiger.*

TO KEEP HIS HEAD WARM

"Ah," said the customs officer, finding a bottle of White Horse, "I thought you said there were only old clothes in that trunk."

"Aye, that's ma night cap."

—*Urchin.*

"Hey, get out of here! That's my bathtub you just used."

"I thought it had a familiar ring to it."

He said I was one in a million
And just when I was beginning
To think of him as my own,
I found I was one in a million
Whom he'd succeeded in winning—
Yeah—one in a million he'd known.

—Claire.

SAN SIMEON INSCRIPTION

William Randolph Grundy,
Born on Monday
Socialist Tuesday,
Democrat Wednesday,
Republican Thursday,
Fascist Friday,
Saw red Saturday,
Editorial Sunday,
And this is the end
Of William Grundy.

—*Mercury.*

"They say you married her because her aunt left her a fortune."

"That's a lie. I'd have married her no matter who left it."

—*Urchin.*

Unless somebody returns the poker chips and the two decks of cards there will be no meeting of the Buc staff today at 1:15.

EVOLUTION OF A CHICKEN IN THE DINING HALL

1. Sunday: Roast chicken (creamed sliced veal on toast—no seconds.)
2. Monday: Chicken salad (creamed sliced veal + salad dressing + lettuce—no seconds.)
3. Tuesday: Chicken croquettes (chicken salad, lettuce + bread crumbs, fried—no seconds.)
4. Wednesday: Lamb stew (chicken croquettes + gravy + water + potatoes—no seconds.)
5. Thursday: Chicken soup (lamb stew + water and yet more water—no seconds.)
6. Friday: Chicken broth (chicken soup + still more water—no seconds.)
7. Saturday: Vegetable soup (chicken broth + water + lettuce from (2.)—seconds.)

WORSHIPPER

"I'm your wife's first husband."

"My god!"

"Really? I didn't think she'd brag about me that much to you."

BURNING DESIRE

If one-half of Spain doesn't know how the other half lives, it blows off the house and looks.

And then there's the girl who was so modest she had to leave the room to change her mind.

SOUTH: BROKEN GLASS

"Why do you think he's from the North?"

"He dances as if he had snowshoes on." —*Tiger Ranger.*

"Do you go to college or did a horse step in your hat?"—*George Hux to Freshman, T. Royster.*

GLOOM

don't come near me now with
cheer;
the contrast heightens gloom.
despondency seems twice as
drear
when in a sunny room.
and who can smile with much
good will
when life is lived in doubt?
although, by grace, i stay here
still
three hundred just flunked out.
as if that were not hard enough,
now, although it's shorter,
they've crammed the same
amount of stuff
within the winter quarter.
but lord, i'd bear nobody ill—
i'd smile and not complain
if you'd just take from chapel
hill
this constant, drizzling rain.

—dinny puckette.

CONGRAHAMERAMA

The Carolina Buccaneer

University of North Carolina

VOLUME XIII JANUARY, 1937 NUMBER 5

PIECES OF EIGHT

● *Donbo*

Don McKee, who champions all coeds in his *Daily Tar Heel,* arrived at Dr. Bernard's door step and rang the bell. He silently hoped that his date, Mary Elizabeth King, and her mother would not mind walking to the student entertainment. He had been unable to get the family car which he had used on other occasions.

The ladies greeted their escort at the door and walked out to the sidewalk. There in front of the steps sat Dr. Bernard's car, same make as Donnie's.

"I'll sit in the back," suggested Mrs. King, as they paused before the car.

"Oh no, there is plenty of room in the front for the three of us," spoke up Don. He opened the front door. He was delighted to discover that the Kings' had a car. "Mary Elizabeth are you going to be the driver tonight?"

"No. When there is any driving done in this family I do it," said Mrs. King.

"I think we'll let you be the chauffeur tonight," Mary Elizabeth said.

Don crawled in under the steering wheel and fumbled around the dash board for the key. "I can't find it."

"Find what?" asked Mary Elizabeth.

"The key," suggested Don hopefully.

"Isn't it in the lock?" Mary Elizabeth suggested in turn.

"No."

"Maybe it fell on the floor." They crawled out of the car and searched the floor and seat thoroughly. No result.

"Perhaps you put it in your pocket, Don." Don looked in his pockets. He was sure she hadn't given it to him when she came out of the house but he might make certain.

"No, it isn't in my pockets."

"Well then it's bound to be around the car someplace." They searched again. Each remark made by one was taken as a wise crack by the other. It was even suggested that Dr. Bernard might have the key. Fifteen minutes later they were no nearer a solution than at the first.

"Well Don, perhaps we had better walk or we may miss the entire show," suggested Mrs. King. "Though I do hate for you to leave your car here like this and not know who has the key or where it is."

"My car!"

"Why yes, isn't it your . . . Oh!" and Mrs. King collapsed on the back seat of Dr. Bernard's car.

● *Deduction*

Two daughters of Confederate generals went antiquing over Davidson County last month. In their scouting they finally came upon a beautiful old picture frame in an old woman's house in the country. The picture in

the frame was one of Grant and some of his aides.

"Would you like to get rid of that frame?" asked one of the U. D. C.'s.

"You mean sell it?" asked the

EXPLANATION

The picture on the opposite page is an unusually fine example of Surrealist Art. *Surrealism, you know, is the subconscious concept of the artist. In this case it is his dream of Chapel Hill and its problems.*

With one foot in South Building and the other in the State Capitol, the president still retains that smile of tranquility and equanimity, while seething within his vitals is the Graham Plan football player, and balanced over his head is the co-ed, the discontented alumnus and the Board of Trustees. Still higher hover professors, whose beards would have been Red had this been in color. At the left an evil genii, Davey Clark rises amidst noxious fumes from the chimney of his factory. On the right a politician with hoofs, that might well be taken for those of a jackass, holds a scroll signifying power in his hands, etc. Lower left, the undergraduate like a scared rabbit wonders what it is all about.

old woman. "Well, yes, but that's a pretty picture in it, so I'll have to ask you to pay me more for both the picture and frame."

"Oh, but I don't want the picture," answered the U. D. C. horrified. "I wouldn't have that if you gave it to me."

"You don't want the picture?"

"Why no, of course not. As a matter of fact, we'll come back later if we decide to buy the frame."

Several days passed before the staunch southern women returned to make the purchase. They found the old woman in the house sitting by the fire. She arose to meet them.

"You know," said the country woman, "I talked it over with my husband and we decided the reason you didn't want the picture, was that the gentlemen in it must be Republicans."

● *It Takes All Kinds*

This one about the Daughters of The Confederacy above brings to the fore the age old question of "Why do northerners come to Carolina?" The locals hold that they couldn't come down here to escape the weather because it gets cold enough here to freeze the alcohol in your stomach. But walking behind some of our boys from up New York way the other day a statement was overheard wherein may lie the answer. You may take it as such or leave it.

Said one to the other, "Jeez! I'll be glad when it gets colder so I can change from my white shoes to my brown and white saddles!"

● *Thought*

The thought in question occurred the starting day of the winter quarter. Mr. Phillips Russell said there would be no textbook for his course, but that the class would be asked to subscribe to the *Virginia Quarterly Review,* and *The Atlantic Monthly.* The subscription price would be ninety cents and please bring the ninety cents to class the next day and bring the right change, for if everybody brought a dollar bill, there would obviously not be enough dimes to give the correct change in return. It was when Mr. Russell said this that a member had a queer crazy thought.

He had a dollar bill in his pocket and a dime. He felt in his pocket and the thought was that now I have the dollar and the change, too. He sat there very matter-of-factly for a few moments before something hit him figuratively upon the head and told him that it wouldn't work, for if he gave Mr. Russell the dime it wouldn't be enough, and if he gave the dollar to Mr. Russell somebody would have to give the member the change due him, so that wouldn't work either. The craziness of the thought was that the member thought for a moment, really thought, that he could give his change and keep it, too. See how silly that thought is? The member's mind became embroiled over the thought, and he became scared that his mind might work that way on some other occasion involving things more important than a ninety cent subscription to the *Virginia Quarterly Review* and the *Atlantic Monthly.*

The member was worried not over the thought, but over the implications. You see?

● *Coincidence*

Along with this contribution on *thought* came another paragraph titled *Coincidence.* Not too sure that we caught the point or that there was one to catch, the passage is reprinted below—word for word, as it was handed in. If after reading it you feel queer and want to say "so what," say it. We did. Consider:

"The other night we were smoking mightily and it seemed that each time we were ready to light up, we could never find a match. We always found one though, and each time it was a book match. The first time we bummed a match the donor said 'Keep 'Em'; we kept 'em, but there was only one match left in the book. The last page in the book, so to speak. The next time we bummed one, the donor said 'I have but one', so we used the one and threw the book away. The next time we were ready to smoke, we were in our room. We started a frantic search for a match. We found one under a collar in the top drawer of our dresser. It was a book match, and only one. The last page, and the story ended wrong. Fate was against us, the protagonist."

● *Hypersensitivity*

Our Harvard correspondent crashes through regularly with some sort of something every month. This time it's about an incident that occurred on one of his classes under a very well-known instructor. We might say, the instructor is even better known than our own Dr. Zimmermann, so—we will label our better known one, "Dr. Z."

After a lecture on hypersensitivity, a student, Bill Davis, said to the professor, "Dr. Z, every time I shave and put powder on my face a very peculiar thing happens. My face breaks out in a rash. It gets red and itches, and this occurs every time without fail. Do you think this might be some kind of hypersensitivity or allergy to the powder?"

"Every time you shave you put powder on your face?"

"Yes, sir."

"And it makes your face break out in a rash?"

"Every time, sir."

"You're a sissy!"

● *Universal*

One thinks of those days back in the summer with all this sunshine and warm rain in midwinter, doesn't one? Yes—it's been great my children, but for you

who don't know, the worst comes in February and March.

However, and notwithstanding, the balmy breezes bring to mind an incident that occurred last summer on one of our southern beaches.

A Carolina graduate was on one of those houseparties that happen all up and down the coast around July. The party was being given by his girl's mother who was a fashionable sort of person.

Late one afternoon our Carolina man had just dragged himself out of the salty sea and laid himself down in the sand to dry off, when he was approached by the hostess. We'll call her Mrs. Van Stratton.

Said she, "Dinner is about to be served."

"Thanks," said George and continued to lie there.

"Don't you think you should come in?"

"What for?" asked George. "It will be fifteen minutes yet, won't it?"

"I know, George, but people usually go to the *powder room* before eating."

"Mrs. Van Stratton," said George, "I've just come out of the world's largest powder room."

● *Machine or Mouse?*

Sometimes you just don't know. Sometimes they are the damnedest machines and then sometimes you don't even know they are there. Then when you have forgotten your room mate ever existed, up he pops with something or other, out of his subconscious, no doubt, that makes you think there is some hidden power beneath it all.

The other night a few minutes before eleven-thirty a friend was sitting in front of the radio trying to get a decent program. His room mate was sprawled in his chair on the other side of the room obviously lost in deep thought.

"What's on that's any good?" asked the friend of his room mate.

"I don't know. I haven't listened to the radio for weeks," answered the room mate.

Finally the friend found something. They both sat back to listen. The room mate buried his head in a History book, while the friend closed his eyes to dream.

Came the gong for exactly eleven-thirty. The announcer gave his station and informed the two students, "The program originally scheduled for this time will not be heard."

The room mate blurted autonomously, "Good!"

● *Neighborly*

Doc Pritchard was back of his counter over here in his drug store the other day when a man of no mean appearance walked in. It was a Negro reverend, with frock tail coat and umbrella to identify him. The reverend looked above his glasses at the counters and on all the shelves.

Doc approached him and in his usual sales manner bellowed, "Something for y'a."

The reverend started but recovered enough to say, "I wants some cheese but it looks like y'awl all out of it."

Having been a drug store proprietor for some years this didn't exactly floor Doc. He leaned over to the Negro and answered, "Yes, deacon—I just sold out of cheese—but you can get some next door at *Eubanks*."

BRIGHT SAYINGS OF CHILDREN CORNER

Little Peggy Jones, age 4, sat listening to the Christmas broadcast from Bethlehem, telling the Christ Story. When it was over she said, "That was a fine advertisement for Jesus Christ. Every bit as good as Palm Olive or Ford automobiles."

The little Hardin boy slept in bed with his granddaddy who had a big paunch. The boy sat up in bed and couldn't look over the belly of grandpappy. Said he, "are you lying down or is that you standing up?"

"Well, I think about an f2 lens for two seconds would be good for today."

"No, this is just the right kind of a day for an f 3.5 with one second."

Well that's where you're wrong. An f 2's just what we need. "Aw shut up! Why is it better than an f 3.5?"

All right go ahead and use an f 35.

"Now, don't be climbing trees in your new suit!"

FURLOUGH

Rap! Rap! Rap!

"This court is now in session. First case—State versus Charles Rawley. Hummmm—Mr. Rawley, you are charged with speeding, reckless driving, and resisting an officer. Have you anything to say in defense of yourself, young man?"

The young man raised himself on unsteady feet but, with a superhuman effort, squared his shoulders and approached the judge, unhesitatingly.

"Yes, your honor, I have. May I ask the court's permission to relate a few facts that bear indirectly on the case." Here he paused briefly to prodigiously clear his throat, in which his heart seemed to have temporarily lodged. "To begin with—for the past three months, I have attended the Univer—you aren't a Duke man, are you?"

"No," answered the judge, smiling.

"Good! Well, to continue—I am a student at the University of North Carolina and yesterday was my first day home for the Christmas holidays. Maybe it was the Christmas spirit or spirits, or maybe it was because I passed two courses, but anyway, Dad bought me a new suit—a double-breasted, rolled front job, gave me a five-dollar bill and the use of our new Dodge. Instantly, I thought of Pat, whom I hadn't seen since she went North to school in September. Honest, judge, she's straight! Blonde hair, mysterious blue eyes, perfect teeth, ruby rainbow lips, graceful neck, delicate white shoulders . . ."

"That's *low* enough, young man, continue."

"Oh, yes sir, sorry, sir. Well, we had corresponded since our last amourous parting, and I could scarcely wait to see her. I called Tom—he's my roommate at school and dates Pat's cousin—and we started to see them. I was in seventh heaven—five dollars, a new suit, and Dad's new car. Aw, Hel—heck, Judge, you know how you are feeling while you are hurrying to see the girl you love — you are completely forgetful of all that exists, all that matters. I was happy, excited, lifted from reality. In my mind's eye I could visualize the surprised look that would appear on Pat's face on seeing me again, the silly conversation that we would probably carry on—both talking at once. Suddenly this "wad" of protoplasm, whom the courts optimistically call an officer of the law, appeared from nowhere and commanded that I pull over. I stopped. Drawing out his ticket-book, he looked at me and remarked sarcastically, "Young collitch punk, eh? Whatta you think you're doing—majoring in speed?"

"Naturally I represented — I mean resented this and muttered something to Tom about a 'brass-button, belly-bound blue coat.' The copper heard it and although I told him I was only kidding, charged me with resisting an officer. Your Honor, I didn't mean any harm by speeding or anything. I think I was just temporarily overcome by the joys of living and the sudden freedom from studies and that for just a moment, I didn't think of the conventions that hamper people when they are momentarily free."

The judge sat for a moment in thoughtful silence. He looked earnestly at Rawley and briefly relived the happiest days of his life—his college days, when he changed girls with the sessions—each of them a "sure thing this time." An encouraging smile graced the corners of his mouth as he spoke," Mr. Rawley, I think I undertsand your case and am going to be very lenient with you—$2 and the costs. Can you pay it?"

"No, your Honor, I can't."

"You can't! What about the $5 gift from your father?"

"Well, your Honor, you see, I lost that to Tom when I bet him that I could outrun the cop."

—Billy Robertson.

SONG OF THE COED TRANSFER, IN COMPLETE DISILLUSIONMENT

Why did I leave heaven?
  What brought me down so low?
What's here at Carolina
  To value so?
Why did I change heaven
  For all these earthy men?
What do I find at 'Lina
  That I didn't have then?
Since I've been here
  There's no room for doubt—
All the men here
  I could do without—
I am only human
  But these are so much less—
Why did I leave heaven?
  Dumb, I guess

—Dora.

Warped

"The New York-Bonfire-Ivey episode would have been funny if Pete Ivey had've known better."—*Phil Hammer.*

Men have mice
Mice have lice
What a world of trouble
Farmers have droughts
Men have mouths
What a world of trouble
Some want Knox
None small pox
What a world to live in
Boy wants maid
Maiden made
What a world to live in
Can't be funny
Earn no money
What the hell, I give in.

CYNTHIA AND TOMMY

By HAYDEN CLEMENT

In a bathing-suit of creamy rubber, in a long, black roadster with her saffron coloured hair fleeing from the wind, at the country club dance gowned in bottle-green satin, on the golf course in a natty sport-suit, no matter where, she was always aware of the fact that she was Cynthia Chase, daughter of O. P. Chase, of the Consolidated Bank and Trust Co.

Nor did the newspapers ever forget who her father was, although they seemed ignorant of the fact that her name was Ella Mae until O. P. cashed in on his second million. In almost each edition there was an account of some trip she had made. Princeton houseparties, Dartmouth Winter Carnivals, Fancy Dress Balls at W. and L., Bermuda, and Europe were old stories. She was even pronounced "the season's most attractive debutante." Every mother of a young man told her son how perfect a wife they thought Cynthia would make. Everyone liked, everyone adored her — Cynthia Chase, daughter of O. P. Chase, of the Consolidated Bank and Trust Co.

In a manicurist's uniform, in a ramshackelty old Chevrolet coupe with her long black tresses in gnarls, out at Sam's Beer Parlor, on the street smoking a cigarette with her split skirt disclosing stockings rolled below the knee—no matter where, she was always aware of the fact that she was Tommy Jones, daughter of Mike Jones, of the Consolidated Coal Mines.

The newspapers never carried her name but once, the time she was arrested for drunkeness out at Sam's. Although her mother had named her Charlotte, the kids with whom she had played football in the vacant lot had soon changed it to Tommy. The Elk's Ball, the County Fair, Blizzard's Dance Hall, Albemarle and Badin still gave her a thrill. She was referred to as "that Jones girl who lives on East Lee Street." Every mother warned her son to stay out of that part of town. All girls disliked her, for like the Mounties she always got her man. Some boys hated her, some adored her. She wouldn't give in, and so they eventually turned to Cynthia who *was* easy.

CATACLYSM

There was a young lady from Lynn
Who, while drinking beer with a friend,
Perceived inclination
Without perturbation,
And then she perceived it again.
The lad, he ordered more beer,
And the feeling did not disappear,
But she payed it no mind
For a thing of that kind
Is decidedly nothing to fear.
Soon, neglecting to use common sense,
Her consumption became most immense
And though she resisted
The feeling persisted,
Gradually becoming intense.
Another mug or so . . .
The sensation continued to grow
And she thought it quite quaint
That her powers of restraint
Were becoming peculiarly low.
So she wasn't really to blame
(For the party shortly became
A tipsy coterie
With the beer flowing freely)
When the lady from Lynn did the same. —Carl Pugh.

THE DUCHESS

I sat by the duchess at tea,
'Twas a swanky affair, you see.
There were rumblings abdominal
Simply phenomenal
And everyone thought it was me.
—*Red McKee.*

It was intermission at the fraternity dance and everybody came in to rest.

Fine Art Of Correspondence

(The names are fictitious)

Dear Joe:

How are you this Morning fine I hope.

Well I don't feel so good this morning but I had to get up and go to Sunday School and how I like that. I wish that you Was hear to go With me I Know that you Would like it as much as I do.

Joe, Henry got me told for come in late last night and so did Mother.

I Know that you think that I am Crazy Well I am this morning and I Was little Crazy last night. Joe, Mary said she was gust ilsiaming (whatever that is) of the time that Pete would be at Work so you could come to see her.

I thank that I will move for I don't like my next door nabos Ha Ha.

Well Joe I got too more date come to me for you allways quit a girl on the fith date that me me feel bery unhappy for every time I thank of you my hart pains me oh lord Ha.

Joe tell Pete I said if he did not stop his wife going with me Husband I would have to get a divorced and I Know that he would not wont me to do that Haha. Well I will close for this time Love.

Love,
Betty

P.S. I hope you can read this.

LEM

Lem the backwoodsman, the crudest of the crude, was visiting some distinguished relatives in the city. Being burdened with a sizeable chew of tobacco, he relieved himself on the hearth as was his usual custom. After several repetitions of this effrontery, little Jack, under whispered instructions from his horrified mother, placed a cuspidor near the old gent. Observing that Lem paid no attention to the convenience, Jack kept edging it closer to him. Finally, when repeated edgings had moved the cuspidor squarely between his legs, the exasperated Lem rasped:

"Boy, if'n ye don't git that-'ar thing out'n my way, I'm gonna spit in it!"

—Bill Michaux

"Shecks, I thought I heer'd Shep Fields on the r adio and it warn't nuthin' but Lem a-garglin'."

In spite of the Simpson knot and Yankee accent, Dinny Puckette gets along. Skidmore would have done well by themselves to have kept her. Washes her own stockings and grumbles about her pledge duties over at the Chi O House.

Economist

"Posed?"

"Tiger Woman" Louise Camp, Chi O pledge, beats it out on Mary Lindsay's first chin. Lindsay who went to Chicora Queens and came from St. Pauls, N. C., is one of Donbos Advertising aces.

But it's Tayloe and Speck. Marion Tayloe would be beautiful without that boyish bob. Speck is beautiful, they say, and sings all the time . . . while washing her clothes over at the Chi O community clothes washing.

Powell and Loy

"Hey There!"

The "Hey there" is just there to fool you. You'll never be hearing Betty Redfern saying anything like that. Don't know whether St. Mary's caused it or not but she has a tendency to be a bit sarcastic and cynical. Has a good profile and laugh though.

PA

"Gloo

"Alternates . . ."

Off Guard

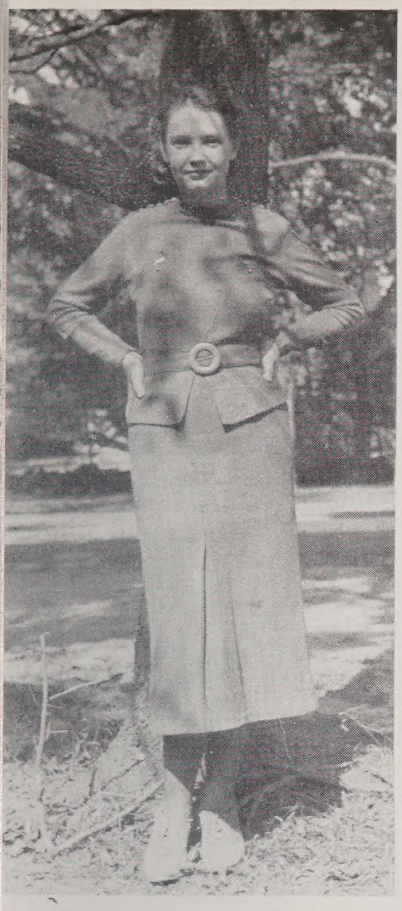
These peoples on the left are music students. Can't you see? Kay Murphey, the observant one, once won a beauty contest in her hometown of Wallace. Now gets long distance calls over at the Chi O place.

The one waving her hands (or is she counting on her fingers), that's Olivia Root. It took St. Mary's and Agnes Scott to convince her that what she was looking for was at Carolina. Will probably be May Queen?

Tempe Newsome, she shouldn't be in this picture at all. She looks much better over at the Y.M.C.A.

Up on that wall to the right, Virginia Burd from Deal, N. J. contemplates next season's hair shades.

Steele is always a big for people like Mary M the sweet, quiet and cap tle thing, just out of Sale



Nancy Zollicoffer Kyser, stray Alpha Delta Pi from Brenau, has made many friends and enemies with her frankness of speech. She's niece or something to Carolina's own Kay Kyser.

"She Eats at Swain . . ."

Virginia La Rochelle up above, from Longmeadow, Mass., with probably the best profile on the campus, still remains something of a mystery. Yet she eats at Swain Hall where very few beautiful girls do.

What Has Garbo Got That I Haven't?

"Dignity in Red . . ."

The red-haired beauty on the left, Eliza Rose, is one of the ones responsible for the Pi Phi's prominence on the campus. Just now though, this gloom has got her down.

A D E

sers"

"Now Wait!"

Cold Feet

A Good Picture of Mosier Anyhow

The white blur and mop of hair above comprise Washington's Louise Waite. Although a stray greek, she hangs around the Pi Phi's who seem to like it in spite of that awful brogue.

Lyal Boice is anybody's addition to the beauty on the campus, if nothing else. The Pi Phi's did alright, perhaps.

Jack and the Beanstalk

By DICK HICKS

Once upon a time this last Christmas there was a playboy named Jack, the son of a society widow. The society widow had been very unwise when investing the life insurance money which her husband had left her, and soon she and her son Jack were down to their last convertible Ford sedan. On the afternoon of Christmas Eve last, she called Jack to her side as all widowed mothers call their sons to their sides, and she said to Jack with tears streaming down upon her last pearl necklace, "Take this $236 bill and go to Mr. Morgan of Wall Street and invest it in Anaconda Copper, which I believe to be a good, worthy stock."

Jack said, "Yes, my dear mother," and set out to invest in Anaconda Copper. On the way he was caught by a stop light, and when he turned his eyes left, he saw through a glass window a man in a white coat standing behind the Astor Bar shaking a silvery contraption in such a manner that one would have been induced to believe that the man in the white coat was suffering from some mild plethora or like conniption. Jack pulled the convertible to the curb.

"What have you there?" he asked mildly of the man in the white coat.

"This is a new potation of my own invention, which I call *The Beans*, said the man in the white coat. It kinda grows on you."

"Concoct me one," said Jack, unwinding the $236 bill from his pocket.

The Beans grew upon Jack much as the man in the white coat had described, and Anaconda Copper grew increasingly unimportant in proportion as the $236 bill decreased in size.

Three hours later Jack said, "I am sleepy and I want to go to bed."

"No," said a fairy within Jack, tickling his ribs with a small feather duster which she carried upon the end of her wand. "We are going to a party. I know where one is. Come with me."

"But I am sleepy," said Jack.

"Come with me," said the tickling fairy.

Jack came with her, and the convertible Ford sedan came too. The fairy and Jack and the convertible all three came to the party, and when the convertible stopped, it said, "Here we are," just like that. All three except the convertible climbed upstairs to the party, which was a good party, for there were many people and much smoke and much food upon tables.

"Come in," said the hostess to Jack and the fairy, "but be careful, for my husband is a giant when he gets drunk."

Jack and the fairy walked in. In a little while the fairy went off somewhere; Jack knew she was gone because she stopped tickling his ribs with the feather duster. When the fairy left, Jack said, "Now I can go to sleep. I will crawl into this oven and hide from Mrs. Hostess's husband, who is a giant." And he crawled under the cocktail bar.

Within the oven, Jack fell

(Continued on page 23)

"The beauty of the game is that ye get a lot of free shots."

He took all of me—
I made no objection.
I didn't know then
He made a collection.

—Claire.

DEGRADING SYSTEM

(Editorial)

I wouldn't say that the Tar Heel *is a liar,*
But they did promise to quit delivering it if you took your name off your door, and they are still delivering it to me after I went to the trouble to take my name off the door and throw it in the fiar.
In fact, far be it from me to cast aspersions on our campus journal—
Quite obviously it voices sentiments that are not only immortal but eternal;
Because while the Magazine *simpers in the sewer and the* Buc *gurgles in the gutter,*
The Tar Heel *is not only super—it is positively utter.*
For it may number among its achievements the fact that it has improved more students than Freshman Chapel and more sinners than Aimee Semple
And it has more views than the Alps and more columns than a temple,
But, in fact, if you should take all its innumerable claims to fame and listem
Undoubtedly at the very topmost pinnacle would be the fact that it has taken a strong stand on that most pernicious of our iniquities, the grading system.
Why, any darn fool can see that it is a campus problem when anybody besides himself walks on the grass,
But it takes a super news-organ like the Tar Heel *to figure out that if some lazy bum goes to Greensboro some week-ends and Raleigh others and studies a grand total of fifteen minutes a month if he has time and is sober, that it is the teacher's fault if he doesn't pass.*
Why, that is the most fundamental discovery ever made,
Because look how much harder it is for a student to pass a course than it is for a prof to write down a grade.
Why the idea is phenomenal;
It causes sensations abdominal;
Why, when it is applied the Tar Heel *will become a national college hero,*
Because we will just take "A" and reduce it from ninety-five to zero,
So everybody on the campus will make Phi Beta Kappa
And the college will ring with a noise which will sound like the hammers of industry but will only be the tapping of the Golden Fleece tapper.
Say, we should have thought of this before, on account of it is the answer to all our prayers,
Because now maybe we can beat Duke on account of there won't be any studies to annoy our football players,
And all of us common herd who have been fiddling with such minor topics as how to study and think
Can do some research on the major problem of how to walk straight after the ninth drink,
And we can make week-ends end on Saturday and begin on Monday
Which will cause our registration to go up like the tide in the Bay of Fundy—
Why, maybe later on we can be really liberal and carry this thing to its logical conclusion
And give everybody a diploma when he enters our noble institution;
And then we will really *have a University; because right now if a guy wants a failing grade all he has to do is shirk for it,*
But from now on if he wants to flunk out he will really have to work for it.

—Lawrence Hinkle.

TO CLAIRE

Though your poetry's exquisite
And I'd surely hate to miss it,
It would improve it by far
To know who the hell you are!

You speak of thwarted wishes
And empty hearted kisses,
But how can we try to please,
Ignorant of whom to appease.

We all long for your caress,
But who you are we can't quite guess,
And we can't go around just kissing air,
Hoping sometime to find *the* Claire.

So our suggestion is simply this,
Have a tourney for the niftiest kiss.
You run the tourney, we'll compete
To see whose kisses turn on the "heat!"

—*Oscar.*

Surprise

"A year or so ago David King was sentenced to the roads here for larceny. When he returns to Wilson he will find that there are three new arrivals at his house. Triplets, Ervin, Alphonso, and Davis." — *The Evening Telegram, Rocky Mount, N. C.*

Should have been more definite about the length of sentence, —if just for the sake of the triplets.

SUNDAY MORNING GREEK SIMP-PHONY

Sing a song of .....(supply name of fraternity)[1]
With bottles full of rye,
And four and twenty pledges
Pickled in a (oh, my).[2]
When the mortgage was foreclosed
The .....(supply name of frat-men) began to sing,
Wasn't that a dainty kettle of fish
To set before the Chapter-president.
.....(Supply name of president)[3] was in the frat-house,
Counting out the money[4] (for the bill-collectors)
The House-Mother[5] was in the parlor
Entertaining the rich alumni.[6]
The co-eds[7] were in the bed-rooms,
Drinking with their beaus[8]
When along came Dean .....(supply name of appropriate Dean)[9]
And all the .....(supply Dekes) ran out
And .....(supply "offered him milk-punch").

—H. T. Dewey.

[1] A list of fraternities may be found in the Student Directory.
[2] This is intended to fool the reader who constantly thinks he has found something dirty. There is really nothing dirty about this at all. Besides, "oh, my" fits in much better than by, die, eye, fie, guy, hie, lie, etc.
[3] A list of fraternity presidents may be obtained by phoning the *Tar Heel* office.
[4] Some of the fraternities have a small supply of this commodity (pledge dues).
[5] Only the Betas and Phi Delts have House-Mothers, but the other frats usually find a way to entertain their rich alumni.
[6] An old fraternity custom is to have these (and also entertain them).
[7] A list of the fraternities which may entertain co-eds may be obtained from Mrs. Stacy. For a complete list of fraternities that co-eds visit, see page 89 of the Student Directory.
[8] Some Carolina students are funny that way.
[9] For a list of Deans see page 14 of the Directory. For better euphony, however, supply Dean So-and-So.

"Him? Oh, he's his Reverence's mouthpiece when he mashes his thumb."

THE FACE FELL AT DAWN

The scene was perfect—the type that movie moguls are forever attempting, but rarely mastering. Colored lights reflected on a large bay where the low hush-hush of the waves beat constantly against the resisting shore. A small radio poured forth a low melody that quickened the pulses. The moon, as large as the side of a house, clearly showed that it was made of green cheese. The youth, conscious of his surrounding, gazed fondly at the girl. In his most romantic voice, he stated: "Ah, Darling, would that I were only a centipede—so that I might hold you closer."

"Closer? Huh, you mean in more places!"

—Billy Robertson.

ODE TO CAROLINA

I knew so little mathematics—
Carolina's taught me that.
Now I won't flunk mathematics
Quite so flat.

The same was true of my French course;
I was dumbest in the class—
Never thought there'd be a French course
I could pass.

Before I reached this institution
Thought I knew the ways of men—
Thought I'd reached the last conclusion.
That was then.

—Claire.

Self Confidence

CITY EDITORS: You'd be astonished for how little you can get a darn capable young man (22) with reporting, rewrite and desk experience combined with that metropolitan thoroughness for detail, willing to travel. Box 112 B.—*Ad in N. Y. Newsdom Nov.* 28, 1936.

Across the Table

By DINER

A student of punch-pressure figured out that a right-hand sock on the jaw from Jack Torrance is equivalent to a collision with an automobile going 20 miles an hour. Sidney Rothman of Gary, Indiana, a junior in engineering at Louisiana State University, applied his slide rule and logarithms to bemouth Jack's world record shot putting distance to get the answer.

Rothman said Torrance generated 1,552 pounds of pressure with his right hand to toss the 16 lb. shot 57 feet, 1 inch, in setting his world record at the 1932 Olympic games at Los Angeles. He also added that an opponent collides with a ton of power when Jack throws a one-two punch. Torrance now weighs 260 pounds, whereas before he went into training for professional boxing he tipped the scales at over 300. He has knocked his first three pro opponents out.

It will be recalled that Pete wired Commissioner Valentine of New York city shortly before the N. Y. U.—Carolina football game and told him that he hadn't worn shoes before then. Well Pete has gotten into the habit now and is wearing them right much.

Talking about Pete reminds us of the time that Boss Hill elucidated upon the subject of "the most preferable type of patch to put in the seat of a pair of pants" to friend Albert Ellis. After listening to Boss's theories, Albert turned up with the sorrowful remark that Boss would have to come back and give the lecture all over again because the pants belonged to his roommate.

And speaking of Albert, reminds us that this New Bern youngster of the law school states that milk is very bad for his stomach. He tried drinking it for a couple of weeks last summer and the more he drank the worse he felt, but as all good ads go—he switched back to beer and is now in top fettle; a state of condition, no doubt.

"Y'all ain't got no stove black, is yo?"
"Ah ain't said ah ain't, is Ah?"
"Ah ain't ask yo' is yo ain't—Ah asked yo ain't yo is—is ya?"

Following last year's successful Student-Faculty Day, the committee is going to expand festivities this year. They're to elect a Campus Queen and King—the queen to come from the student body and the king from the faculty. The "Buc" staff has already nominated the campus beauty of beauties—Miss Euphasia Whittlebottom from way back in S. C.—for the feminine role, and we think that her match in beauty and serenity could be met by only one person. Although not a member in the most strict interpretation of "faculty," we would like to present Miss Whittlebottom's match at every turn—Mr. J. Peter Ivey, called "poison" for short.

Up in Skipper O. J.'s journalism class the other day a discussion on the admittance of more coeds to Chapel Hill was in full swing. O. J. asked "Grist Mill" Ralph Miller what his views were on the subject, and that dejected looking reporter of the Daily Tar Heel remarked "I ain't in favor of none more." Where upon cute little Lib Wall (now without those bangs) yelled out "Why should he? The one he's got now is running him ragged!" Maybe that accounts for his rough edges.

Among other odds and ends you should have seen five little dogs cornering senior class president Niles Bond on the running board of an automobile up town one night. The boy from the Lex-

(Continued on page 27)

Behind the Mike

By ERWIN DARLINGTON

Program directors of every radio station have discovered that many of their programs are the melting pot of human emotions. However, most of these programs are designed primarily to capture the spontaniety and variety of listeners' requests.

A perusal of several hundred of these missives reveals that the writers are of all ages and from all walks of life. They write from schools, colleges, from hospitals, from stores and from factories, busy cities, and from ships on the high seas.

Couples who have been happily married for a number of years ask that their favorite love song be played for them on their anniversary. Busy mothers with little children want to know if the youngsters' birthday can be observed with some song the little tot knows—"early on the program, so daddy can hear it before he goes to the office or before the boy or girl must go to bed."

Songs of a romantic nature are asked for by young men and women in their teens or early twenties. The boys want some torch singer to whisper a lullaby, and the girls hope that some romantic voiced crooner will sing the song they crave. People who have quarreled and wish to make a gesture of contrition, by proxy, request the song that best fits the occasion, such as "You've Got Me Crying Again" or "You Turned The Tables On Me."

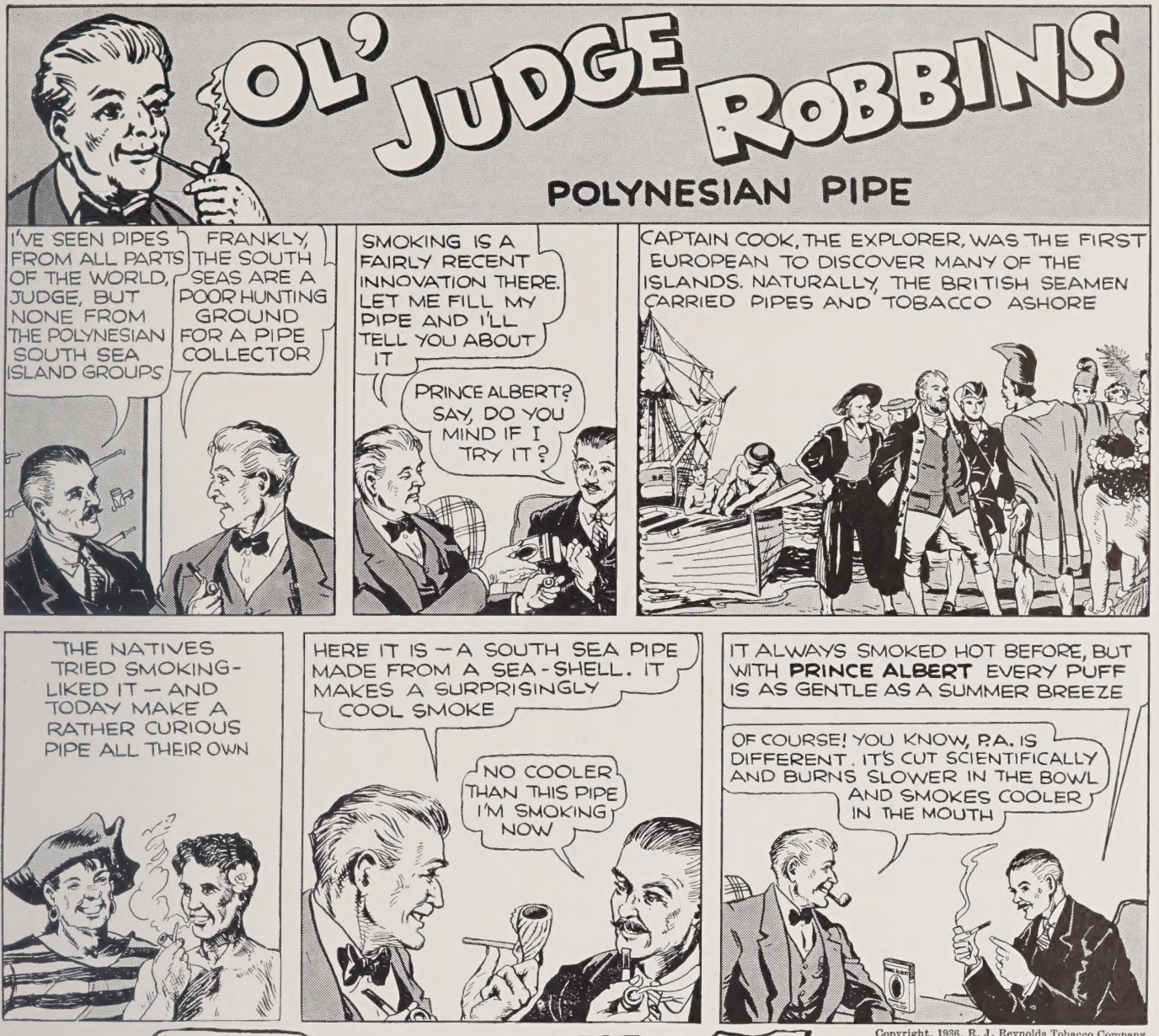
Birthdays, anniversaries, hopes, dreams, greetings, messages of comfort or congratulation, all go round and round in the aerial melting pot of every radio station.

Art may be art but business is also business as far as Harry Salter's grandmother is concerned. Years ago the current music director of Columbia's "Your Hit Parade" started paying her for listening to his broadcasts at so much a flaw. Last week Harry's check was slow in reaching Grandma. "Your remittance," she wrote, "for the three blue notes of December 5 is as yet unreceived. Would not bring this up but I am saving for a new radio so I can enjoy Al Goodman more."

When Horace Heidt entered radio he was no less a victim of

(Continued on page 26)

"I got his number!"


OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
POLYNESIAN PIPE
I'VE SEEN PIPES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD, JUDGE, BUT NONE FROM THE POLYNESIAN SOUTH SEA ISLAND GROUPS
FRANKLY, THE SOUTH SEAS ARE A POOR HUNTING GROUND FOR A PIPE COLLECTOR
SMOKING IS A FAIRLY RECENT INNOVATION THERE. LET ME FILL MY PIPE AND I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT
PRINCE ALBERT? SAY, DO YOU MIND IF I TRY IT?
CAPTAIN COOK, THE EXPLORER, WAS THE FIRST EUROPEAN TO DISCOVER MANY OF THE ISLANDS. NATURALLY, THE BRITISH SEAMEN CARRIED PIPES AND TOBACCO ASHORE
THE NATIVES TRIED SMOKING-LIKED IT — AND TODAY MAKE A RATHER CURIOUS PIPE ALL THEIR OWN
HERE IT IS — A SOUTH SEA PIPE MADE FROM A SEA-SHELL. IT MAKES A SURPRISINGLY COOL SMOKE
NO COOLER THAN THIS PIPE I'M SMOKING NOW
IT ALWAYS SMOKED HOT BEFORE, BUT WITH PRINCE ALBERT EVERY PUFF IS AS GENTLE AS A SUMMER BREEZE
OF COURSE! YOU KNOW, P.A. IS DIFFERENT. IT'S CUT SCIENTIFICALLY AND BURNS SLOWER IN THE BOWL AND SMOKES COOLER IN THE MOUTH

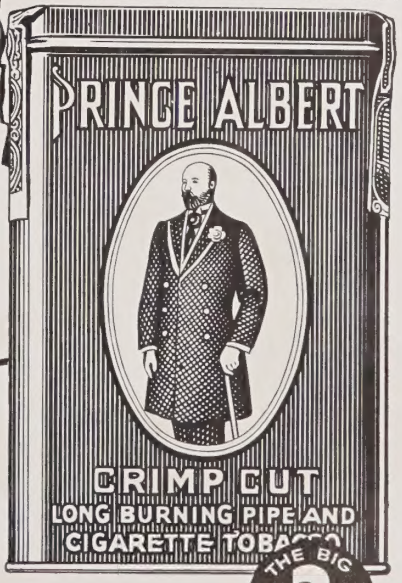
Copyright, 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

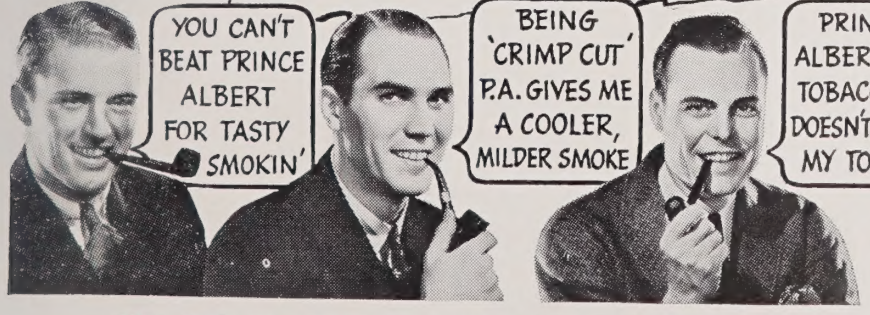
PRINCE ALBERT MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

SMOKE 20 FRAGRANT PIPEFULS OF PRINCE ALBERT. IF YOU DON'T FIND IT THE MELLOWEST, TASTIEST PIPE TOBACCO YOU EVER SMOKED, RETURN THE POCKET TIN WITH THE REST OF THE TOBACCO IN IT TO US AT ANY TIME WITHIN A MONTH FROM THIS DATE, AND WE WILL REFUND FULL PURCHASE PRICE, PLUS POSTAGE.

(Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!




YOU CAN'T BEAT PRINCE ALBERT FOR TASTY SMOKIN'
BEING 'CRIMP CUT' P.A. GIVES ME A COOLER, MILDER SMOKE
PRINCE ALBERT'S MY TOBACCO. IT DOESN'T BITE MY TONGUE

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

—AND PRINCE ALBERT IS SWELL "MAKIN'S" TOO!

MITTMEN

It was seven o'clock on a cold January 16th morning in Blacksburg, Va., when Coach Mike Ronman of the Carolina boxing team hopped out of bed. "Everyone up and out," shouted the diminutive mentor.

And everyone except one got up; although Wally Dunham and Joe Murnick were later sent back to bed. They had to keep their weight down until weighing-in time. On and on the lone one slept. Finally Coach Mike blasted forth more vehemently than ever—"everyone up!"

From under the covers of that one bed slowly emerged the head of the Tar Heel's crooning mittman—Jule Medwin. "Coming the revolution, we sleep 'til noon!" he yelled, and again immersed himself beneath the blankets.

* * *

"Poached eggs for a heavyweight!" snorted Lammy Alderman, New Haven's contribution to the varsity, as he sat down to his mid-day lunch in the Hotel Patrick Henry at Roanoke, Va., as the Tar Heels were on their way to meet the V. P. I. boxers. "If I eat anymore of these eggs I'll be cackling in my sleep," he continued.

The discontent was heard down at the far end of the table. The ears picking up the mutterings from the big boy were those of Coach Mike. "Aw you don't know what's good for you. You always want to eat too much," burst forth Ronnie with his pet statement.

* * *

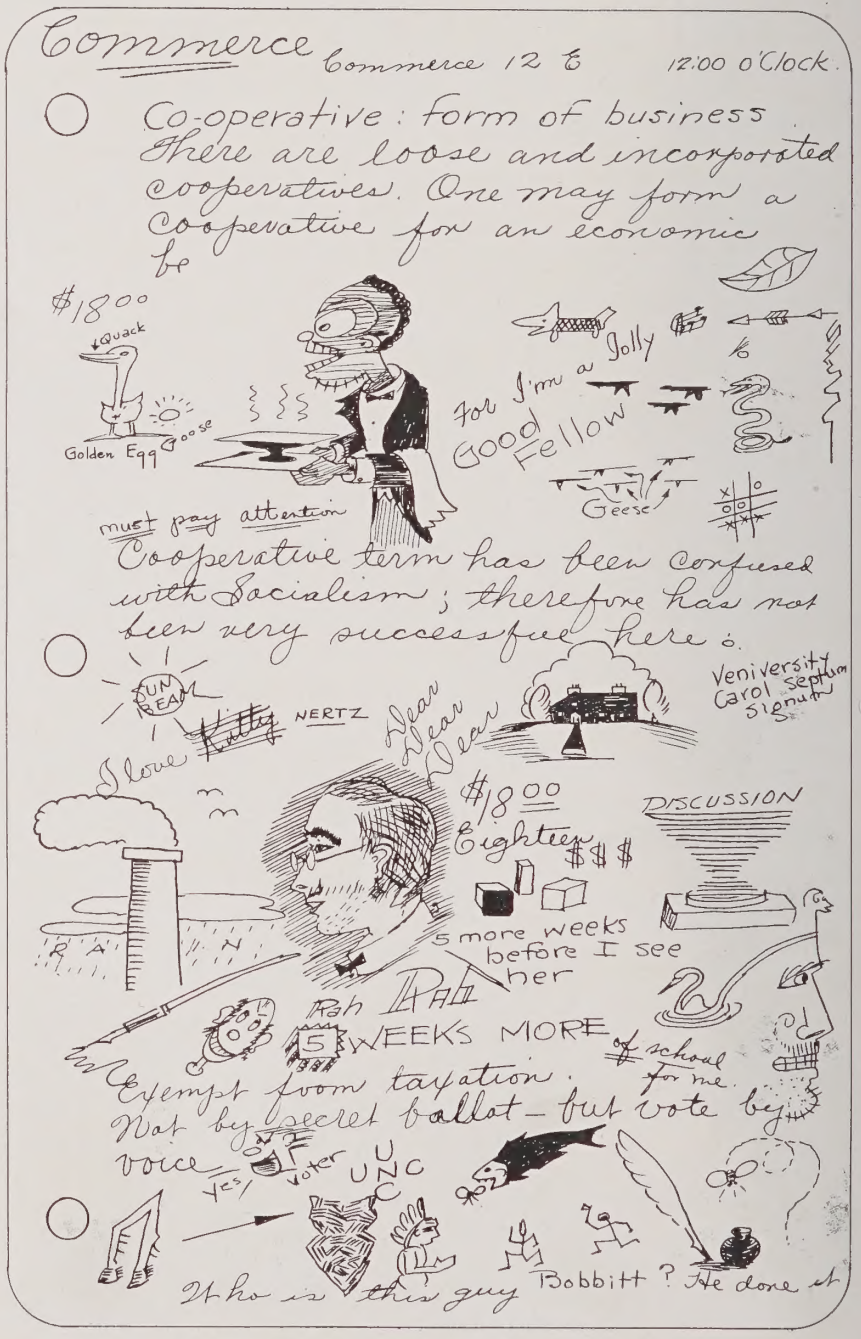
Not only are the boxers active in the ring, but also along vocalistic lines. They have a quintet with Coach Mike the directing yodeler. He is known as "powerhouse." Two freshmen and two varsity boys make up the undergraduate representation. The yearlings are heavyweight Ed Hubbard—the sweet voice—and bespectacled Cyrus Jones—the frog voice.

The varsity boys are Medwin and Captain Max Novich. Medwin handles the crooning assignment while Cap Max is a combination of Al Jolson and Georgie Jessell in addition to doing a little "trucking" in between numbers. This quintet would make a hit on the Student-Faculty Day program.

Not only are the Carolina boxers and wrestlers well known up at Blacksburg, but also a few of the baseballers. For instance, take Bunn Hearn, Jr., son of the diamond tutor. Little Bunn was up at V. P. I. last summer, studying the strata and stuff in a geological course.

Well it happened that the night before the Tech-Carolina matches, we happened into the drug store, and a cute little Spanish girl asked us if we came from Chapel Hill. The response being in the affirmative

(Continued on page 28)



MORE SURREALISM

JACK AND THE BEAN STALK

(Continued from page 16)

sound asleep. Soon there came a great tramping of patent-leather boots which awakened him, and a great giant's voice boomed, "Where is my Seagram's Seven Crown?"

Jack crawled out from under the cocktail bar and said, "Who the hell wants to know?"

The giant glowered at Jack and said, his voice thundering down from the clouds above, "I smell fresh meat! Who the hell are you and where do you go to college?"

"I am Jack of the Beanstalk," said Jack. "Did you ever hear the Beans talk?"

"No," said the giant, "but I just heard them hiccup. Were you invited to this party?"

"Yes," said Jack. "I was invited by a little fairy with a tickling wand. We came together."

"Where did you come from?" roared the giant.

"Yonkers."

"Oh," said the giant, laughing a big malignant laugh within his huge stomach. "You are the son of that widow whom I soaked for her entire fortune?"

"Oh," said Jack, knowing that he had at last met his malefactor, "you're the guy that reamed my poor mother on Wall Street and put us on the rocks?"

"Yes," said the giant.

"Then all that you possess is rightfully mine," said Jack, and he grabbed a quart of Scottish Chief from the oven and hit it for the door.

But the quart had been enchanted by the giant and it set up an awful cry, saying "Save me, save me!" The giant came pounding after and Jack had to run so fast that the bottle left the cork. The giant slipped upon the cork and broke his nose, tumbling down and down to the earth below. —*Dick Hicks.*

The one ring circus was visiting a town in the hills. The folks there recognized all the instruments of the band except the slide trombone.

One old settler watched the player for quite some time, then, turning to his son, said:

"Don't let on that you're watching him. There's a trick to it; he ain't really swallering it."

—*Pel-Mell.*

First Co-ed: I said some very foolish things to Frank last night.

Second Moll: Yes?

F. C.: That was one of them.

—*Awgwan.*

Bird in Tree: Here comes that farmer who chased us out of his garden yesterday. Wonder if he'll recognize us?

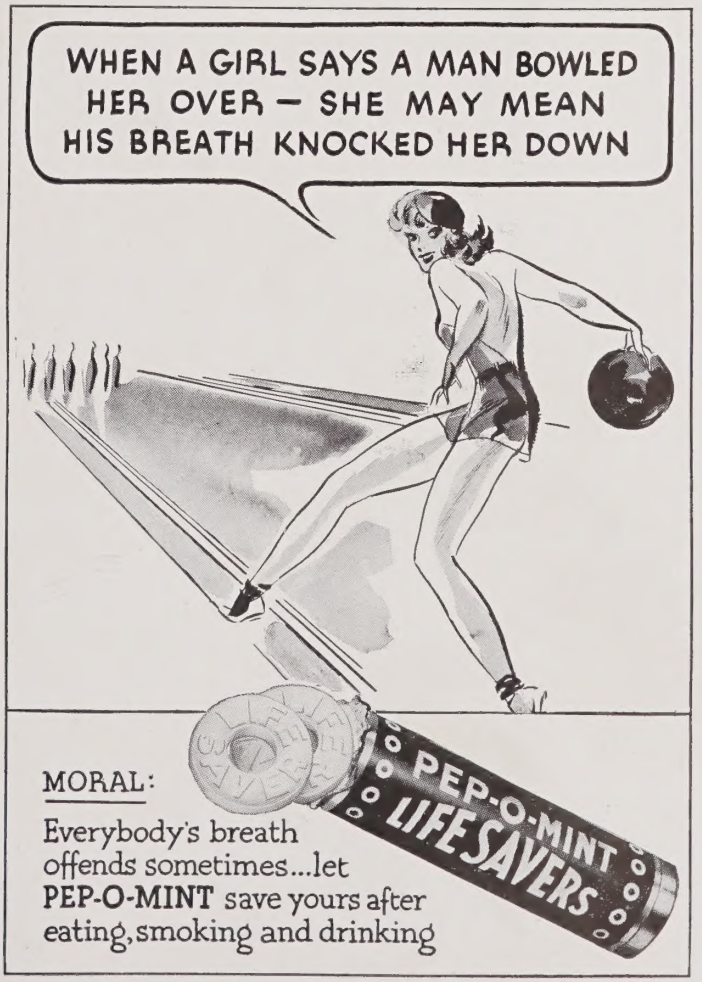
Second Ditto: I don't know. I'll see if I can catch his eye.

—*Purple Cow.*

ONE OF THE CO-EDS

A girl on our floor we all should adore
Is a girl by the name of Priss.
She's a model for all the co-eds this fall
Who've been tempted to go amiss.
From her cherry red lips come no curse or slips
She's the acme of self-control
(And yet for all this, just think what she'll miss
If she keeps on playing this role).
An example of quaint unrestricted restraint
Was when Priss lost some money this year
And though she was fired with wrath, and inspired
To curse, she sighed lightly, "Oh dear."
Then early one day to her greatest dismay
She tore, in her stocking, a hole
But bravely she bore this incident sore
And uttered a stifled "My Soul."
However the day that she learned in some way
That she had flunked an exam
Too much was the strain; she couldn't refrain
But spat out a vigorous "damn!"

—Henrietta.


WHEN A GIRL SAYS A MAN BOWLED HER OVER — SHE MAY MEAN HIS BREATH KNOCKED HER DOWN
MORAL:
Everybody's breath offends sometimes...let PEP-O-MINT save yours after eating, smoking and drinking
PEP-O-MINT LIFESAVERS

SHROUDING THAT BODY DOWN

With the advent of angel's confetti from the skies there arises a necessity for heavier garments. But perhaps rain attire would be more appropriate for this vicinity.

To shunt the offerings of Jupiter Pluvius I suggest a new version of the lined trench coat. Like their predecessors, these new coats have shells of waterproof twill, are double-breasted and are belted all around. But one has a collar and three-quarter lining of clipped lambskin, dyed dark brown and treated to make it look and feel like beaver. In another coat the sheepskin is yellow, but the collar remains dark brown. Both have leather-lined sleeves.

The boy above wears the new kneelength cravenetted raincoat with fly front and deep side vents. His tweed suit is a Scotch check. The hat is a porkpie, and the shoes are brown and white saddle oxfords.

The zipper front gabardine jacket of water-proof construction is a really clever sportsman's garment. It is extremely light in weight, but so tightly woven that air—let alone water—cannot penetrate it.

While we should hardly expect the plaid influence to affect footwear, the Scotch influence shows itself in the use of heavy grain brogues of definite Caledonian interest. There is now a rubber overshoe on the market which is a boon to the all weather campus-pounders. The sole is covered with steel studs which are riveted to an inner sole. You wear them over ordinary shoes and go forth in quest of classes. Of course the incessantly popular saddle-shoe—in brown or black combinations — holds its own here as well as on other eastern campuses. This type of oxford has been labeled "Delta Psi shoe" on this campus.

Now for the cold weather which the goose-boned wizards have predicted within the next few weeks. If you prefer to wear a medium weight coat, you may be interested in the new English raglans which are made of soft tweeds in big plaids and checks—some loud, some not. One I liked was a large glen plaid in medium and dark brown, with cross lines of dull red. These are cut with plenty of skirt to wrap around your knees when you are sitting down.

Among the new mufflers has appeared a giant. Pure camel's hair—two feet by six—which resembles the "comforter" that the Great Emancipator wore with dignity beneath his silk hat. Another muffler of more conventional size is made of cashmere woven in peasant tattersall checks. Note: You men of beanpole dimensions such as Honest Abe will find this muffler of great utility.

this is a secret

there are so many things that we could tell you as well as show you that would influence your spring requirements in masculine attire but our modesty prevents any attempt at display it is our utmost desire that you should visit our offices you will not be asked to make a purchase

style analysts

the tailored man

your clothes artistically tailored

upstairs c c ross dial n-2361
opposite kress durham n c appointments

If you get cold in places we can't talk about, try merino underwear. No itchee, no scratchee, plentee warmee—so the laundryman says.

—*Joe Haggerty.*

COED WEAR

This is precisely the time of year when there is a rumor to the effect that spring will never reach the campus. From past experience we prophesy that it will arrive as usual, and that when it does come you will wish that you had made a bit of advance preparation in the way of clothes.

Most of the first spring clothes shown are, of course, between-season inspirations, but there are already a few definite trends.

So you thought you wore lots of suits last year? Even more are appearing this spring. Navy blue will be the big color, as it always is, but the catch is here—designers have revived twills, tricots and serge-like worsteds. Something has to be done every year to make the feminine fashion world take and like the inevitable navy.

If you are a total navy rebel, try the new black twill suits, lined with taffeta. They are tailored to the last stitch and will be more distinctive than navy. Some of these have cut-away jackets with knife edge revers.

Last year's pin stripe grey men's wear suit will be even better this year. Tweed suits will be popular, but smoother and much less noisy than last spring. A new note is the unlined tweed suit, fitting more smoothly than the mannish styles and more becoming to many.

If you haven't a spring coat and buy a tailored jacket-suit, you'll be in the awkward position of having nothing to don over your spring prints. Most perfect coat for all use is the princess reefer. This is a coat that has everything, can go anywhere. Buy it in twill or smooth tweed and have the shoulders padded a bit. Have it 12 to 14 inches from the floor. The taller you are, the shorter your skirt.

Prints will be back in even fuller force. Flower prints are gay and colorful, picture prints amusing and smart. Evening prints may have as many as ten colors, strange combinations but somehow interesting.

Miscellany . . . some hats have big hair ribbon bows on the wide bandeau that holds them on . . . others are made of flowers, and nothing else . . . like a straw skull cap with a coronet of massed wine and pink chrysanthemums . . . grand with an afternoon print.

Afternoon sandals are practically nothing . . . a sole, a toe and anklet . . . all right only if we have nice feet . . . fabric gloves of silk and suedelike fabrics . . . are trimmed with leather and hand-stitched.

—Louise Waite.

This cooky is shrouded in a striped oxford shirt with a pinned collar, a striped rep tie, brown hat with black band, white buck blucher shoes and a coat of Connemara tweed.

DON'T YOU KNOW?

Why must fellows always maul
Babes they take to Senior Ball?
Why must each handle his frail
Like he was reading Balzac in
Braille? *—Penn State Froth.*

I kissed you 'neath the lemon trees,
Mid song and dance and laughter.
We both forgot when blossoms go,
That lemons will come after.
—Foster Fitz-Simons.

Lecturer: I speak the language of the wild animals.

Voice in the back of the room: Next time you see a skunk ask him what's the big idea.
—Gold Brick.

LIFE IS A MAIZE

Baby Ear of Corn: Mama, where did I come from?

Mama Ear of Corn: Hush, dear; the stalk brought you.
—Penn State Froth.

"How do you keep your roommate from reading your mail?"

"Nothing to it; I just stick the letters in his books."
—Punch Bowl.

"Can you knock a golf ball out of sight?" asked Golfer MacThistle of Golfer MacHeather. To which Golfer MacHeather ejaculated, "Aye, but I'm not going to." *—Exchange.*

C. O. D.

Billy: Who was the last man to box John L. Sullivan?

Silly: The undertaker.
—Banter.

MARY HAD, ETC.

Mary had a little lamp,
A good one we don't doubt.
For every time that company came—
The little lamp went out.
—*Mountain Goat.*

APPENDECTOMY

"Let's go call on the Tonsil Sisters."

"Why are they called the 'Tonsil Sisters'?"

"Well, because nearly everybody has had them out."
—*Malteaser.*

She: Would you think it was telepathy if we were thinking of the same thing?

He: No, just plain good luck.
—*Gold Brick.*

Red: Guess who this is in three guesses or I'll kiss you.

Gladys: George Washington . . . Jack Dempsey . . . Admiral Byrd. —*Urchin.*

"I would rather abdicate than to be kicked out of the University."—*J.W.R. of Tar Heel Correspondence fame.*

STRANGE BEDFELLOW

At social whirl and giddy pace
The bed-bug makes a dour face,
Because he's in an awful plight
If people don't come home at night. —*Jester.*

ANY APPLAUSE?

"Did you ever speak before a large group?"

"Certainly!"

"What did you say?"

"Not guilty!"
—*Chaparral.*

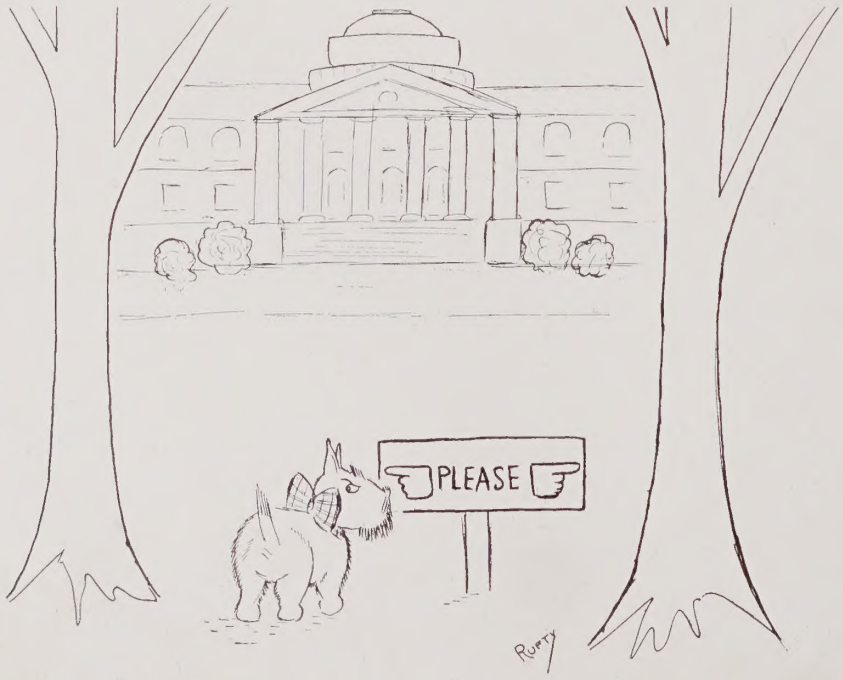
"Father O'Connor," one of the young men of the congregation was asking the preacher, "what type of enjoyment did you have during your four years in a monastery?"

"Nun."

Publicity

Notice on the blackboard in 317 Bingham: "Mr. Sherrill will not meet his Income Tax. 1-14-37."

Something should be done about sponsoring a sit-down strike but we do too much of it already.



BEHIND THE MIKE

(Continued from page 20)

mike fright than any other neophyte. A friendly executive who noticed that the orchestra leader was perfectly at ease during a parlor conversation asked why he could not perform with equal equanimity on the air. "When I'm on a parlor rug," Heidt replied, "I feel at ease." To this very day such a rug is a part of the orchestra leader's "must" studio equipment.

Starlines: Kay Thompson, featured vocalist with Hal Kemp and his orchestra every Friday evening at 8:30, was born in St. Louis, Missouri. Her childhood ambition was to an actress. She made her radio debut at the age of 16. Kay, whose hobbies are dogs and books, is an accomplished pianist and has composed many tunes. The blond haired songstress hates to cook and is not superstitious.

From the book: Vincent Lopez has added "How Do You Doodle?" to his growing list of song novelties . . . . Al Pearce worked his way through school by helping at a dairy . . . Rubinoff's folding violin, with abbreviated sound-box, can be carried in a binocular case . . . . Al Jolson never writes—always telephones or wires . . . . Martha Raye speaks Italian and Spanish fluently, assuring us that we have been writing too much English, so "Woff-Woff."

Reformer: And, furthermore, hell is just filled with cocktails, roulette wheels, and naughty chorus girls . . .

Voice from the rear (faintly, with a sigh): Oh, death, where is thy sting? —*Tiger.*

OR EDWARDS FIELD

"Pardon me, could you direct me to Henry Street?"

"Oh, you lucky girl, I am Henry Street." —*Octopus.*

"Shave?"

Country Lass: Does the train stop at Grand Central Station?

City Lad: If it doesn't there will be a hell of a wreck.

—*Widow.*

HOW TO GET YOUR GUESTS TO LEAVE

Look at your watch, and at the same time shake it violently, saying so every one can hear: "My, it must have stopped at a quarter past one!"

Stretch out on the couch and pretend you're asleep. Five out of ten will catch on to this one.

Bring a wash basin and toothbrush into the living-room and begin cleaning your teeth.

Get up and suggest that every one join in a chorus of "Home, Sweet Home."

Leave the room for a few minutes and when you return tell your guests that the electric company just 'phoned and said that it would have to shut off the electricity in ten minutes because of a breakage in the power plant.

Cup your hand to your ear and remark: "By gosh, I think I can hear the milkman!"

Just say, "Get the hell out of here!"

ACROSS THE TABLE

(Continued from page 19)

ington, Mass., Bonds wasn't saved until Ivey and Ellis came along . . . .

. . . One of the boys was down at the ten cent store the other day and wanted to purchase an item costing 15c. He gave the girl a quarter, and wondered why she just looked at it. After a moment, she raised her head and said "it only costs 15c."

STOP THIEF

Warden (to escaped prisoner): Well, what kind of work are you good at, my man?

Prisoner: Exercisin' bloodhounds.

—*Bored Walk.*

AND THE ER-HIPS

"My goodness that skirt is tight around the bottom."

"Yes. Around the a-hem, too."

—*Jug.*

PERCOLATED?

"Some Burgundy, 1917, waiter, and some Chase and Sanborn, November 18th." —*Owl.*

A Most Pleasant
And Profitable
Place to Shop

Belk-Leggett
Company

Durham's Shopping Center

As Modern as
"Swing"

MONITE
INSURED
MOTH PROOF CLEANING
PROCESS

University
Cleaners

4921 PHONES 8001

Largest and Most Complete Dry Cleaning Plant in Orange County

MITTMEN

(Continued from page 22)

prompted her continuance of the conversation and she asked if we knew Bunn Hearn?

Again the reply was in the affirmative. "Well, ya know," she said, "I poisoned him one night." That sort of surprised us and we asked her to explain the incident more fully. "Oh, it wasn't really poisoning, he was just hanging around the store—talkin' up a storm—so I stuck a sleeping pill in his coca-cola, but it didn't make much difference. He seemed just as natural as ever," ended her story.

Well as Bunn's papa would say, "He's a big strong boy. He'll get over it."

—*Fletcher W. Ferguson.*

"Now you got to keep away from this guy," the second whispered into the cauliflowered ear of his principal. "Jab him an' get away or he'll use his right. You got to keep that left hand out there an' don't let him get set to use his right. He's a cinch to try to get you to slug with him, but don't do it, or he'll get his right over sure."

"I got you," the fighter nodded, "I'll do just like you say, but suppose he does get his right over anyway? What'll I do?"

"Nothin'," the second instructed. "Just relax and me an' the referee will carry you to your corner."

—*Jack-o-Lantern.*

"Would you call for help if I tried to kiss you?"

"Do you need help?"

—*Sundial.*

SCHOOL

"Were you copying his paper?"

"No, sir, I was only looking to see if he had mine right."

—*Lampoon.*

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

At Registration Week:

Registrar: What's your name, young man?

Student: My autograph is on my identification card.

Registrar: Certainly, and it arouses my curiosity.

CAROLINA HEADQUARTERS

Gabardines

New Spring Arrivals in All Shades

SEE THEM TODAY

Miller-Bishop Co.

108 Corcoran St. Durham, N. C.

Her beauty, they say, is just skin deep
And no one cares her company to keep
Her rep is a bit wabbly and she's forlorn
What a shame when all you've got's gone.

—Audrey Rowell.

POETRY CORNER

I like to be fickle
I like to be trite
I hate prissy things
And I'm bored with what's right.

I'd rather drink gin
Than a sour lemonade;
I'm always around
When there's hell to be made.

I laugh at the dean
And I break college rules.
Life has got so much
In store for damn fools.

LUCKY HE DIDN'T GET "TEDDIES"

Little Willie is so distressed, he got a pair of pink P-jams and a military brush for Christmas and now he doesn't know whether to go to West Point or Duke.

He: May I have this dance with you?

She: No! You're drunk.

He: If I was sober, I wouldn't ask you to dance.

—*Jud Kisswell.*

Grandpappy was getting very old, and all the boys felt sorry for him, because he couldn't go on the possum hunts with them. So they decided to take Grandpappy on one last possum hunt. They gathered up the dogs and started on the hunt. The boys toted Grandpappy over logs, up cliffs, and thru swamps in following the dogs. It was very tiresome, because Grandpappy was heavy and it was hard going following the hounds. Soon they heard the hounds yelp as if they had treed something, and upon arriving on the scene, they found two large angry bears. Boys and dogs started running for home, with the dogs far in the lead. When the boys hit the clearing and were able to get their breath, they began to think about Grandpappy who had been entirely forgotten in the excitement. None were brave enough to go in the woods and find out what had happened to Grandpappy, so they decided to go to his cabin and tell his old wife what had happened. Upon arriving at the cabin, they were surprised to find Grandpappy sitting in a chair smoking his pipe.

They questioned Grandpappy, "How in the world did you get here before us; we ran as fast as we could."

Grandpappy answered, "Oh, I came along with the hounds."

—*C. R.*

USEFUL

Four long years he worked and sweated,
Labored conscientiously,
Crammed for tests and wrote his papers,
Then he won his Phi Beta key.
Now he's working at a counter,
And while waiting to make sales
Reaches for the gold insignia
And calmly cleans his fingernails.

—*Wampus.*

After the funeral, the deceased's son was asked why he had stood up during the ceremony and played "St. Louis Blues" as a saxophone solo.

"He once requested me to do it," the son answered. "When I brought home the music for 'St. Louis Blues,' my father said to me, 'Son, you will play that over my dead body'."

—*R. P. L. Pup.*

•

"You, in the back of the room, what was the date of the signing of the Magna Charta?"

"I dunno."

"You don't, eh? Well, let's try something else. Who was Bonny Prince Charlie?"

"I dunno."

"Well, then, can you tell me what the Tennis Court Oath was?"

"I dunno."

"You don't! I assigned this stuff last Friday. What were you doing last night?"

"I was out drinking beer with some friends."

"You were! What audacity to stand there and tell me a thing like that! How do you ever expect to pass this course?"

"Wal, I don't mister. Ye see, I just come in to fix the radiator. I'm the janitor." —*Froth.*

•

GOOD, HUH!

A bird in the hand is bad table manners.

Success has turned more heads than halitosis.

A fool and his money are some party.

If you want to remember things, tie a string around your finger. If you want to forget things, tie a rope around your neck. —*Sundial.*

Girls who keep on slapping faces
Don't see sights and don't go places,
Girls who can't stand friendly tussles
Should wear crinoline—or bustles,
Girls who act like elder sisters
Seldom register with misters.
Girls who claimed that "they're surprised"
Should be psychoanalyzed.
Girls who will not kiss at parting
Don't get asked again—that's sartin'!

—*Exchange.*

FREE! A Box of Life Savers for the Best Wisecrack!

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?

Send it in to your editor. You may wisecrack yourself into a free prize box of Life Savers!

For the best line submitted each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication. The right to publish any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions of the editors will be final. The winning wisecrack will be published the following month along with the lucky winner's name.

SHOP IN DURHAM

at

Efird's DEPARTMENT STORE

Durham's Largest Department Store

DON'T FORGET THE

Twenty-five Cent Meals

Now Being Served

at the

University Dining Hall Cafeteria

they're Milder
and they Satisfy

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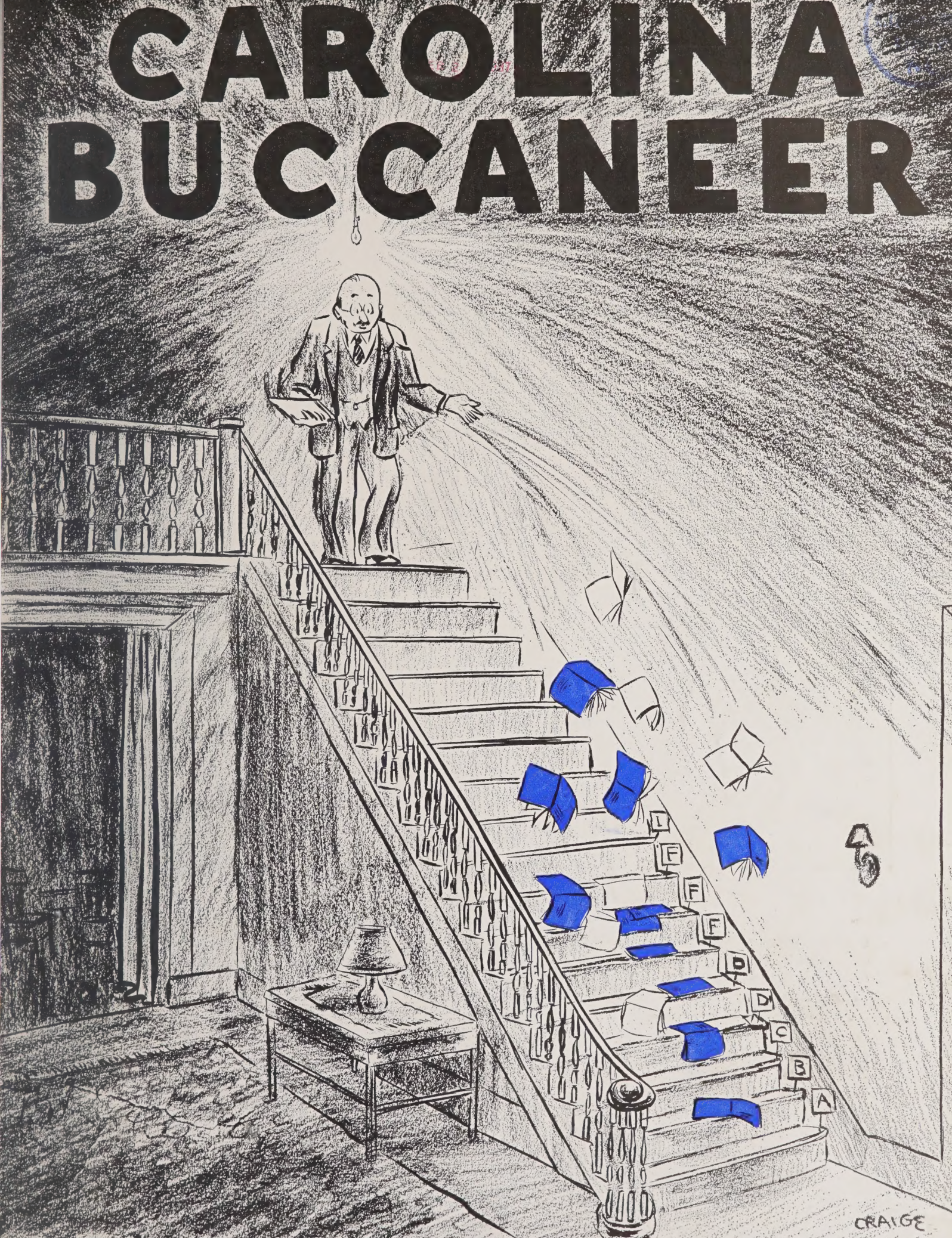
CAROLINA BUCCANEER



FEBRUARY, 1937 ~ 15¢

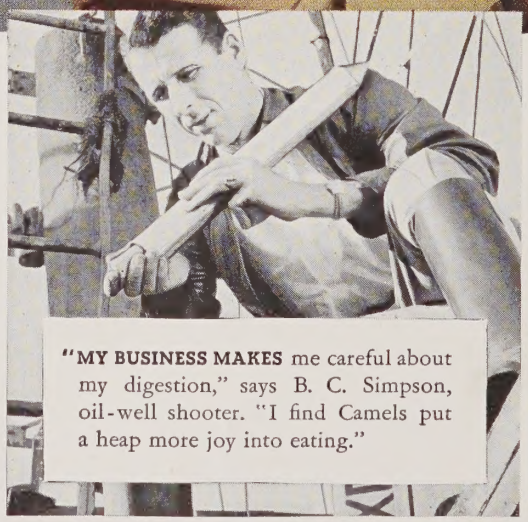
For Digestion's Sake... Smoke Camels

"I'll back that to the limit," says Miss Dorothy Kilgallen, spunky globe-circling girl reporter

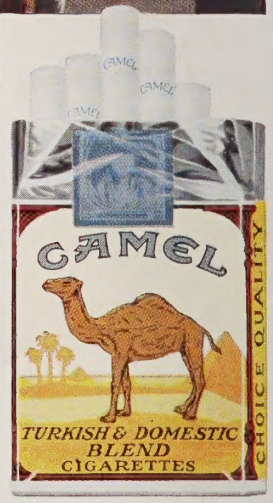
AROUND THE WORLD IN 24 DAYS. "It was a breathless dash," said Miss Dorothy Kilgallen, famous girl reporter, back at work (*above*) after finishing her assignment to circle the world by air in record-breaking time. (*Right*) Her exciting arrival at the Newark Airport. "I snatched meals anywhere," she says, "ate all kinds of food. But Camels helped me keep my digestion tuned up. I'll bet on them any time — for mildness, for their delicate flavor, and for their cheery 'lift.' Camels set me right!"

HEALTHY nerves and good digestion enable you to glide over trying incidents and get the full enjoyment out of working, eating, and playing. No wonder that so many who make their mark in the world today are steady Camel smokers!

At mealtimes — enjoy Camels for the aid they give digestion. By speeding up the flow of digestive fluids and increasing alkalinity, Camels contribute to your sense of well-being. Between meals — get a "lift" with a Camel. Camels don't get on the nerves, or irritate the throat. Join the vast army of smokers who say: "Camels set you right!"



"MY BUSINESS MAKES me careful about my digestion," says B. C. Simpson, oil-well shooter. "I find Camels put a heap more joy into eating."



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COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS — Turkish and Domestic — than any other popular brand

BEHIND THE MIKE

The dizzy lyrics of a swing song, the definition, and the appraisal of swing music have become lately so varied and confusing that you become mortified every time the subject is discussed. However, Andre Kostelanetz, gifted conductor of his forty-five piece orchestra, after experimenting with "swing" in many ways, made some clarifying notes about a subject that he too believes to be overloaded already with confused definitions and discussions. Says he:

"First of all, swing music is a new name for something very old. Plenty of classical composers imparted a swing to their songs remarkably similar to the modern technique.

"The word 'swing' is just a descriptive term applied to a simple method of exaggerating and swinging the rhythm of any good dance number. And swing is always and definitely associated with dance music.

"All swing music features a very simple harmonic structure. This is necessary in order to permit the greatest degree of freedom for 'ad-libbing' by solo instruments. The free use of clever rhythmic devices by individual players is the essence of swing music."

Trailing you will find a list of the pet annoyances of many radio artists. Maybe you'll find a kindred spirit among the haters of cigar smoke, rainy days, road hogs . . . etc. Here's the line-up:

Fred Waring (of the Pennsylvanians): Cigar smoke. He has been known to tremble when entering a room containing it.

Bob Trout (Presidential announcer): City smoke. He comes from a little town in Dixie where there is nothing heavier in the air than a Southern drawl.

Andre Kostelanetz (orchestra leader): July in New York. Licorice. The fifth night in a Pullman.

Margaret McCrae (interpreter of popular songs): Rainy days. People who step on your feet.

Leith Stevens (orchestra leader): Road hogs. Sunday drivers.

Fred Feibel (organist): Low-brow comedians. A "Yes" man.

Horace Heidt (orchestra leader): People who copy others and then claim originality.

Virginia Verrill (popular singer): Spiders. Auditions. Masculine women.

Kay Thompson (blues singer): Frogs. Street cars.

Gracie Allen (the nitwit): Nickels registering in a cab.

George Burns (the witnitter): Barbers who talk when shaving you.

Fellow home-towners of the radio stars, no doubt, can tell you when: Deacons in a Denver church took up with the pastor the matter of Raymond Paige's practicing "jazz" on the church organ. . . . Ted Husing had his salary raised to $22.50 a week as a payroll clerk of the New York Steam Company. . . . Parkyakarkus, then peddling ads for a Boston paper, got his foot caught in a housewife's back door and couldn't get it out. . . . A number of years ago, Deanna Durbin took a header into a Winnipeg snowdrift and was lost for hours. . . . Nelson Eddy ambitiously tried to double in voice in a Philadelphia church choir when the tenor failed to appear.

Too late to classify: Duke Ellington will go back to New York after his sequences for the film, "Hit Parade" are completed in Hollywood—Cab Calloway drew over $700,000 at the Cotton Club in the past seven months—Tommy Dorsey's band went into the Commodore Hotel on February 18 with a Mutual wire—The Master Record Company, new recorders of whom Irving Mills is president, will issue its

(Continued on page 27)

THE MONTH'S RECORDS

"PAPA TREETOP TALL" and "SWING FOR SALE"—(Decca 991)—Recorded by Les Brown and the Duke University Blue Devils . . . Two very good arrangements played in the distinctive style of this young and talented maestro . . . Vocals by Herb Muse.

"ON A LITTLE BAMBOO BRIDGE" and "HOW COULD YOU?" — (Victor 25513)—Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra . . . The trombone continues to slide and Edythe Wright continues to sing . . . What more does a recording need to become a hit?

"LOVE YOU'RE JUST A LAUGH" and "THERE'S FROST ON THE MOON"—(Decca 1114) — Chick Webb and his Orchestra . . . Vocal by Ella Fitzgerald . . . The girl who is rapidly rising to fame as a result of her southern drawl.

"I STUMBLED OVER LOVE" and "SUMMER NIGHT" — (Victor 25477)—Recorded by Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians . . . Another romantic recording by America's most popular dance orchestra . . . Vocals by Carmen Lombardo and the Trio.

"I WANT TO BE HAPPY" and "ROSETTA" — (Victor 25510)—Benny Goodman and his Orchestra . . . The "King of Swing" again revives two old favorites . . . The latter written and arranged by Father Earl Hines.

"THE GOONA GOO" and "WHEN YOU'RE SMILING"—(Decca 1109) — Clyde McCoy and his Orchestra . . . McCoy at his best and that is PLENTY GOOD . . . Arrangement for "THE GOONA GOO" by Clyde himself.

—Jernigan.

THE

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LETTERS

(Towards a More Expressive Language)

Dearest,

Every time I think of you my heart flops up and down like a churn dasher. Sensations of exquisite joy caper over it like young goats on a stable roof and thrill through it like Spanish needles through a pair of linen trousers. As a goslin swimmeth with delight in a mud puddle, so swim I in a sea of glory. Visions of ecstatic rapture, thicker than the hairs of a blacking brush and brighter than the hues of a humming bird's pinions, visit me in my slumber, and borne on their invisible wings, your image stands before me, and I reach out to grasp it like a hound dog snapping at a blue-bottle fly.

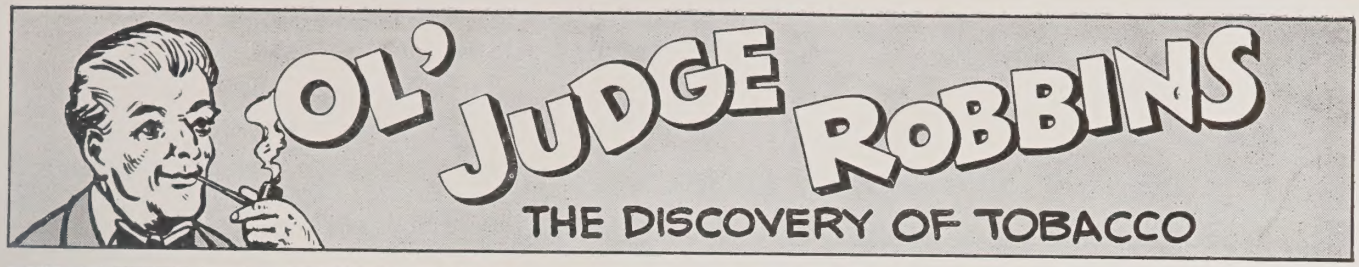
When first I beheld your angelic perfections, I was bewildered and my brain whirled around like a bumble-bee under a glass jar; my mouth stood open like a cellar door in a country town; and my eyes ran out on stems like morning-glories, and I lifted my ears to catch the silvery accents of your voice. My tongue refused to wag, and in silent adoration I drank in the sweet infection of love as a thirsty man swalloweth a tumbler of hot whiskey punch.

Since the light of your face fell upon my life, I sometimes feel as if I could lift myself up by the boot straps to the top of the church steeple and ring the bell for singing school.

Day and night you are in my thoughts. When Aurora, blushing like a bride, rises from her saffron-colored couch; when the jay bird pipes his tuneful lay in the apple tree by the spring house; when chanticleer's shrill clarion heralds the coming morn; when the awakening pig ariseth and grunteth and goes for his morning refreshments; when the drowsy beetle wheels his droning flight at sultry noon-tide, and the lowing herds come home at milk time, I think of thee, and like a piece of gum elastic, my heart seems to stretch clear across my bosom.

Your hair is like the mane of a horse powdered with gold; your forehead is smoother than the elbow of an old coat; your eyes are glorious to behold—in their liquid depth I see legions of little cupids bathing, like a cohort of ants in an old soda cracker. When their fire hit me on my manly breast, it penetrated my whole anatomy, like a load of birdshot

(Continued on page 27)



PHOOEY ON THIS WEATHER. I'D GIVE UP ANYTHING, EVEN MY PIPE, IF I COULD BE WARM AND CLOTHES-FREE LIKE THOSE SAVAGES COLUMBUS DISCOVERED
SURE — BUT WHY GIVE UP YOUR PIPE?
BECAUSE MY PIPE IS IMPORTANT TO ME — AND THOSE WEST INDIAN NATIVES DIDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT TOBACCO
THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG THEY WERE SMOKING WHEN COLUMBUS DISCOVERED THEM
THAT OCTOBER MORN IN 1492, COLUMBUS WAS DUE FOR SOME SURPRISES.

ONE OF THE MOST CHERISHED OFFERINGS OF THE NATIVES WAS LEAF-TOBACCO, WELL DRIED AND READY FOR SMOKING
MOST OF THE NATIVES SMOKED BY MERELY INHALING THE FUMES, BUT SOME OF THEM HAD A LONG, HOLLOW TUBE WITH THE FORKED ENDS INSERTED IN THE NOSTRILS
WELL, COLUMBUS MAY HAVE DISCOVERED THIS INDIAN CUSTOM BUT PRINCE ALBERT BRINGS IT TO PERFECTION
YOU BET! IN ALL THE YEARS I'VE BEEN SMOKING P.A. IT HAS YET TO BITE MY TONGUE OR BURN TOO HOT FOR COOL ENJOYMENT

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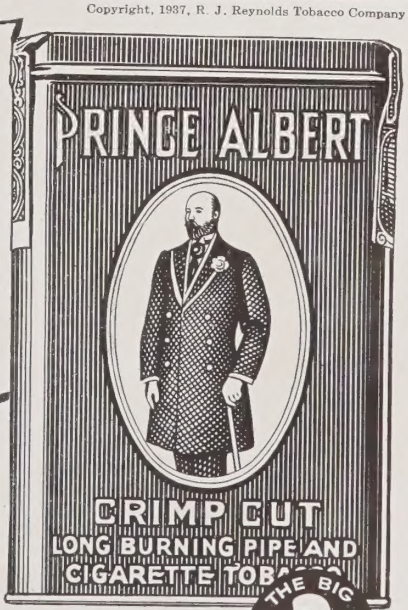
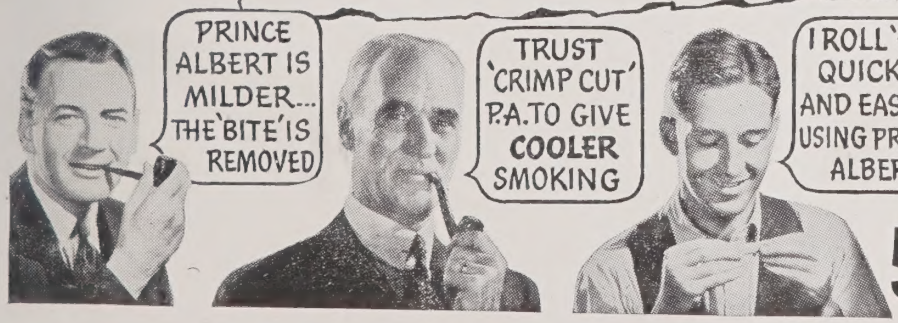
PRINCE ALBERT MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

SMOKE 20 FRAGRANT PIPEFULS OF PRINCE ALBERT. IF YOU DON'T FIND IT THE MELLOWEST, TASTIEST PIPE TOBACCO YOU EVER SMOKED, RETURN THE POCKET TIN WITH THE REST OF THE TOBACCO IN IT TO US AT ANY TIME WITHIN A MONTH FROM THIS DATE, AND WE WILL REFUND FULL PURCHASE PRICE, PLUS POSTAGE.

(SIGNED) R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!




PRINCE ALBERT IS MILDER... THE BITE IS REMOVED
TRUST 'CRIMP CUT' P.A. TO GIVE COOLER SMOKING
I ROLL 'EM QUICKER AND EASIER USING PRINCE ALBERT

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

"Le's turn out the light and go to bed."

The Carolina Buccaneer

University of North Carolina

VOLUME XIII FEBRUARY, 1937 NUMBER 6

PIECES OF EIGHT

● *Wally Dunham Enters*

The second appearance of Wally Dunham on the Student-Faculty Day stunt night convinced us of his greatness. We think that he is even greater than Miss Angna Enters, because we didn't understand half of what Miss Enters was doing. Though we never saw a lady take a bath, Wally apparently has, and he gave us a good idea of how it is done.

Wally has got everything Miss Enters had, except big feet, Boris Karloff eyebrows, and facial makeup three layers thicker than Tertian clay. All he needs now is an accompanist at the piano, a dead pan like Miss Enters', and a trunk full of stage properties; then he can go on the road calling himself "The Theatre of Wally Dunham."

● *Yo-Yo*

Mr. Cally Duqué was back in Chapel Hill the other day. It was his third visit to Chapel Hill, marking his third annual appearance in local store windows. Mr. Duqué makes his living by appearing in store windows and is a yo-yoist . . . one of the best in the world. With the possible exception of a Mister Tex Schóltz, who lives in Texas, Mister Duqué says that he is the best yo-yoist in the world.

Mr. Duqué is a little Filipino, wears a livid blue suit with high peaked lapels and very wide-bottomed trousers. Except for a bit of tiny shoe-toe, the trousers hide the entire foot of Mister Duqué.

Mister Duqué is branded as a professional yo-yoist, and says he makes a minimum of $35 a week yo-yoing in store windows. When working, Mister Duqué steps into store windows, bows dapperly to his sidewalk audience, and begins to yo-yo. As the crowd grows, Mister Duqué proportionately increases the complicity of his yo-yo tricks. For a meager crowd, Mister Duqué only tosses one or two yo-yos nonchalantly about, but for a big crowd of gapers, Mister Duqué will make his yo-yo turn many flips, crawl spider-like back and forth upon a string, and he is even able to place a yo-yo in his coat pocket while still spinning. He says that he always gets a crowd and many of the onlookers become so fascinated by his dexterity with a yo-yo that they often go into the stores to buy yo-yos from the proprietors. His largest following, he says, is among the school children and "especially younger generation of America are adopting it as their famous game because the yo-yo he is very scientific in basis."

In spite of his large following, Mister Duqué does not think that the yo-yo will return to the prominent place that it occupied five years ago; neither will wide-bottomed trousers.

● *Alka-Seltzer*

Despite his filthy sheet, we like Don McKee's bubbling effervescence. We like the pleasant way that he growls at you in his frog voice, sounding like a thimble popping on a washboard. We like the "Hail, Hitler" manner in which he waves a greeting, and we like the way he pops his chin out at you and grins. In general, we like that thing about Don which the high school teachers used to call "attitude."

● *Gone*

The way that the crowd migrates from one place to the other, leaving the first place deserted, always gets us down. To our mind, there is nothing more forlorn and empty than a vacant circus lot the day after the show has gone, leaving Cracker-Jack boxes and sawdust scattered amid elephant dung all over the deserted field. The empty lot seems to cry for the glamorous performers of yesterday just as the library seems to cry for absent students as we beat our merry way down to the Tin Can for a set of dances. We pitied the poor class buildings as we gazed out at them from Bynum gym during Midwinters, and when we accidentally rose early and went downstairs Sunday morning following the dances, we pitied the poor parlor which had survived a big party of the night before. We were standing there in the doorway to the parlor, all wrapped up in our sympathetic reverie, feeling very sorry for the parlor, when suddenly we heard the snore of a drunk. We went around the couch, and saw him lying there, very peacefully snoozing, a happy, contented look upon his face. As we eyed him, we could not help think that he had brought infinite comfort to the deserted parlor through those dark, hollow hours following the party.

We know that the parlor must have been endlessly grateful for the solace which the drunk must have given during the wee hours.

● *Ralph Waldo Emerson Junior*

It's hell to have a desire to write and then not be able to express what you want to say . . . to have little devils prodding on your insides, fighting to be released in beautiful verse or prose. It's hell not being able to express what you want to say; at least, that's what a lot of people have told us who want to write and can't.

Being of an understanding nature, we always sympathize with people who are thwarted in their desires to write, so we naturally sympathize with the person who left this bit in a typewriter the other day. We found it sticking there in the carriage of the machine, and here's how it reads:

"Once as I sat thinking thoughts more lonely than any man ever thought before, there appeared to me as from a cloud, a little old man who looked as though he were a hundred if he were a day. 'Why do you appear so lonely and distraught?' he asked me in a kindly way. 'Did you ever feel,' I asked him, 'that you were absolutely alone in this world, that you could never really express your thoughts to another soul in the world. That people are beings shut up in cells of sounding brass, and our words are worthless to us, symbols bearing a different value for each of us.' 'Yes,' he answered thoughtfully, 'but is not that man's highest privilege . . . to be able to think alone . . . to have something away from the rest of the crowd?'

"And then a genii approached in a anieguubo and abcdefghij klmnopqrstuvwxyz234567890/½ -?$%"—&'()*Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party."

● *Redskin*

While testing a spot of ale in Harry's Grill on a recent buoyant night, a big blonde drunk came over to our table and waved his finger in our face. In a malty whisper he confided in our ear:

"Don't tell anybody, but a great injustice has been done!"

"How's that?" we asked.

"Shh! Not so loud!"

"What's the matter?"

"Not so loud, please! We are among enemies."

"Enemies?"

"Yes, enemies, and a great injustice has been done."

"Injustice to whom?"

"To the Indians."

"To the Indians?" The drunk sat down and flung his arm over our shoulder, cupped his mouth to our ear and whispered, "An injustice has been done to my friends, the Indians. By rights everything belongs to the Indians, because they were the first ones here."

The drunk took a swig of our beer. He sat down the mug emphatically, "Indeed yes! The whole country is by rights the property of the Indians. Did not the early Dutch and English settlers buy all of the redskins' property with baubles and trinkets? Did not the white settlers buy Manhattan Island for a string of beads? *Is that not true?*"

"Yes," we admitted readily.

"Then if it is true, does not all the entire country belong to the Indians?"

"Yes."

"Ah, then, you admit that I am right my friend, and if I am right, you admit that the country should *go back* to the Indians?

"Yes," we admitted, and the drunk rose to his full height.

"Well, my friend, I am Chief Rain-in-the-Face, and I came to collect for the Indians. Are you willing to make a down payment of fifteen cents to the Indians for a bottle of ale?"

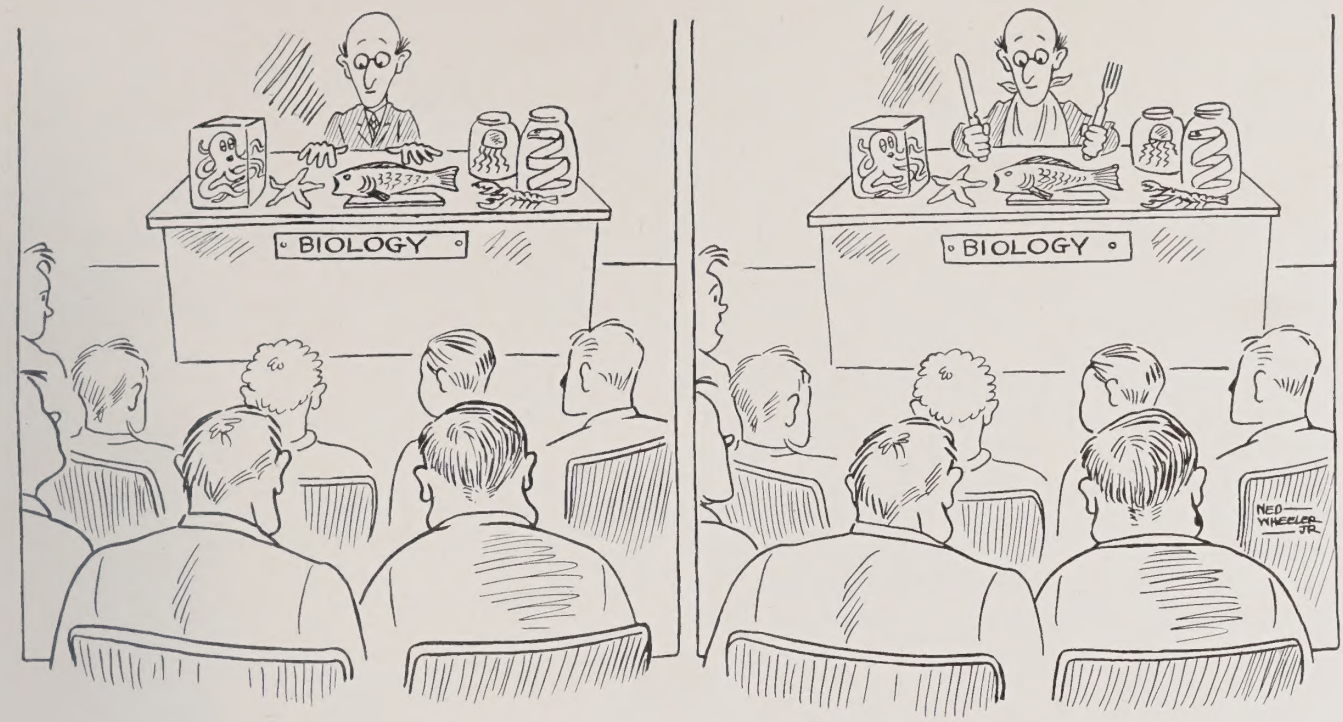
● *Crook*

When Paul Green won the Pulitzer Prize with "In Abraham's Bosom" back in 1927, a lot of stooges had to go into action in order to raise the new poet of the Carolinas into juxtaposition with other literary demigods. A flurry of feature stories appeared in the magazine sections of newspapers, relating anecdotes and giving biographical sketches of the budding author. Bob Madry, fresh to the University News Bureau from the Paris *Gazette*, contributed his share, and in one of his reports which was sent out to all the state papers, Mr. Madry revealed to the public that Paul Green had been a baseball player in his day, proficient at this baseball business, being a pitcher by trade. Mr. Green, according to Bob Madry, was ambidextrous, being able "to throw a ball game with either hand."

At first blush, we would never have suspected the superannuated Playmaker of such maliciousness, would you?

● *Where's Edward?*

It never does to just accept something. Take the radio, for instance; we used to just accept that—sort of take it for granted, so to speak; but not now. Now we class it among those supposedly inanimate objects that have real personalities, like cabbages and automobiles and collar-buttons. It all happened one night when we were sitting with a bunch of fellows at a girl's house. As usual, the radio was running, producing a program of pupular music; but nobody was paying much heed to it. We were all busy looking at some pictures someone had taken during the recent summer vacation—the kind that show people leaning out of cars, lying on their stomachs in bathing suits, and in all sorts of poses which you would think they wouldn't be proud of, but they are. We were all pretty much



engrossed with them, except a tallish tow-headed fellow named Ed, who had seen them at least twenty times before and was the subject of about half of them. He wandered out of the room, seeking entertainment elsewhere. Meanwhile the radio played on unnoticed, and the program changed from dance music to a mystery play, or something of the sort. The group kept looking at the pictures and laughing, until finally it came to a peculiarly funny one of which Ed was the subject. The hostess started to ask him something about it, but she looked up and he wasn't there. "Ed!" she called; but there was no answer. "Ed, where are you?" Still no answer; and then suddenly the radio announced, in a deep bass voice: "Has anybody here seen Ed?"

Since then it has been a perfectly well-behaved radio; but we're still scared to turn our back to it when it's running. There's no telling what it might say.

● *Ureka*

One night last week we casually stopped by the editorial office of our contemporary. The door groaned heavily as we entered. Gloom enwrapped us. No recognition beyond a weary half-raising of half-a-dozen eyelids.

As we were carefully backing out into the friendly atmosphere of the bare corridor, the enveloping haze was split asunder by a zig-zagging cry—"I have it. Our new issue. It'll revolutionize collegiate education. Stream this headline — NO PROFS, NO DEANS, STUDENTS SUPREME." —*The Editors.*

COMPLAINT

What's the use?
Just abuse
I get from youse.

—Dora.

Prof.: Didn't you have a brother in this course last year?

Stude: No, sir, it was I. I'm taking it over again.

Prof.: Extraordinary resemblance, though—extraordinary.

"The curve of distribution is-ah-ah-a curve."—*Dr. A. M. Jordan, Psychology C61.*

POOR PROFESSOR

o student, venture not to show disdain
for this poor mortal who has made his brain
his god; but rather with him sympathize,
for, though of all mankind he be most wise,
he bears therewith a heavy burden, too:
his best he has to waste on such as you.

PENNILESS

"Have you gone out on an errand yet?"

"No; I haven't got sent."

"My, but you're illiterate!"

"I know, I haven't any sense."

"What I want to know is whether you have any perfume at home?"

"No; I haven't a scent."

"Then run down to the drugstore and buy some."

"I'm sorry, I haven't a cent."

"If I lent you the money, would the boss allow you to go out?"

"I don't know. I haven't assent."

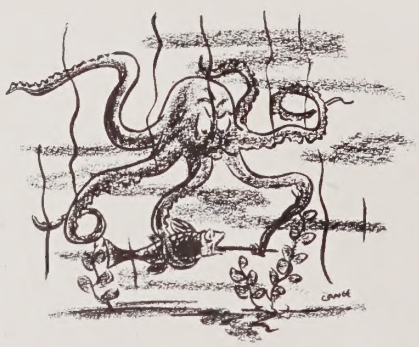
NOTES o
the Car

A Supplement wh

Fres

(NOTE: *At the behest of the American Z*
cal Society, and to better acquaint the s

Specimen No. 1: *Fredericus Kochius,* or "Belted Bantam." Description: A short, ferocious looking little bird, with a graying topknot. It carries itself with its chest stuck out, and its hands in its pockets, walking with strides that give it an air of importance out of all demeanor with its size. Its feathers assume many and often very startling combinations during all seasons, their chief characteristic being the fact that the coat is always left open in the front, but has a belt about the midriff. Habitat: Usually the front page of the *Tar Heel.* Habits: This bird is the father of that ever-present and annoying species of "Playmakers," and is apparently unashamed of the fact that it is. Students are warned to beware it, lest it seize them and make Playmakers of them—a horrible end, even for an Intellectual. During the Christmas Season it flies about all over the countryside, entering any theaters it can get into and screwing its face up in a manner called "scrooge," a role in which it is apparently very popular. Call: (loudly, and at all times) "Koch! Koch!"



Specimen No. 2: *Sawbonius Berryhillius,* or "the Doctorpus." Description: This beast has a ferocious visage, and dresses all in white, giving it the general appearance of a Polar Bear with a hangover. It is always accompanied by the rank smell of antiseptic. Habitat: A horrible den of disease and torture known as the Infirmary. Habits: Beware! This is by far the most predatory animal on the campus. Never venture into its lair, as it will seize you on slighest pretext and stick a snow-shovel down your throat, meanwhile demanding that you say "Ah." This being impossible for you under such conditions, the Doctorpus thereupon places you in a bed for a week while it and its vicious cohorts feed you two-inch horse pills, vile liquid concoctions, and cold left-overs from Swain Hall, which are even worse than the so-called medicine. If you survive this treatment and the disdain of the nurses, you are deemed "well" and are presented with a bill amounting to half the national debt and told to leave, as it was all your fault anyhow. Beware the Doctorpus!

e Fauna of a Campus

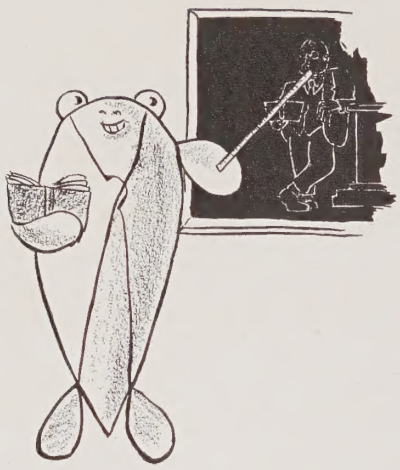
nave long since been
he
ndbook

h the forms of wild life which surround them,
editors have compiled the following notes.)

Specimen No. 4: *Richmondius PBondius,* or the "Poisonous Pekinese." Description: As the name would suggest. Habitat: Sophomore English courses. Habits: Biting. It drives its poor students unmercifully, lashing them on with its bitter tongue. Scores have been laid low by its quizzes, than which there are no than whicher. It takes fiendish delight in seeing students writhing in its clutches, and in seeing itself quoted in the "We Quote" column of the BUCCANEER. Venture not into one of its classes, as you will most certainly be taught some English before you escape; but perhaps the experience is worth the penalty, for to see the Poisonous Peke in action is indeed a super, super, super, super, super spectacle, worthy of Cecil B. DeMille. Call: The call of the Poisonous Peke is somewhat like that of an educated parrot, but its enunciation is slightly less polished; for example, it says "rahdio" instead of "radio." At least twice an hour it calls in an acid voice, "Yes, me little darlings, it's a cruel, cruel world."

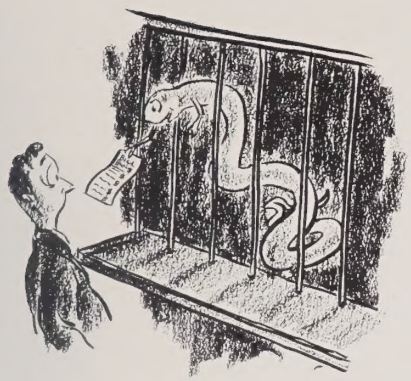
Specimen No. 3: *Ericsonius Socialisticus,* or "Sheep in Wolf's Clothing." Description: The peculiarity of the appearance of this species is that it always looks utterly harmless to students until they graduate and become alumni, after which time the mere mention of its name causes them to see red. Habitat: Saunders and Murphey in general, being found chiefly in sophomore English classes. Habits: This animal is most frequently seen accompanied by droves of "New Jersey Intellectuals," easily recognizable by their hooked noses, horn-rimmed glasses, and high-water pants. These swarm about it and into all of its courses, gently pulling its leg and shooting it the bull about the Class Struggle or their enthusiasm for Keats and Byron—all in the interest of the working class, and their own class standing. At such times the atmosphere becomes almost stifling because of the presence of a pink haze.

Because the *Ericsonius* is totally undomesticated, and has even been known to seek dark company while feeding, it is commonly regarded as an extremely dangerous and predatory animal; actually it is totally harmless. Although it is frequently preyed upon by Trustees, Newspaper Editors, and Davidclarks, it has shown no signs of becoming extinct, and frequently reappears in the news, among a froth of editorials. Call: "Look out! There's a fascist behind that!"



Specimen No. 5: *Englitius Bagbycus,* or "The Mythical Beast." Appearance: Extremely orbicular. May be distinguished from a ball by the fact that it will not bounce. May be distinguished from a sea elephant by the fact that it wears glasses and will not snap at a fish. On second thought, it *might* snap at a fish; but, anyhow, we never saw a sea elephant with glasses on. Habitat: In and about New West Building, or anywhere where it can find opportunity to expound on Psychology. We sometimes suspect that occasionally it even descends to the level of talking to ladies' book clubs. Habits: This beast seems to take great delight in tormenting the lower forms of life, such as white rats, dogs, and students in Psych. 21. The former it subjects to endless torture by putting them in mazes, problem boxes, and other fiendish devices, and then laughs with rotund delight at their anguish; the latter it subjects to the even more fiendish torture of pop quizzes and an adding-machine grading system. Investigations are now being carried on to determine how long it would take the Bagby to roll a parched peanut around a hundred foot maze with its nose, having one ear cut off and its left leg tied behind it. The results will be of incalculable benefit to something or other. Note: The Bagby, or "Mythical Beast," behaves *strictly* according to behaviorist principles. Its mind has *no* control over its actions *whatsoever.* Otherwise it is a harmless and docile animal.

Specimen No. 6: *Ec-elevenius Zimmermanius,* or "the Prehistoric Zimmerproboscimus." Description: This animal is an ungainly left-over from the age of Dinosaurs. It has a large and placid countenance, which, once seen, can never be forgotten. Habitat: In the arid wastes of the Bingham Desert, from which no student has ever returned in his right mind, and which no professor ever entered in his right mind. Habits: The Zimmerproboscimus has a reputation as a jocular beast, somewhat as the hyena, and endeavors to sustain this reputation by continually producing jokes for the inspection and approval of the class. Some of these jokes are as old as the animal itself. Its favorite pose is a semi-hunch, in which it draws its shoulders up about its adams-apple, lays one finger beside its proboscis, and gazes at nothing in particular. When the animal assumes this position, it is an indication that it is about to let loose a joke, and the students are warned to govern their actions accordingly. Call: The Zimmerproboscimus has a language all its own, which is unintelligible to all save those who have had at least two courses in it. When excited it is prone to sputtering. But, gadzooks, it is a lovable beast withal.



Specimen No. 7: *Cashierius Evansius,* or the "Business Office Redtapeworm." Description: (see "the Mythical Beast." May be distinguished from that animal by the pencil behind its ear.) Habitat: A verminous den in the South Building Swamp, known as the Business Office. Habits: This is the only one of the animals so far mentioned that has been captured. Although it has been confined to a cage in the Administration Building, it is by no means domesticated. Students are warned not to be inveigled into approaching its cage by its chubby smile and harmless appearance, for these are mere devices for luring the hapless one to his doom. Once a student is in the clutches of the Redtapeworm it coils itself about him like a boa-constrictor, crushing every cent of cash from him, smearing him with an impenetrable slime of bills due, interest charges, and unpaid balances, and not releasing him until he has mollified it with a twenty-day note. A remarkable fact about this animal is its incredible slowness, far exceeding that of a sloth. It moves its ponderous bulk around with less speed than a rheumatic glacier; in fact, it is often hard to tell whether the Redtapeworm is working or hibernating. Occasionally a helpless student drops from exhaustion and dies of old age outside its cage, even before it has time to crush him with its enormous fees.

Specimen No. 8: *Francisius Bradshawius,* or "Old Mother Goose." Appearance: This animal is a dean, which accounts for the dignity of its bearing (ahem). It is also Dean of Students, which accounts for that last remark. Habitat: The South Building Swamp, which is infested with deans, registrars, and other administrative officers, and should be fumigated at the public expense. Habits: Very motherly and bothersome. Mother Goose takes freshmen under its wing as soon as they arrive in Chapel Hill, and herds them into its Sunday School class known as Freshman Chapel. There, where they cannot get away, it lectures to them unmercifully, stuffing them with Moral Sentiments and Profound Thoughts. This is supposed to be a Good Thing for the freshmen, as it gives them a half hour in which to study and also teaches them to sleep on wooden benches, thus preparing them for their careers when they finish college. If any student is so unwise as to fall into the clutches of the Mother Goose, it is liable to subject him to Vocational Guidance, thereby leaving him in a total fog as to what course of study he should pursue. It is said that the pampering and babying of the Mother Goose are responsible for the fact that so many Carolina students are still feeding from the bottle.

"There goes that eccentric Prof. Glutz again."

THE QUEST

A Drama Without a Conflict
by
A Faculty Member

CHARACTERS:

THE PROFESSOR: *Known as Pro. He does take money for it.*

STOOGE A: *Robust and healthy, conspicuously wearing a dark blue sweater.*

STOOGE B: *Robust and healthy, conspicuously wearing a dark blue sweater.*

STOOGE C: *Robust and healthy, conspicuously wearing a dark blue sweater.*

STOOGE X: *Sallow and anemic, wearing oversized spectacles.*

STOOGE Y: *Ibid.*

STOOGE Z: *Ibid.*

SCENE: *A senior classroom.*

(Discovered: Stooges A, B, and C, with their feet propped on the bench in front of them, complacently watching a couple of sparrows outside the window. Stooges X, Y, and Z, with heads lowered into the morning edition of THE DAILY TAR HEEL.)

STOOGE X—Well, that so-and-so editor, cut the best part of my letter on what's wrong with the University!

STOOGE Y—You're lucky. He wouldn't even use mine. Said we had to lay off the Faculty 'til after Student-Faculty Day.

STOOGE A—Look at him go after 'er.

STOOGE Z—He sure better accept mine. I spent an hour on it and I showed just why we aren't getting an education and how we could.

STOOGE B—She's teasing him now. Ain't they having fun?

STOOGE C—More than we are anyway.

(Enter Pro.)

PRO—Good morning, gentlemen. (*No movement, but since he doesn't expect any recognition, it's all right.*)

PRO—Well, gentlemen, to consider the statement that "Beauty is truth, truth—"

STOOGES ABC—Oh, Pro, do we have to go through that again?

STOOGES XYZ — Right, Pro, what we want to know is when do we get this education we came here for?

PRO—Gentlemen, I'm glad you raised that question. Frankly it did give me considerable concern.

(Stooge A carefully pulls out his watch, looks at it, and then holds up three fingers to B and C.)

PRO—Then I took up golf. *(There is a flicker of interest.)* And I soon learned that forgetting to record strokes had little relation to mastering the game.

(There is a slump, suddenly transformed into feverish activity by the bell.)

CURTAIN

ED. NOTE: *That's really all there was.*

Professor: You missed my class yesterday, didn't you?

Unsubdued Student: Not in the least, sir, not in the least.

George, Jean and Nathan

My name is George, and early one morning I am walking down across the campus when I meet Nathan.

"Hi, Nathan," I say. "Going to class?"

"Yeah," he says, and we start to walking together.

Because it's so early in the morning and because people don't talk much early in the morning, we don't say anything . . . just walk along to our eight-thirty.

I don't know Nathan very well, and because I am trying to make a multitude of friends about the campus, I feel like I ought maybe to say something. Although I am very sleepy because I did not drink but two cups of coffee for breakfast, I say to Nathan in order to make conversation: "Whatcha taking this quarter, Nathan?"

"Hi, Jean," he answers.

"That's pretty easy, isn't it?" I ask, eyeing a good-looking girl that is passing at the moment.

"What do you mean, pretty easy?" says Nathan, turning around to me as though he were half angry.

"Oh," I say, "I mean are you getting along pretty well?"

"Yeah, we get along just swell," says Nathan, "but I want to know what you meant by that crack you just made about her being pretty easy?"

"Oh," I say, "I thought it was supposed to be pretty easy."

"What are you trying to do," says Nathan, turning very red in the face, "are you trying to insult my girl?"

"Girl?" I ask.

"Yeah . . . girl . . . Jean."

"Jean?" I say, taken back.

"Yeah, Jean . . . that girl we just passed back there! Jean Klaggett, and you insulted her, talking about her being easy."

"Oh," I say, sorta dense. "You said 'Hi, Jean,' and I thought that you said 'Hygiene.' "

"Hygiene?" says Nathan, and he looks at me deep in the eye like I am very dopey and stupid. "What are you talking about . . . hygiene?"

"Hygiene like you take in school," I say to Nathan, trying to explain.

"Well, how did you get to talking about hygiene?"

"Oh, never mind," I say, and we walk on, with Nathan still looking at me funny.

Nathan and I are still friends, I guess, but I don't walk across the campus early in the morning with him any more. I am afraid that we might meet Jean.

—*Dick Hicks.*

Little princess Tania was playing in the garden, back of the castle, with her little golden ball. On one great throw, the ball got away from her and bounced in the beautiful crystal pool. Tania, not being able to get the ball, sat down at the brink and began to cry. While in this sad state, a frog emerged from the water and inquired as to her doleful condition. She explained to the frog that she had lost her golden ball. The frog proposed a compromise: "I will get your golden ball for you if you will let me sleep in your little golden bed for one night." The compromise was accepted; the frog got the ball; and the princess, true to her word, tucked the frog in bed alongside of her that night.

It so happened that during the night, the frog, being bewitched, and by his accomplishment of some good deed, was restored to his former state—a handsome prince. Everything progressed satisfactorily, but the princess had one hellava time making her parents believe that frog story.

—*Capehart Harney.*

GLAD TO HAVE SEEN YOU

By Hayden C. Clement

I saw it coming, but there was nothing I could do about it then. Like a first mate scanning the horizon for land, there was good ole Wes—yeah, good ole Wes—peering through the plate-glass window of "The Jigger Shop." He had already seen us, and so now there was no use to get under the table. Deprecatively, I got up, walked around my chair three times, and sat on my handkerchief. I might as well have prayed for no classes tomorrow, for he pranced over to our table with the swagger of a drum major.

" 'Lo, Marsha. What say, Wilson?"

"Have something to drink, Wes?" I asked.

"Couldn't drink a thing today. I don't see how you do it after last night. What you got in there, tomato juice?"

It was coca-cola, as Marsha and I had stopped for some refreshments after the show. We had been getting along fine lately, but now she was looking at me as if she were peeping around a corner, and hoping I wouldn't be there. I had told her yesterday afternoon that I was going to have to finish my paper that night, and everything had received the stamp of approval, at least that of credulity, until this varlet of a prattling magpie had flown in.

"You shoulda been with us, Marsha. We slung some party. I think though for once that Wilson got along all right without you. That was a pretty keen girl you had, boy, but was she drunk? Whew!"

"I wish I could have been, Wes, but *I* had to finish a term paper. Tell me what happened." Her voice was as cold as a snake's belly on a piece of ice.

If he would only stop now, I might be able to find some balm in Gilead to soothe Marsha in the millenium; but Wes wasn't content to put the cards on the table in a gentlemanly fashion. Oh no, he had to shuffle them and throw them in my face.

"You know that in every party there is always someone who has to look after the rest. Well, I could tell from the start that I had been unanimously elected. I didn't see much of Wilson, as he and Katie went out and sat in the car until the party was about over, but when they came in they both looked a wreck. I guess she looked the worse though, Marsha. They came in only for a minute to get her coat, then left. What time did you get in, Wilson?"

"Oh, I don't know. About twelve, I reckon."

"Oh no you didn't either, for I didn't come in till one thirty, and I had been in some time when I heard you put the car up. —Well there goes Mickey. I got to talk to him about something. Glad to have seen you."

Marsha said, "Glad to have seen you, Wes."

"Yeah, glad to have seen you," I said.

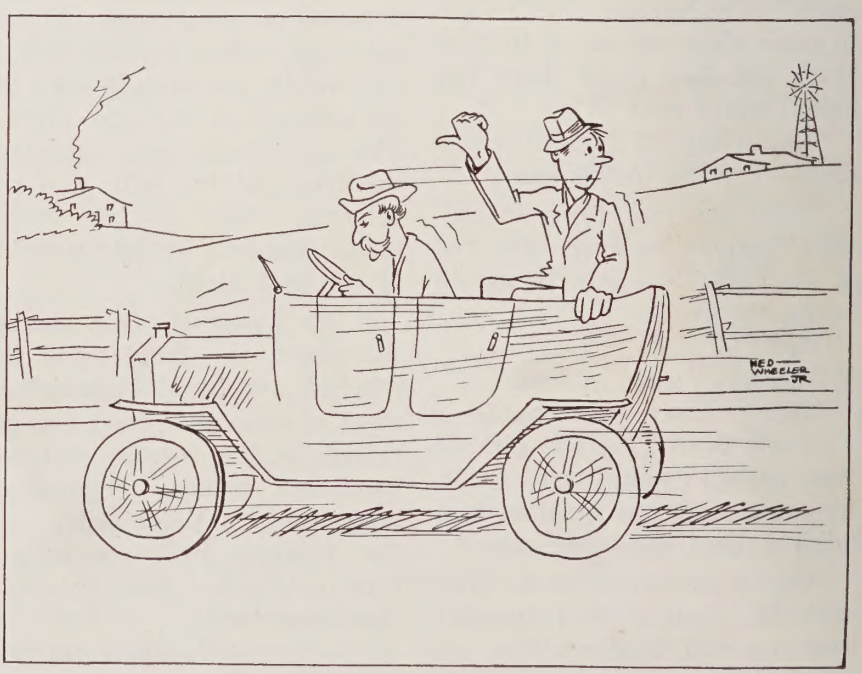
ARCTIC SACRIFICE

By Pneumonn Pneumonne

Twelve men to be chosen,
Chozen and stiffly frozen . . .
A chozen frozen dozen.

No choice to choose the freeze . .
Only an assurance
Of frigid endurance
As a corpse in aseptic ease.

Ed. Note: Yeah!



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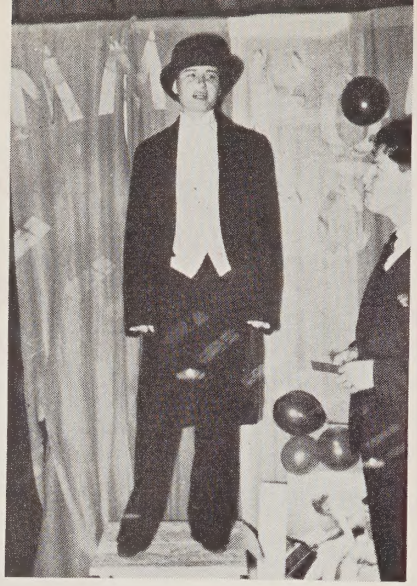
Professors and rabble merge

Track pants, garters, sweat shirt and towel made W. S. Wells, English instructor, probably the best dressed gentleman tramp at the recent Tramp Ball. He's the tall one in the background. The only other one we knew in the picture was Tommy Irwin, prominent baseballer student with the checks. The one facing you is probably the real tramp who was declared ineligible for the prize.



More Student-Faculty appreciation

Crowd-gatherer (barker) Mrs. A. D. B. Langston, wife of A. D. B. Langston of the English department, helps faculty members mingle with students with less formality down at the Tin Can. With false mustache and ceegar plus unrestrained gusto she was the tops on that hilarious occasion.

Scholars both?

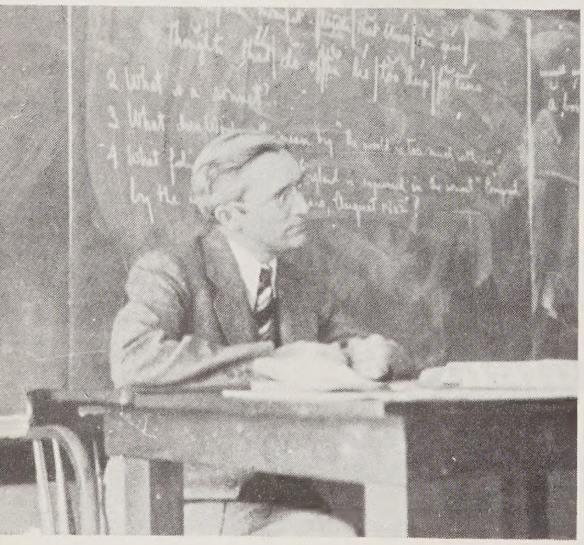
Once Business Manager of the 'Tar Heel', Dean of Students, F. F. Bradshaw went from bad to good in becoming President of the Senior Class in his college days here. Then became one of the few, if not the only person, to also hold the office of President of the Student Body. On top of these honors were piled Golden Fleece and a Phi Beta key.

PARADE

In this typical pose R. P. McClamroch deals out knowledge of English again, after two or three years' abscence. The 'Con-Pro' might mean that he is against something, but whether it is proffesionals or professors, or even professional-professors isn't very well established.

"Now, just who DID discover America?"

Ex-N. C. State Archivist, A. R. Newsome, now bestows knowledge to students as head of the History Department. As a student in the University he was President of the Di, Student Council Member, and Phi Beta Kappa.



Con-pros

Benjamin F. Swalin directs the University Symphony Orchestra and here teaches music lovers, music appreciation, with eyes to the ceiling. And he has a charming wife.

Un-n-nya . . .

Our Sally

Sometimes termed 'Dean of Students', Miss Sally, actually Mrs. Sally T. Ray, secretary to Dean Hobbs, dances this one with University Club man, Randy Berg. For no reason as far as we can see Miss Sally has destroyed all pictures and cuts of her so THE TAR HEEL *can't carry her pictures. This should be a scoop or something or other shouldn't it?*

"Never place your hands on the desk . . .

George McKie, probably the best loved man in the English department, shows you how not to make a speech. One of the members of the Debate Council, Dr. McKie turns actor once a year to take part in the Playmaker Student-Faculty Final Production.

"Scholars and visiting scholars"

Second and third, from right to left, the President and Dean of Administration. The others are visitors. President Frank P. Graham was once President of the Student Body, Editor of the 'Tar Heel', President of the Y. M. C. A., Golden Fleece, and a History Professor.

Dean House once edited the 'Carolina Magazine' and roomed with Dean Bradshaw. Golden Fleece, Dean House's bids to fame are his Harmonica solos and his "Oh Yeahs".

Lyons and Wiley. You could go on and on about those tours to Europe with J. C. Lyons. They're the best. Although sarcastic (Lyons anyhow), both Lyons and Wiley are the best liked French Professors on the campus.

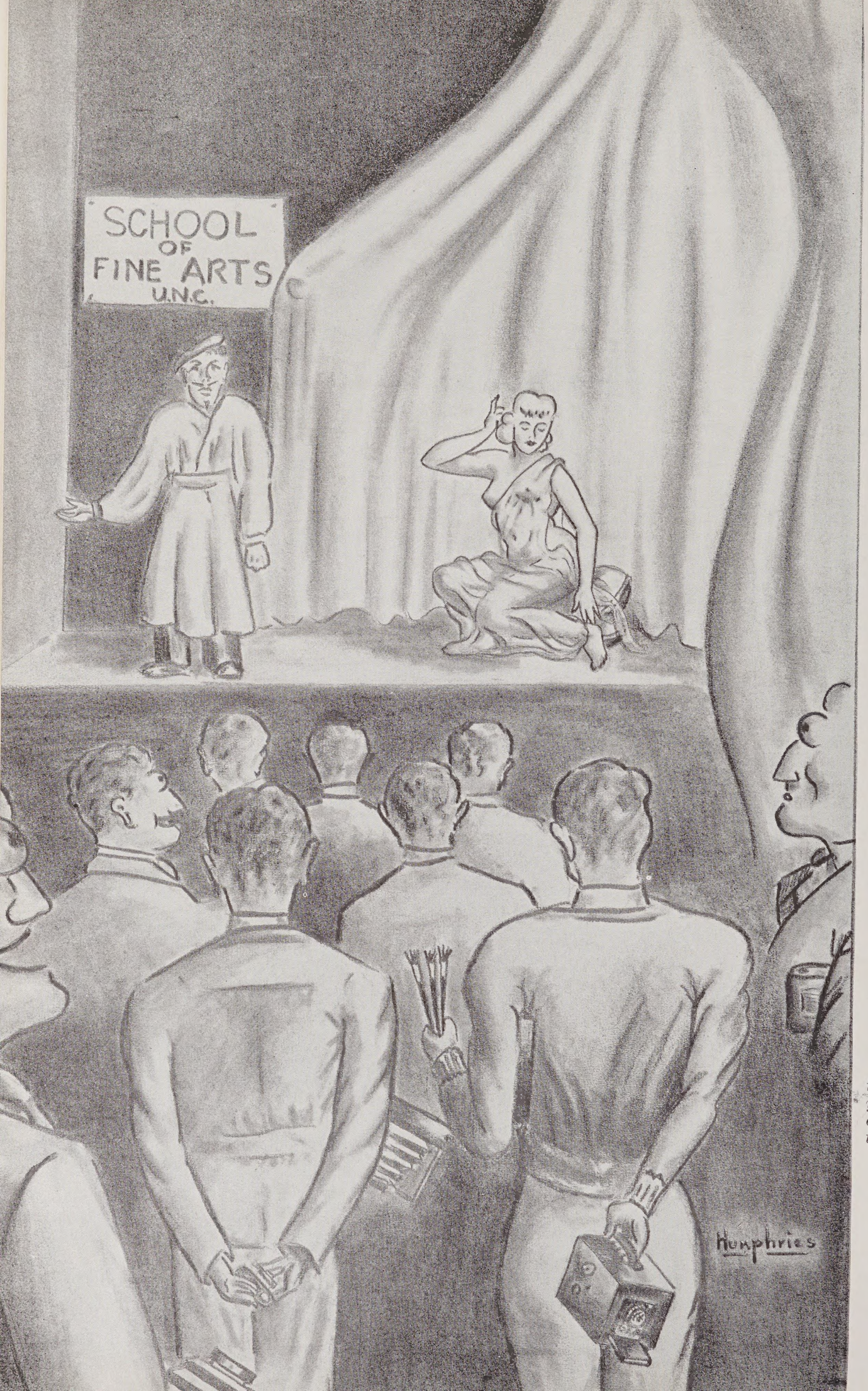
Harry K. Russell was once on the P. U. Board but his real assets are those teas he gives at his Pittsboro Road house on Sunday afternoon. Just now, though, he is visiting the S. A. E. house for a cup of their 'tea'.

"Like that coat?"

"Now when I was in Paris . . ."

Fraternizes

Prof. K. C. Frazier of Political Science studied with the League of Nations in Geneva. By far the best dressed professor on the campus, K. C. is now advocating training for foreign service in the Government Department. He founded the Foreign Policy League to help get the League of Nations bug out of his system.



"It's inspirationa
to see so man
young men interest
ed in the fine
things of art."

CATEGORY

The Greeks on the campus are all biased when it comes to describing the fraternity situation. Each house has only words of praise for that house sometimes. An unbiased recording of what is thought of each fraternity is hard to get. So—we got it. The listing below came from a group on the campus that should be in a perfect position to classify them. They see something of each fraternity, every day, on week days and weekends.

S. A. E.: *Tammany Hall.*
St. Anthony Hall: *Furriners with flood trousers.*
Pikas: *Sewing Circle.*
Phi Kappa Sig: *The Gas House Gang.*
Phi Gam: *Ambidextrous?*
Dekes: *All that glitters is not gold.*
Betas: *The Four Hundred on Wheels.*
Kappa Alpha: *The South End of a . . .*
Sigma Chi: *Want to play?*
Phi Delta Theta: *Pseudo-sophistication.*
Zeta Psi: *Hot stuff from down East.*
Theta Chi: *Spark of rejuvenation.*
Chi Phi: *Mamma's boys.*
A. T. O.: *Big sissies.*
S. P. E.: *Will gladly pay you Tuesday.*
A. E.: *Birds of a feather.*
Kappa Sigs: *Hungover.*
Lambda Chi Alpha: *Quiet and happy.*
Phi Alpha: *Brainstorm.*
Chi Psi: *Lone wolves. Hungry.*
Z. B. T.: *Good parties you never hear about.*
Sigma Nu: *Pool room boys.*

TO OSCAR

My poems were thought adververtisement—
A call to gay romancers—
Pity my disillusionment—
A man named *Oscar* answers!
—*Claire.*

Ode on the Apostacy of the Helen of Hollywood

(Inspired by the Film "The Garden of Allah")

They have told us, fair Marlene,
They have told us you are dead.
They have shrouded you in vestments:
They have even veiled your head.

Ah, where are now the long, lithe limbs
And where the bright breast bare?
They have veiled the ones in linens, bade the other swell with hymns
Bade our passions feed on air!

They have sold you to the Trappists
'Mid much of Romish dins and Popish clangors;
The fires of Luther take these crap-ists!
Give back our Lady of the Langors!

O give back the foot a-swinging,
Back the heaven-soaring thigh!
Back again the passioned singing,
Back the charms that blind the eye!

We would view again our goddess
Negligee in raiment and position;
Paramount! Bring back that low-cut bodice!
Why, think you, paid we admission?

(Lament:)

A glory is gone from the celluloid,
Ichabod!
And a silence steals over the crowd;
In our hearts there is naught but a void,
Ichabod!
And sorrow wraps all like a shroud.

Now he of Navarre
Deemed Paris by far
Sufficient reward for a mass;
But tell us this: Are
Masses, at par,
A fair retribution for — ?

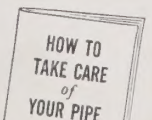
PIPE "BUSTS" UP HOME!

...then he switched to the brand of grand aroma

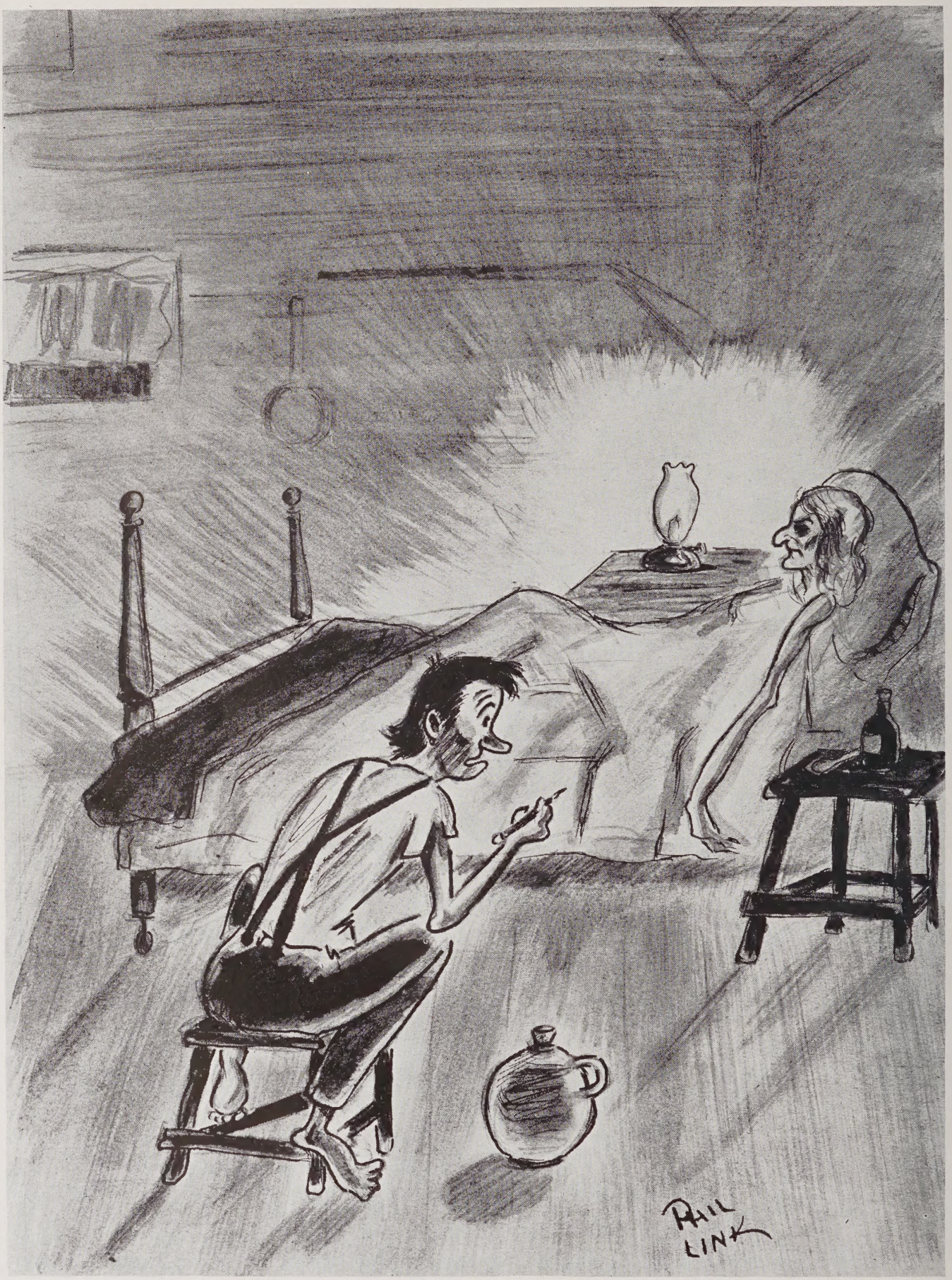
A GURGLY pipe stuffed with wife-strangling tobacco can wreck a love-nest. So keep your briar clean and tidy, reader; fill it only with Sir Walter Raleigh's fragrant, sweet-smelling mixture. Sir Walter is Burley, all Burley, Kentucky Burley. A supreme combination of leaf, easier on your tongue and the other half's nose. Well-aged, slow-burning, cool. And *quite* a bit milder: we've blended it for the man who wants to save his throat (as well as his sweetheart). Try it.

UNION MADE

FREE booklet tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter; how to break in a new pipe. Write for copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. W-72.



TUNE IN JACK PEARL (BARON MUNCHAUSEN) NBC BLUE NETWORK, MON. 9:30 P. M., E. S. T.



"I'm jest writin' Paw that you're sick. Does cemetery begin with a 'c' or a 's'?"

"Stop that, Emil, you're spoiling Papa's supper!"

BROADSIDE

Intended to have a Widespread and Reforming Influence

Missionaries miss much mischief,
And their lives are melancholy.
They have sailed to every region
But the charming coast of folly.
—*Frank Durham.*

Yesterday was very nice—
Not a hint of sorrow
Marred our surreptitious vice
—But what about tomorrow?
—*Claire.*

SOME PREDATORY BUGS
HAVE WINTERED WELL
—*N. Y. Times.*

Well? —*Lampoon.*
Well?

week-end thought

yesterday
i woke to see
the rising sun,
and that to me
was something really glorious.
i smiled all day
and laughed all night
to think of such
a thrilling sight;
it made me feel uproarious.
today the sun's
a thing i hate;
i saw it when
i got up late
and hoped it died a-borning.
and then i thought
no guy that lives
can kill joy like
a prof who gives
a quiz on monday morning.

Telegram from Cincinnati: "Having a ducky time stop wish you were here."

Time spends well over 20 cents for every word . . . to get all the interesting news of the world into the head of an intelligent person—and MAKE IT STICK.
—*Time* Adv. Circular.

That will cost you exactly $5.80, *Time*—and we'll probably forget it.

FREE VERSE

My husband doesn't understand
me—
At least,
I hope not.
—*Dora.*

"The reason you can't tell on this chart is — ah-uh-well. I can't tell exactly why, but I'm sure you will all agree that you can't."—*D. J. Cowden, Economics 170.*

SPORTS

By Fletcher W. Ferguson

The last weekend of February and the first of March will see Carolina athletes attempting to bring three Southern Conference titles back to Chapel Hill. Perhaps it would be more appropriate to say that the basketball team will attempt to keep the crown here—although it must win it at Raleigh—and the indoor tracksters will try to keep the trophy here when Duke brings it over to the Tin Can for the best 1937 team to take possession.

Perhaps the basketball and track crowns look more familiar in the Carolina trophy case than does the boxing. The White Phantoms won titles in 1924, 1925, 1926, 1929, 1935 and 1936, while the Flying Tar Heels were victorious in 1931, 1932, 1934 and 1935. In boxing, the Cavaliers of Virginia have been supreme for six years. However, they are out of the tournament this year.

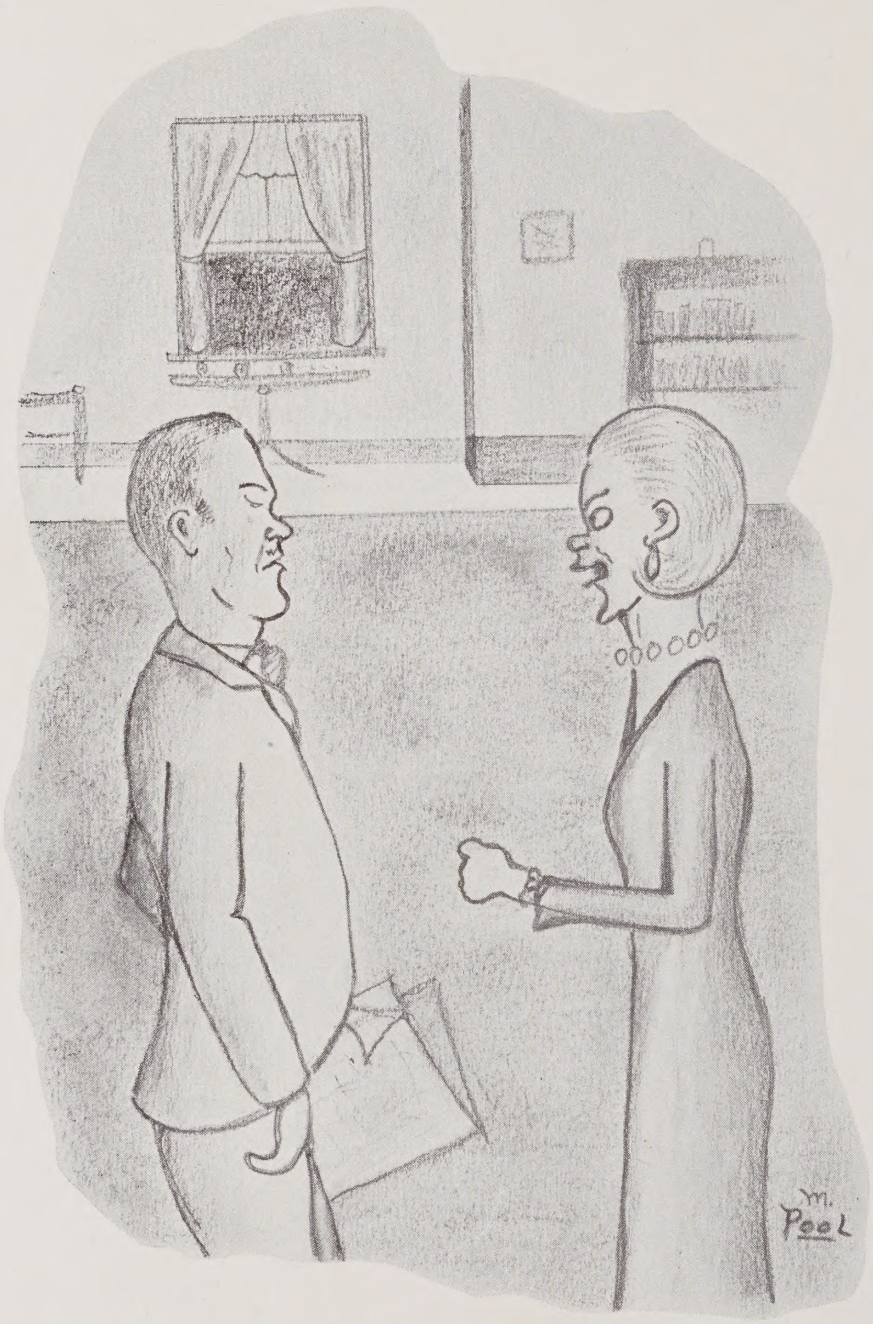
March 4, 5 and 6 are the days slated for the hoop contests over at Raleigh's Memorial Auditorium. The eight leading teams in the Conference standings will be selected to battle it out. As they did last year, many are picking Washington and Lee to win . . . but you know what happened then. The Generals and Carolina have been playing a see-saw game during the past three years. In 1934, Carolina was a strong favorite, but W. & L. came through to win. The next year, Carolina was favored . . . and it won, but 1936's top selection was W. & L. They got beat by the Phantoms 50-45 in one of the most thrilling games ever staged in a conference tournament.

At present it looks as though the Old North State will have four teams in the play—Carolina, Duke, State and Wake Forest with a slight possibility that Davidson may slip in. The Generals are a sure entry with Richmond's Spiders, South Carolina, Maryland, and V. M. I. or V. P. I. rounding out the potentialities.

The tracksters will have their night to howl here in the Tin Can on February 27th—the same evening as the finals of the boxing tournament at the University of Maryland. As yet the Tar Heels are an unknown quantity, but indications point to Carolina's having a strong team entered. Whether or not it can usurp the Blue Devils' throne, we could not say, but Captain Jim Finlay & Company will be ready to go. As usual, the Tin Can will have a doing-over and will be all dolled up for the occasion.

At College Park there will be a merry battle the weekend of the 27th for the vacated boxing title of Virginia. Early season's predictions were that Duke

(Continued on page 28)



"Some times I think you married me for my money."

◆ MUSIC ◆

RUSS MORGAN

There's a tremendous difference between the immaculate white tie and tails of an orchestra leader at the Biltmore in New York, and the black-dusty demin, miner's cap and grimy face of a Scranton, Pa., coal digger. It's a far cry from the latter to the former, yet Russ Morgan, has traveled the entire distance.

Morgan's father was a mine foreman. More, he was a musician, a drummer with the leading local bands. His mother was a former pianist who, with his father, had played vaudeville before the male partner entered the mines. Both were interested in a musical career for their son and started his musical education when he was seven years old.

When Russ was old enough, he got a job in the mines. He survived the dangers of cave-ins, explosions and the deadly black damp of the mines and emerged with a determination to make music, not mines, his career. His first musical dollar was earned at a job as pianist in a

(Continued on page 27)

Look it, Joe! French post cards!"

VENZKE NIPS CUNNINGHAM .349)9 FOR 1500 METERS

Beats Time Supply; Rosemont is Third, Discovery is Seventh
—Boston Herald.

Where was Weissmuller all that time? *—Voo Doo.*

FEBRUARY WINNER

of

The All-Flavor Box of Cellophane Wrapped

LIFE SAVERS

CAPEHART HARNEY

D. K. E. House

.. ETC. ETC., AND IT ALMOST TOOK MY BREATH AWAY.
HERE'S SOMETHING THAT WILL TAKE YOUR BREATH AWAY.. EVEN AFTER AN ONION SANDWICH ... LIFE SAVERS!
MORAL:
Everybody's breath offends sometimes...let CRYST-O-MINT save yours after eating, smoking and drinking
CRYST-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS

SHROUDING THAT BODY DOWN

American influence will be felt more keenly than ever in the setting of this year's spring fashions. With masculine Europe gone haywire over communism, fascism, civil strife, and what have you in the way of hectic political action, little attention is being paid to dress. Aside from a few coronation sartorial notes which came over recently from England, reports from well-dressed Europeans have been unusually scarce. And so the setting fashions is naturally left to Americans . . . mostly prominent sportsmen and students of the leading universities. These men have an unprecedented chance to dictate the styles for the coming season.

Suitings for spring include worsteds, saxonys, Scotch tweeds, and many more important fabrics. The big feature of the worsted collections is the preponderance of grey and powder blue, in stripes, and in patterns consisting of minute designs.

Camel's hair, the favorite indulgence of the sports-minded, again reigns as the king of the topcoats. The variety ranges from natural buff shades to deep browns and blues. The nap must be long and fleecy and completely devoid of the pleats and puckers of yesteryear. The wrap model is absolutely dissipated from the style picture. One of the outstanding camel's hair coats is an offshade white with leather buttons, raglan sleeves, double-breasted with no belt.

"I would like to purchase a pair of suspenders."

The conventional raglan-sleeved, slip-on in tweed, covert, or rough fabrics is a popular university style. Last year's fly front is replaced by the button-thru model, with turn-back sleeves also being favored. This steady coat can be worn for almost every occasion except formal year, and we know some Joe Colleges who persist in wearing them even then.

This new covert topcoat looks as if it were produced by the family album. Though we haven't seen any around as yet, it has four rows of stitching on the sleeves and on the bottow. It only reaches knee-length and features a ticket-pocket and buttoned center-vent or deep side vents.

COED WEAR

The Little Shop is showing ideal campus wear suits of a new material called poroso, which is cooler than ordinary wools. One is in blue, trimmed with leather buttons. Their botany flannel suits come in yellow, old rose and turquoise. Add a pixie cap to match and you'll have what will be a spring classic on the campus. Also good for campus wear are the washable viyella flannels, and short-sleeved, bright colored jerseys.

Prints are an old story for spring silks, but not the prints designers are bringing out this season. In the first place, they are larger and spaced to show more background; or so close together that they give a mottled all-over effect. Then, they have as their subject faces, figures and animals. Designers have revolted against the usual geometrical designs and flower prints, (although they are still used) and have evolved some totally different ideas. Sometimes the print is blended so carefully that only by looking closely can you see acrobats and sportsmen, Dalmatian peasants and our winged friends of the barnyard. One New York designer used the coq rouge daringly splashed over a black crepe afternoon frock — proving that anything goes in the line of prints.

The Little Shop is showing afternoon dresses in chiffon and marquisette, and in crepes. Skirts of afternoon dresses are dramatized variously, by embroidery, by having all detail of the dress relegated to the bottom, or by having it slit to show an inner skirt. Marquisette is also shown in the evening dresses. One in peach has a starched bertha, collar of lace covering the tops of the shoulders, with the back bared. Another described as the "southern belle" adopts the fashions of the Gone with the Wind era to printed chiffon. Grosgrain ribbon bands encircle the skirt in imitation of hoops.

The skirt gives the evening gown its silhouette. It may be very bouffant or very slender, the lines broken by low hem flares. High necklines are abandoned, and low decollatages, softened by flowers or drapery, are in order.

Virginia LaRochelle wears a light blue coat of soft wool, fitted as are most of the spring coats and suits. Under it, although unseen, is a yellow cashmere suit. The outfit is topped by one of the new pixie caps to match the coat.

These caps, just lately introduced here, have taken the Duke campus by storm. The Little Shop, which supplied the outfit shown above, has them in all colors. Unusual pockets and revers distinguish the tailored suits this spring. Revers may be large and contrasting, or wide, rounded, high, superpointed or stubby. The reverless coat is gaining in popularity, and this is also true of the longer daytime redingote coats.

THE LITTLE SHOP

deep side-vents. The Durham Men's Shop features this along with many more of the perrenial gabardine, and the brown hat with unbound brim is also theirs.

DURHAM MENS' SHOP

The curtain has not yet fallen on gabardines, so they are again included in dust, tick and pastel effects. Freshman Gregg clothes his manly shoulders in a whip-cord gabardine suiting of the popular dust color. The model is double-breasted with

The Pritchard-Bright Company of Durham features the double-breasted grey suit which John Clark, University sophomore, is wearing (picture on the right.) The suit has twin stripes, alternating in a light shade of grey and subtle red. The back is plain, and the hat is powder-green with snap brim. The shoes are heavy brown brogues with wing-tips of large perforations.

PRITCHARD-BRIGHT & CO.

OR A NEW RUDY?

Is that Rudy Vallee or do we need a new needle? — *Lampoon.*

85596 miles to Shanghai, but only one mile to Tillie's Pantry.

—*Road Sign.*

Well, it's a small world.

—*Purple Cow.*

"Hello! I haven't seen you for twenty years. Where have you been?"

"Oh, I saw two O'Neill plays and read 'Gone with the Wind'."

Then back to the hotel, and he gets into his dinner clothes, takes a quick shower, and appears in the banquet hall looking as fresh as if he had been resting all day.— *Boston Post.*

But probably a little wet.

—*Jack-o'-Lantern.*

He. May I break please?

She. I don't believe we have met?

He. But I'm from your home town and I've known you all my life.

She: I'm sorry I don't remember.

He. Then you can go to hell for all I'm concerned.

She. Brother, that boy over there told me to go to hell.

Brother: Buddy if you don't apologize to my sister I'll kill you.

He. Lady you need not go to hell right now; I talked it over with your brother and we have made different arrangements.

—*C. R.*

TOAST

"Here's to the bees . . . they buzz.
Here's to the feathers . . . they fuzz.
Here's to us . . . we guzz.
Guzzle."

—*D. H.*

"With all due deference, my boy, I really think our English custom at the telephone is better than saying 'Hello' as you do."

"What do you say in England?"

"We say: 'Are you there?' Then, of course, if you are not there, there is no use in going on with the conversation."

—*Exchange.*

Hiram: How be ya, Ebenizar, seen Pa around? He hain't been round for quite a spell.

Ebenizar: Ya, seen him down to the barn.

Hiram: What's he a-doing thare?

Ebenizar: Hanging himself.

Hiram: Did you chop him down?

Ebenizar: Hell, naw, he weren't daid yet.

—*Owl.*

Who Is?

"Who is that letter from?"

"What do you want to know for?"

"There you are! What do I want to know for? You're the most inquisitive person I ever met."

—*Mercury.*

We recently met a girl that made the statement that "One Never Knows, Does One?" but upon investigation we found that one did "No!" emphatically.

—*B. R.*

First Stud.: Let's cut classes today and go to Athens.

Second Stud.: Can't do it. I need the sleep.

BEHIND THE MIKE

(Continued from page 1)

first releases on March 15, featuring popular orchestras.

Maestro Dave Rubinoff, born in Grodno, Russia, played the balalaika as a poverty-ridden youth. He won a scholarship at the Warsaw Conservatory. The talented violinist came to Pittsburgh, Pa., as a youth of high school age and there he became the leader of his school band. He entered radio in 1931. Rubinoff, one of the few popular musicians in "Who's Who," leans to symphonic arrangements and dislikes "swing."

Popularity forecast: Irving Berlin's "You're Laughing at Me" and "This Year's Kisses"; Carmen Lombardo's "Boo-Hoo"; and "Love Has Not Been Very Kind to Me" will be the strong contenders for the top berth in song popularity during the coming month. "Johnny Presents," Phillip Morris' new CBS feature with Russ Morgan's modern-mannered-music, will get the nod of approval.

And That Run in Your Stocking

Kitty: Gracious, it's been five years since I've seen you. You look lots older.

Cat: "Really? And I doubt I would have recognized you but for your coat.

—*Exchange.*

"Why do you make all that noise when you walk?"

"I got my heavy underwear on."

Guest: My word! but I'm thirsty.

Hostess: Wait a moment and I'll get you some water.

Guest: I said thirsty; not dirty.

MUSIC

(Continued from page 23)

Scranton theatre. This, and subsequent dollars earned in the same way bought his first trombone, " a good one."

Russ finally left Scranton for Philadelphia, the Pennsylvania "big town" of opportunity. Two incidents of importance befell him there. He got a job playing in Paul Specht's orchestra, and got married.

Morgan went west to Detroit a short time later and got a job as arranger in the State theatre. He had been there only a short time when the musical director walked out twenty minutes before curtain time. Russ walked into the job and held it successfully for more than a year.

Later Russ was offered an executive position with WXYZ, Detroit radio station. "Music in the Morgan Manner" became popular on the Detroit airwaves. In addition to his job as musical director at WXYZ, Morgan made many recordings with Joe Venuti. The Morgan-Venuti association was one of long standing. Both musicians were in Jean Goldkette's band in the days when the modern "swing" was known as "jazz." Venuti played a hot fiddle, and Morgan played trombone and piano.

Coming to New York on recording business, Morgan decided to talk over the band situation with the National Broadcasting Company. The interview must have been satisfactory because, on emerging, Morgan started immediately to organize his own dance band for radio.

He took the band on the road and soon "Music in the Morgan Manner" became popular with the fans. Today, Russ Morgan and his music ranks among the foremost radio dance band attractions. This, then, is the story of the evolution of Russ Morgan, miner, to Russ Morgan, director of one of America's smartest orchestras.

—*Roberts Jernigan, Jr.*

TO SPENCER HALL NEUROTICS

Can't stand voices in midnite air
Can't stand a typewriter's tick, tick, tick
Run tell Stacy you hear footsteps on the stair
And singing in the bathtub makes you sick.

Laughter drives you to nervous breakdowns
Every radio you'd like to ban
I'd like to see you, sometime in the future
Taking care of kids and a house and a man.

—*Anonymous.*

A man wandered into a tennis tournament and sat down on the bench. "Whose game?" he asked. A shy young thing sitting next to him looked up hopefully. "I am," she replied.

LETTERS

(Continued from page 2)

through a rotten apple. Your nose is like a chunk of Parisian marble, and your mouth is puckered with sweetness. Nectar lingers on your lips like honey on a bear's paw; and myriads of unfledged kisses are there, ready to fly out and light somewhere like bluebirds out of their parents' nest. Your laugh lingers in my ears like wind-harp's strain, or the bleat of a stray lamb on a bleak hillside. The dimples in your cheeks are like bowers on beds of roses, or hollows in cakes of homemade sugar.

I am dying to fly to thy presence and pour out the burning eloquence of my love, like a housekeeper pours out cold coffee. Away from you, I am as miserable as a sick rat.

Sometimes I can hear the june-bugs of despondency buzzing in my ears, and feel the cold lizard of despair crawling down my back. Uncouth fears, like a thousand minnows, nibble at my spirits, and my soul is pierced with doubt, like an old sailor is bored with skippers.

You are fairer than a speckled pullet, sweeter than a Yankee doughnut fried in sorghum molasses, brighter than the topknot plumage on a muscovey duck. You are candy, kisses, raisins, poundcake, and sweetened toddy all together.

If these remarks will enable you to see the inside of my soul and help me to win your affections, I shall be as happy as a woodpecker in a cherry tree. If you cannot reciprocate my thrilling passion, I will pine away like a poisoned bedbug, and fall away from a flourishing vine of life, an untimely branch; and in the coming years, when the shadows grow from the hills, and the philosophical frog sings his evening hymns, you, happy in another love, can come and drop a tear and catch a cold on the grave of

Yours affectionately,

Red.

Ellis Stone & Co

FASHION HEADQUARTERS

for Fashionable Women

126 Main St. Durham, N. C.

The University Dining Hall Cafeteria

The Eating Place of Carolina Students and Others Connected with the University

West Gate of Campus

SPORTS

(Continued from page 22)

would be an overwhelming favorite, but if the showings of Maryland and Carolina are any criteria, there is going to be a real battle. The Dukesters will have Danny Farrar, 145, Ray Matulewicz, 175, and Captain Jack Kneipp, 135, as their chief title threats with the Mann brothers as other prospectives.

Carolina will also have a strong array of talent on hand. Gene Woody, 115, Joe Murnick, 125, and Captain Max Novich, defending 165-lb. champ, all have undefeated records at this writing and will be championship favorites. Jule Medwin, 155, despite his setback by Harlow of Virginia, will be the top-notch in his class; and Tom Bass, 135, and Lammy Alderman, heavyweight, stand good chances to come through.

"I hear your friend Wilson has a job."

"Yeah. Ain't it a shame what some folks will do for money?"

—*Texas Ranger.*

The stork who brought you ought to have been arrested for smuggling dope! —*Widow.*

Prof. Brown of the Psych department struck a new low in cynicism regarding the honor system on the Campus when he instructed a class before a mid-term to "be sure not to make a mistake and put your name on the paper; but the name of the person for whom you are taking the examination." —*Pelican.*

"It's sure dam seldom where my suitcase went. You can kiss my foot and I'm the guy that can do it."

—*Covered Wagon.*

TOAST

We lift this toast of sweet red wine,
"To the lips of the Co-eds of Caroline."
The lips are redder and twice as sweet,
But the wine's a damn sight more discreet.

—*DeMontfort.*

CAROLINA HEADQUARTERS

Gabardines

Going Gabby this Season? See these in the NEW model and shades

● Cocoa Brown ● Surf Green
● Coronation Grey ● Bay Blue
● Sun Tan

MILLER-BISHOP CO.
108 Corcoran St. Durham, N. C.

Double Schizophrene

"He's a fraternity man."

"How do you know?"

"He answered to four names in class, this morning."

—*Varieties.*

All was quiet in the humor magazine office. Suddenly, without warning one of the group began to pound his typewriter furiously. Word after word fell on the paper before him. All the other men stared at him in amazement. Unable to stand it any longer, the editor snorted, "Tryin' to be funny, eh?"

—*Froth.*

"Some Burgundy, 1917, waiter, and some Chase and Sanborn, November 8th." —*Owl.*

EXCERPTS FROM A COLLECTION OF EXCERPTS BY THE FRENCH DEPARTMENT

"Yo he visto al jefe" translated by a student in Spanish 2 as "I have seen Jeff."

"Trotaconventos is one of the most famous characters in Spanish literature. She is a mother of about a thousand children, all illegitimate." —*Spanish 5.*

"Eduardo estaba pendiente de los labios de la muchacha" translated by a Spanish 3 student: "Eduardo was hanging from the lips of the girl."

"Cervantes was never happy until his death in 1616."

—*Spanish 5.*

"A lo hecho, pecho" translated by a summer student in Spanish 2: "When you do it, stick out your chest."

A *French 4* student giving the plot of Merimee's *Le Vase Etrusque,* said: "Saint-Clair was in love with Mme. de Coursy and he thought she was in love with him, because she was his mistress and didn't charge him anything."

A Freshman came in and told his instructor that "someone stole John and I's notebooks." (We think the English Dept. should do something about this.)

"Molière's wife was a ficklesome young lady." — *French 5.*

"When Rabelais stoops to filth he really *bends down.*

A girl can be very sweet when she wants.

Scrap It

"Does my gown look as though it were falling off my shoulder?"

"Naw, let's dance."

"I'm sorry, but I must go and rearrange it. It's supposed to look that way."

—*Pitt Panther.*

All the Way Around

One stormy evening in Harlem, two mahoganies were settling a dispute. For awhile there was no sound but heavy breathing and the swish-swish of razors. Finally, one of the gentlemen made a lunge at the other.

"Ha, ha, you missed!" cried the lungee gleefully.

"Oh yeah?" replied the other. "Just try turning your head."

—Red Cat.

A Mississippi river steamboat was stopping in the mouth of a tributary stream, owing to a dense fog. An inquisitive passenger inquired of the captain the cause of the delay.

"Can't see up the river," was the laconic reply.

"But I can see the stars overhead," the passenger replied sharply.

"Yes," came back the captain, "but unless the boilers bust, we ain't going that way."

—West Point Pointer.

●

Bye

North: I bid one Heart.
East: I bid a Spade.
South: Two Spades.
West: Bye.
N: Three Hearts.
E: Three Spades.
S: Four Hearts.
W: Bye.
N: Five Hearts.
E: Five Spades.
S: Six Hearts.
W: Bye.
N: Seven Hearts.
E: Seven Spades.
S: Double!
W: Bye.
N: Bye.
E: Redouble!
S: Okay, West, you're dummy. Lay down your hand.
W: Er . . . there must have been a misdeal . . . I don't have any cards.

—Growler.

●

Another Damn Definition

A pessimist is one who thinks all women are immoral. An optimist is one who merely hopes so.

—Varieties.

Man: I want a loaf of Mumsie's Bread, a package of Krunchies, some Goody Sanny Spread, Ole Mammy's Lasses, Orange Pully, a pound of Aunt Annie's Sugar Candy, Bitsey Bite size.

Clerk: Sorry, no Krunchies. How about Krinkly Krisps, Oatsie-Toasties, Malty-Wheaties, Ricelets, or Eatum-Wheetums?

Man: The Wheetums, then.

Clerk: Anything else? Tootsies, Tatery Chips, Chessie Weesies, Gingie Bits, Itsey Cakes, Sweetsie Toofums, or Dramma's Doughnuts?

Man (toddling toward meat department): Tan't det anysing else. Dot to det some meat.

—Sour Owl.

FREE! A Box of Life Savers for the Best Wisecrack!

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?

Send it in to your editor. You may wisecrack yourself into a free prize box of Life Savers!

For the best line submitted each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication. The right to publish any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions of the editors will be final. The winning wisecrack will be published the following month along with the lucky winner's name.

Craftsmanship

PRINTING

The Orange Printshop

CHAPEL HILL - - - NORTH CAROLINA

Gentle on Your Throat

ONE REASON A LIGHT SMOKE IS BETTER FOR YOU

Keep your throat clear... your voice clear. Choose the smoke that treats you right... the light smoke of Luckies. Lucky Strike is the one cigarette to benefit from the famous process, "It's Toasted." And "Toasting" removes certain harsh irritants naturally present in even the finest tobacco. That's why Lucky Strike—a light smoke—is kind to your throat, gentle when you inhale, better for you in every way.

a light smoke

OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO—"IT'S TOASTED"

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THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER

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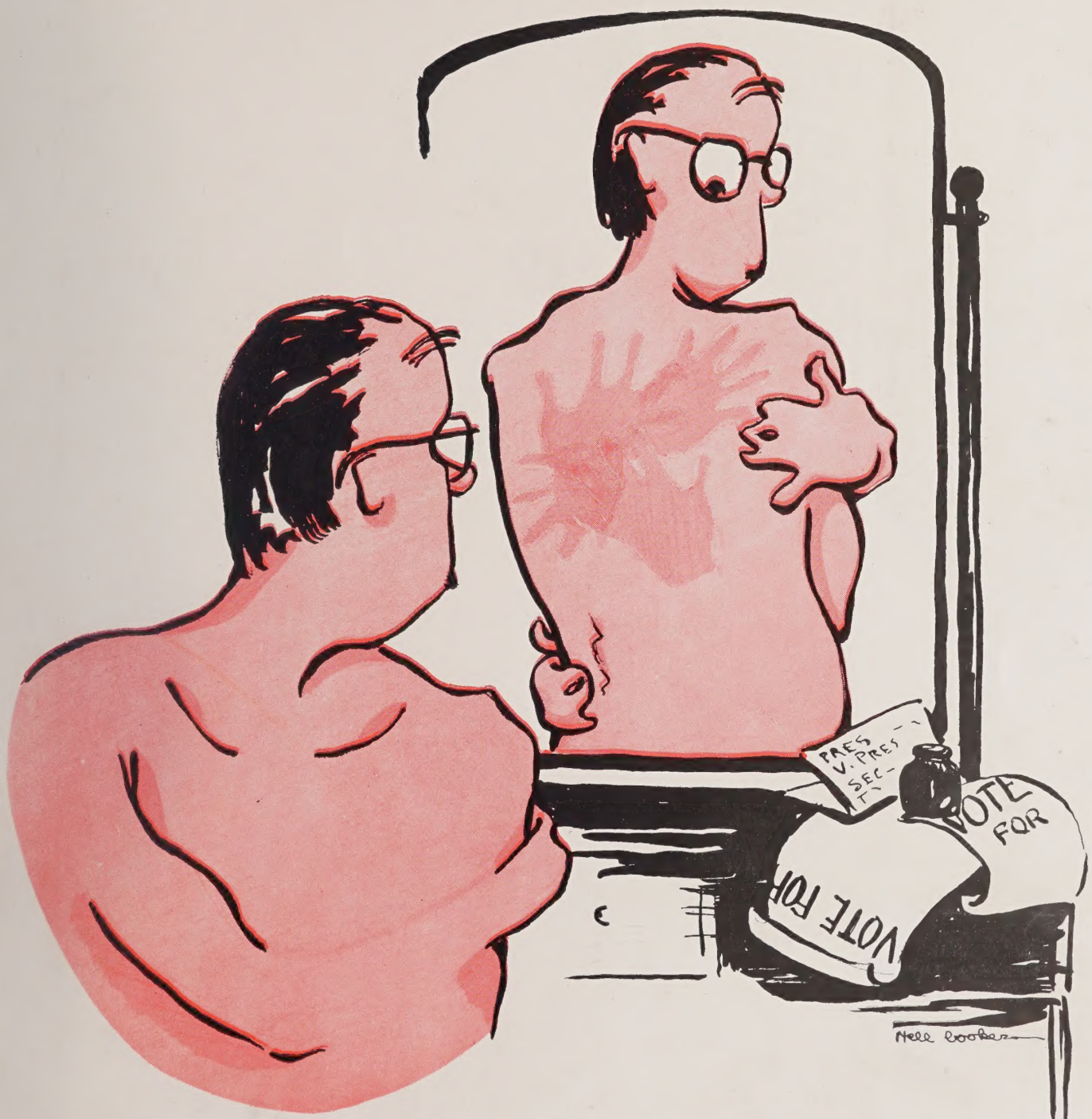


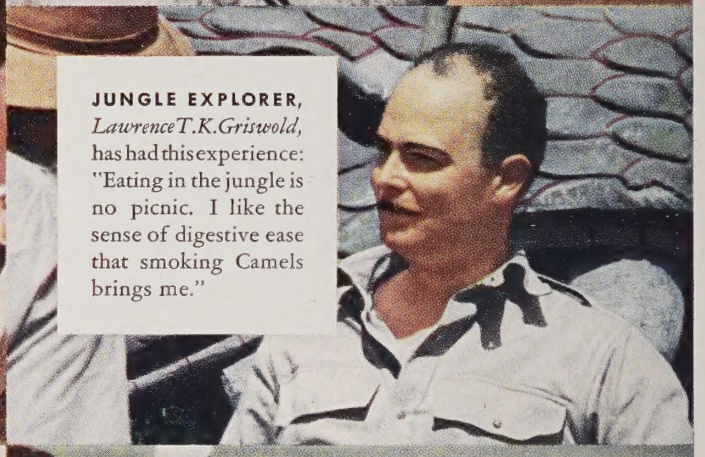
MARCH '37 - 15¢

"Why I choose Camels...."

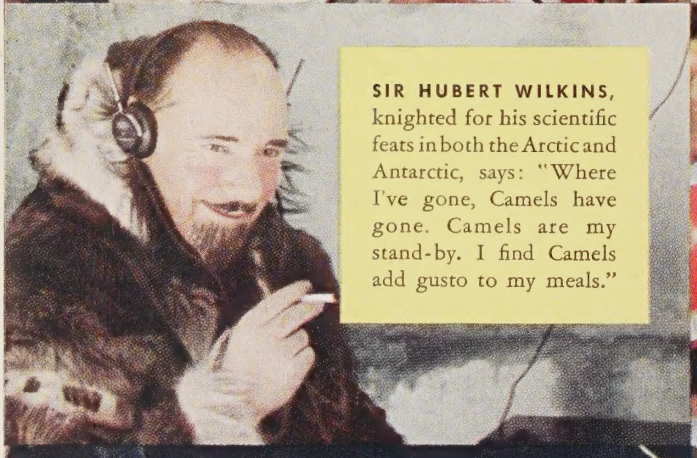
NAT'L OPEN GOLF CHAMPION, record-smashing *Tony Manero,* says: "I had healthy nerves and good digestion on my side. Naturally I would. I'm a hearty Camel smoker. Camels don't get on my nerves. And 'For digestion's sake—smoke Camels' hits the ball right on the nose. When I enjoy Camels, I feel cheered up, enjoy my food more, and have a feeling of ease."

Take up Camels yourself. Enjoy Camel's costlier tobaccos the whole day through. At mealtime, smoking Camels aids digestion—speeds up the flow of digestive fluids—increases alkalinity.

GLOBE-CIRCLING REPORTER, *Miss Dorothy Kilgallen.* She carried Camels on her record dash. "I ate all kinds of food," she says, "but Camels helped to keep my digestion tuned up."

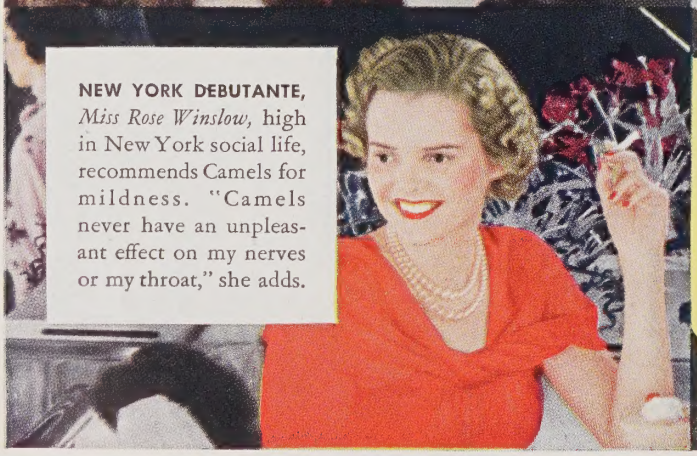


JUNGLE EXPLORER, *Lawrence T. K. Griswold,* has had this experience: "Eating in the jungle is no picnic. I like the sense of digestive ease that smoking Camels brings me."



SIR HUBERT WILKINS, knighted for his scientific feats in both the Arctic and Antarctic, says: "Where I've gone, Camels have gone. Camels are my stand-by. I find Camels add gusto to my meals."

INDIANAPOLIS RACE VICTOR, *Lou Meyer,* enjoying his Camel after winning the gruelling 500-mile Auto Classic. As Lou says: "I'll hand it to Camels for setting my digestion to rights."



NEW YORK DEBUTANTE, *Miss Rose Winslow,* high in New York social life, recommends Camels for mildness. "Camels never have an unpleasant effect on my nerves or my throat," she adds.

TUNE IN EVERY TUESDAY NIGHT

Hear "Jack Oakie's College"—with Jack Oakie in person! Benny Goodman's "Swing" Band! George Stoll's Concert Orchestra! Hollywood stars! Special college talent! Tuesdays—9:30 p.m. E. S. T., 8:30 p.m. C. S. T., 7:30 p.m. M. S. T., 6:30 p.m. P. S. T., WABC-Columbia Network.

COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

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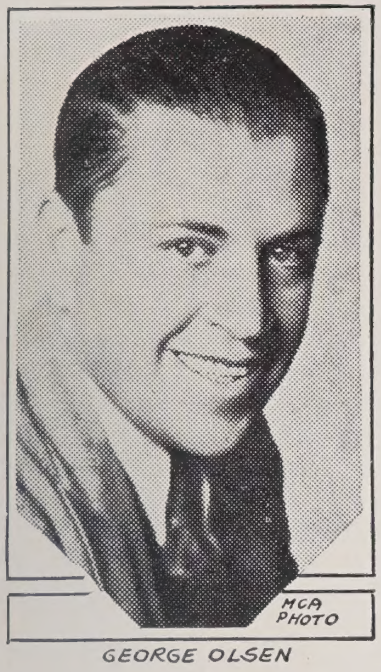
"CAMELS SET ME RIGHT"—STEADY SMOKERS SAY

BEHIND THE MIKE



GEORGE OLSEN

The brand of music offered the American public by George Olsen and his Orchestra is one of the few original contributions to this field. An artist in tone colors, Olsen has a rare gift of creative ability and has succeeded in grasping and interpreting the inner meaning of music that is so seldom "put over" by the average conductor.

After many months of experimenting, during which time he tried instruments of all types, new, old, popular and unpopular, George Olsen managed to weld a combination he felt would produce original yet danceable music.

The electrically amplified steel guitar, never before used in an orchestra, was one of the innovations. Furthermore, he was one of the first, if not the first, to use the electric organ and its infinite number of tone colors.

Probably the highest development this dance orchestra has attained since its inception as Olsen's "Band of Tomorrow" is the steel guitar which has attracted dancers and radio listeners throughout the country. Without accentuating the rhythm with definite beats, it is presented subtly in such a way that the listener is not too consciously aware of it. The steel guitar is used so delicately that it works like a charm, and the shading of the reeds is done so skillfully that it has the effect of a glee club with subdued voices.

One's first reaction to this type of music may be that it is not suited for dancing; but once having danced to it, one soon discovers that the rhythm is hidden in the melody, which literally lifts one up and carries one away. In other words, it is difficult to tire dancing to the Olsen orchestra.

Along with "The Music of Tomorrow" George Olsen has a very attractive and skilled vocalist, Edith Caldwell. Although in her early twenties, Edith is one of the most outstanding singers accompanying any big name band.

Born in Birmingham, Alabama, Edith Caldwell attended Howard College. Majoring in French, Edith had no intentions of singing professionally. Appearing more for the "fun of it" than anything else over Station WAPI in Birmingham, the idea of singing for a large audience had such an appeal to the budding star that she soon decided to forget her college work and concentrate on singing.

After a few months had gone by, she won a state-wide contest in Birmingham, which earned her a trip to New York. Shortly after her arrival in New York, she was engaged to sing at the Hotel Lexington where she stayed for six months.

Edith Caldwell is the first girl to use a vocal mute which is used in the orchestra's instrumentation the same as any other instrument. Many of the effects achieved in this manner are

(Continued on page 27)

THE MONTH'S RECORDS

"I CAN'T LOSE THAT LONGING FOR YOU" and "BOO-HOO" — (Victor 25522)—Recorded by Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians — Lombardo is the first and last word when speaking of romantic music. Here are two swell tunes which Guy introduced himself. vocals are by Carmen and the Trio.

"I GOTTA RIGHT TO SING THE BLUES" and "HIGH SOCIETY" — (Bluebird B-6771) — Louis Armstrong and his Orchestra—The first a regular Armstrong waxing, which is heaven however to many. The other a fast and fetching number featuring Louis and his hot trumpet.

"CHLO-E" and "IDA, SWEET AS APPLE CIDER" — (Victor 25531) — Benny Goodman and his Orchestra—"Chlo-e," an old tune brought up to the modern swing of today. "Ida, Sweet as Apple Cider" is played by a combination of Clarinet, Vibraphone, Piano and Traps, otherwise known as the Goodman Famous Quartet.

"MELODY IN F" and "WHO'LL BUY MY VIOLETS?"—(Victor 25519)—Recorded by Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra—Another swing adventure with two familiar tunes. The gifted Tommy again breaks through with that much enjoyed trombone solo.

—Jernigan.

THE

CAROLINA BUCCANEER

THE OFFICIAL HUMOR MAGAZINE
OF THE CAROLINA PUBLICATIONS UNION
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

VOLUME XIII MARCH, 1937 NUMBER 7

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LETTERS

PHOOEY TO PUBLICATIONS

Margie dear,

I'm grabbing this means of letting you hear from me because it's about as private a way as any, and also it saves me three cents. Besides I need comforting awful bad and I know what a comfort you can be. Right now I want to tell you that henceforth the only extra-curricula writing I do is for your precious eyes exclusively. I've been a sucker on my last straw: in other words I bit off more than I could chew.

Honey, it all started 'cause when I came down here this year and 'cause I'm not a freshman any more (those years are over now) and 'cause I've had lots of experience in scholastic journalistic circles (that's high-tone talk, Margie, but it's all the truth)—well, on account of all that I thought (I do that once in a while) I'd give these guys here a break and let them all know I'm here so they can put me on their respective publication staffs, in respectable capacities of course.

I hope you're still following me, sweet, for here's where my sorrows start. Believing I'd begin at the bottom I went up to the newspaper office. The rag is called the *Daily Tar Heel.* Now I know where the heel part comes in—they're all over the place, but I got stuck on that tar all by myself. "I'm not a freshman," I told the managing editor. (He manages pretty well for himself.) "Too bad, grandpa, but you'll get over it," he said. Well, I really had to make out I was rather dumb, Margie, and listen to stuff about reporting I knew five years ago. I even wrote a few things that got into print. Finally they put my name on the staff, but darling that

(Continued on page 22)

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
CURIOUS AFRICAN PIPE
HELLO, JUDGE — HELLO, CHUBBINS— A BIT OF A SURPRISE, WHAT?
SIR CLEVE – I THOUGHT YOU WERE IN AFRICA! COME IN, MAN, COME IN!
BY GEORGE, THIS IS A SPLENDID NATIVE PIPE YOU'VE BROUGHT ME. IT'S A WHOPPER TOO!
OF COURSE IT'S ONLY ONE OF THE MANY TYPES OF AFRICAN PIPES
NATURALLY IT'S LARGE— IN THE DARK CONTINENT 'BIGGER' MEANS 'BETTER'
I'VE SEEN CHIEF'S PIPES TEN FEET LONG, A REAL 'TOP-HAT' PIPE, SO TO SPEAK
YOU WOULD HAVE ENJOYED THE TIME I DISTRIBUTED PRINCE ALBERT TO MY BOYS, JUDGE. OF COURSE THEY HAD NEVER SMOKED ANYTHING SO TASTY, MILD, AND MELLOW. P.A. WAS A SENSATION
– IN THEIR NATIVE TONGUE, THEY CALLED IT 'TOBACCO LIKE HONEY FROM STINGLESS BEES'
– AND THAT'S A MIGHTY FINE DESCRIPTION OF COOL-SMOKING 'NO BITE' PRINCE ALBERT

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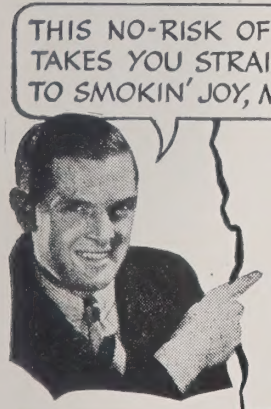


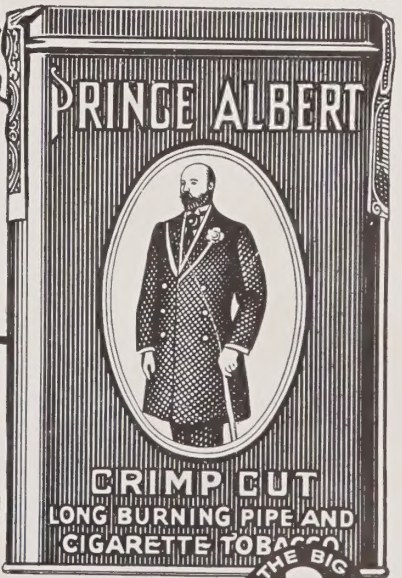
PRINCE ALBERT MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

SMOKE 20 FRAGRANT PIPEFULS OF PRINCE ALBERT. IF YOU DON'T FIND IT THE MELLOWEST, TASTIEST PIPE TOBACCO YOU EVER SMOKED, RETURN THE POCKET TIN WITH THE REST OF THE TOBACCO IN IT TO US AT ANY TIME WITHIN A MONTH FROM THIS DATE, AND WE WILL REFUND FULL PURCHASE PRICE, PLUS POSTAGE.
(Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!

'CRIMP CUT' PRINCE ALBERT GIVES YOU A NEW SLANT ON COOL SMOKIN'
MY HAT'S OFF TO P. A. IT HAS YET TO BITE MY TONGUE
AND, PARDNER, IT'S A MIGHTY FINE 'MAKIN'S' TOBACCO TOO



50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

Oh, I know the boys at my Frat won't mind.

The Carolina Buccaneer

University of North Carolina

VOLUME XIII | MARCH, 1937 | NUMBER 7

PIECES OF EIGHT

● *Comics*

We were awed, sitting there with the president of the Senior class, a literati, and a big publications man, but somehow we kept up our end of the conversation without making more than a few major mistakes. The talk drifted around from one subject to the next, and we sat and listened mostly.

Finally, *The Daily Tar Heel* horned in and became the topic of conversation. We all made suggestions here and there on how the paper might be improved. That's usually the drift when *The Tar Heel* comes up in a discussion. Our faction sat there and listened to the others parley with words, waiting for an opening. Suddenly without much warning the opening came and we said that perhaps what the paper needed was a full page of comics. It would make the people read it more.

The president of the Senior class was taken aback somewhat. Looking down his nose at us he retorted: "That's the trouble now. It already has one—the second page!"

● *Or as 'G' in Education*

One of the Sigmair News was burdened with a CC (Composition Condition) on English to get off this quarter. He went down to take a re-exam or some extra work to make it up and found the whole class also had CC's.

Instead of having to take a re-exam, the Prof. told the group that he would pass them on the course if they would spell ten words correctly from the list he was going to call out to them.

None of the class succeeded in spelling any of the words correctly. The prof became exasperated and as a last resort told them to take any word from

their imagination, spell it correctly, tell how it could be used in a sentence, and they would pass the course.

Somehow most of them managed to do it this time and in the course of things, came the turn of the Sigma Nu. Our man arose from his seat and bleated, "*t-o*, as in too much."

● *You Too Can Help*

The other day we received a letter from the *Gannett Newspapers* asking us to protest to our Senators and Congressmen about something or other. We read it over two or three times and finally came to the conclusion that what they really wanted us to do was to sign a document attached and make a contribution "to help carry the expenses of a national organization fighting to protect our Supreme Court from subordination to the Executive."

We were in a sort of daze about the whole thing and couldn't quite make up our minds until we read it over once more and came across the first three lines: "COPY (This letter has been addressed individually to only 35,000 other leading Americans in all walks of life and residing in every State.)" This made us feel no end of good so we immediately sat down, signed the document and a check and posted it in the next mail.

● *You See?*

One of our more prolific correspondents named Mary wrote in and said her little niece came home the other day and asked what was a secret? Aunt Mary said, "see this mole here on my shoulder"; she pulled her dress to the side to show it. "Nobody knows about it except you and me. That's a secret and you musn't tell anyone."

That evening Aunt Mary's suitor came to take her to the dance. While she was dressing her little niece went down to talk to him.

The little girl started the conversation with, "I know a secret and it's about Aunt Mary."

"Oh, you do? Tell me and I'll give you a box of candy."

"I can't tell it 'cause it's a se-

cret," replied the little girl, "but if you'll give me a box of candy I'll tell you half."

The young man agreed and the little girl said, "Well, Aunt Mary's got a uh-uh on her uh-uh."

● *You Can't Fool Him*

A fortnight or two ago the campus was somehow in the process of celebrating. However, the celebrators weren't students, but photographers. Photographers from all over North Carolina had left their firesides and come up to this out-of-the-way place to do what they usually do at conventions and talk about picture-taking in their off moments.

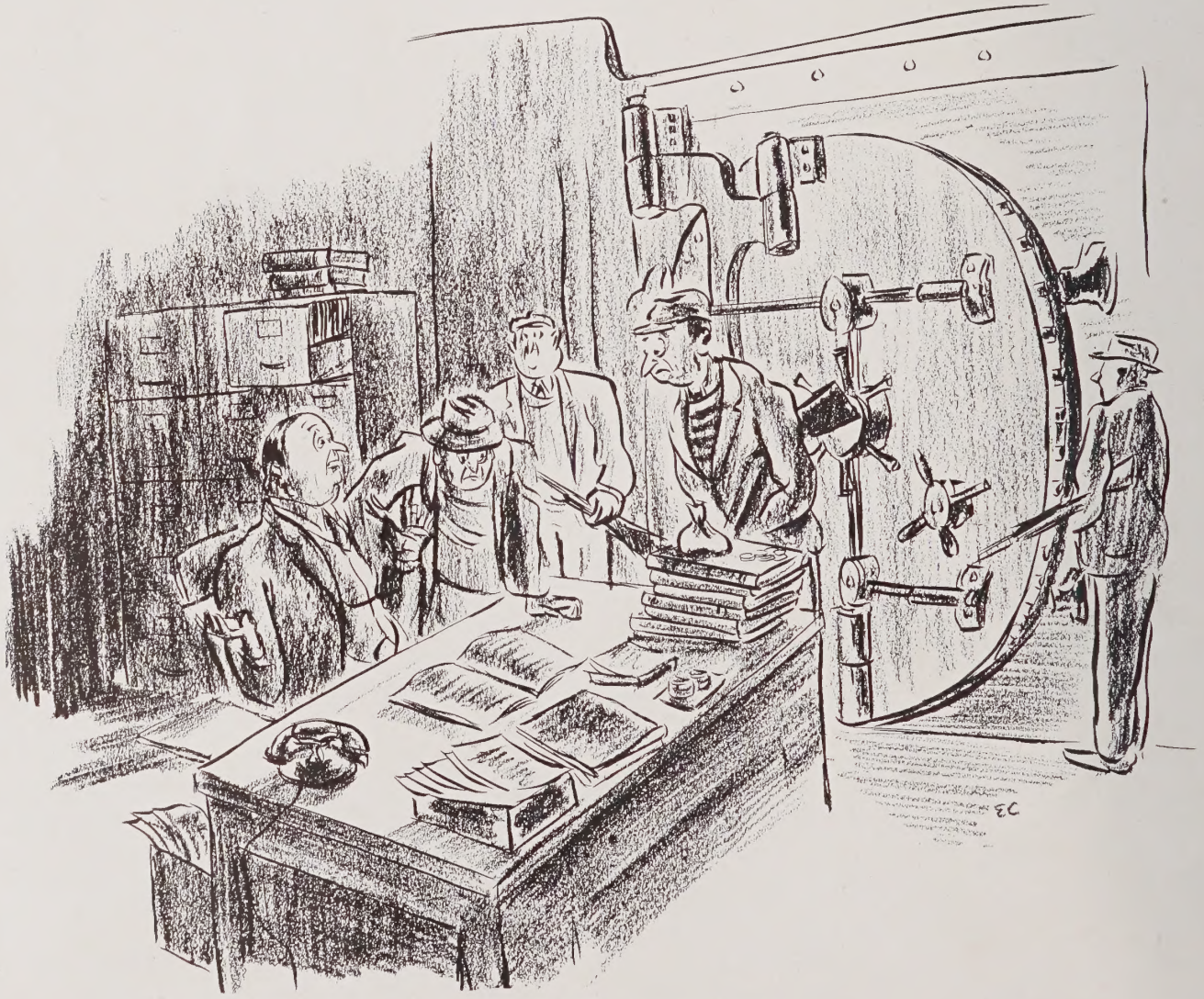
The convention was so much of a success that a hard-working student in search of a mite of beer could hardly find a place to go. Harry's was full and the Coffee Shop was running over. So was the Inn, but then—the Inn doesn't *sell* beer.

Not one, but three of these hard working studes, in fact, three of the better known ones, were out in all this trying to find a quiet place to talk of student problems over their beers. There just weren't any places, so they waited until a booth was vacated by a party of photographers. The vacating party neglected to clear the table of a number of empty ABC bottles when they left. Nevertheless the three satellites sat down in their places.

These empty bottles sort of put ideas in the boys' heads. By the way, these three boys happened to be the president of the student body, the vice president of the student body, and the president of the senior class. Now where were we. Ideas, yes. They mumbled to themselves and said to one another "let's order some champagne." "All right, just let's," answered one to the other.

So, three bottles were brought to them in a bucket of ice and arranged neatly amongst the empty ABC bottles.

As they were opening their first bottle the president of the student body looked up and saw the Dean of Students passing with an aspiring young potential campus leader. To show the Dean that what they were drinking was only harmless champagne, the student prexy asked



"Would you gentlemen like to see ANY MORE of the books?"

him over to have a drink. The Dean, not to be outdone, came on over and fastened a speculative eye on the empty bottles lying all over the place and an inquiring eye on the bottle in prexy's hand.

"Yes," said the Dean, "I believe I will." The champagne was poured and he sipped. Then he sipped some more. Well, that went on and on until he said he had to get in some work and left them.

Outside the Dean turned to the aspiring youth accompanying him and said, "You know, for a minute there, they had me fooled, but I knew they hadn't been drinking when they gave me some of their *Ginger Ale.*"

● *Slumber*

We got in bed at ten-thirty the other night, the earliest time in many months. The way it happened was this: we were sitting up reading a magazine when we ran across an article entitled "How To Go To Sleep." In it were outlined many novel methods by which to make one's self drift off to slumber land. One of the methods outlined was so novel that we had to snatch off our clothes, hop in bed, and try it, being very excited. It worked, and we were asleep easily by one o'clock.

● *Sensible*

At first glance it was a little too obvious, but there it was lying there after somebody had handed it in and every time we'd go through the papers we would read it over before we would discover what it was. The more we read it the deeper it became and finally the thing just sort of got into us. If you've gotten this far, try a hand, will you? Then try it once more. Etc. Or perhaps you might like it the first time. Anyhow, here's the story.

A motorist was riding along in the lower part of South Carolina, when he noticed a large hand-painted sign in the yard of a squalid Negro church. Slowing up, he squinched his eyes and made out this message: "The Annual Strawberry Festival will be held next Wednesday night. On account of the depression prunes will be served."

"Oh, I wouldn't worry about him, lady. I used to be bow-legged myself when I was small."

● *They Always Work*

A suburbanite's new cook wanted to get off to go to the prayer meeting so she went and asked her mistress. The mistress said it would be all right but to go to the Christian Science Church around the corner.

After the meeting and the cook had gotten back home her mistress asked her how she liked the services.

"Oh, I liked them fine but everybody kept getting up and telling what Mrs. Eddy had done for them, so I got up and told them all that Lydia Pinkham did for me."

● *Sardonic*

"Where a man's treasure is, there shall his heart be also," runs an old Biblical phrase, and never does it meet the eye more forcefully than when we bum a cigarette from a friend. Oh, how many people we know who reach into their pockets and pull forth the precious package as if it were their heart strings which they were bringing forth; and how many we know who smirk and crinkle the cellophane obnoxiously as if to let the world in its magnitude know that they are giving a *cigarette* away.

About the worst case we ever encountered was the friend from whom we bummed a cigarette the other day. When we asked for the smoke, he brought it forth willingly. We didn't have a match either, so we asked him for a match. He brought forth the match, followed by a big, round, shiny fifty-cent piece to strike the match on. We laughed at his sense of humor when he did this, but our laughter died

when he reached into his other pocket and brought forth a small ashtray and placed it unobstreperously in our hand, saying in a bantering tone which really concealed a leer, "I carry it for my friends!"

● *Unregenerate*

A middle-aged friend of ours is married to a middle-aged wife, but she doesn't admit it. We don't mean that she doesn't admit that she is married to our friend, but we mean that she doesn't admit that she is middle-aged. In fact, she fights back the descending years with viciousness of a cornered tiger, and her age has varied between thirty-two and thirty-five-and-a-half for the past eight years. In order to show the townspeople that she can beautifully carry the weight of her years, and to prove that she retains much of her youthful vim, vigor, and vitality she has bought herself recently a streamlined DeSoto which is a youthful green in color. In this puerile buggy she trips about town, very much alive in the affairs of the townspeople, and it is she who rushes over to Mrs. McGillicuddy's and borrows an extra silver platter in which to serve the tomato aspic at your party, and it is she who sees that all the flowers are properly arranged at funerals. She is quite obvious when there is something doing, and her mouth prattles constantly, although not always viciously, for she is not entirely obnoxious, and she is not entirely unlovable; she stands in special favor with the people who are prone to give big parties.

Her husband, our friend, is entirely opposite from his wife. He is the pipe-smoking, home-loving kind, and it is he who is dragged to all the parties which his ubiquitous wife helps to arrange. Whereas his wife fights for Youth with the viciousness of a tiger, he fights with courage none the less vicious for his arm chair and pipe; but often he is dragged to the tomato aspic parties, and wearing his old shawl-lapelled tuxedo (which his wife just *can't* make him get rid of) he sits in a chair at the parties and smokes his pipe.

Our friend is given somewhat to philosophy, and at the parties he has gathered his own little clique of friends (mostly male), and they sit around his chair talking to our friend. One night at a particular party, our middle-aged friend was sitting in his corner sucking deeply on his pipe when he went off into a train of thought. He longed for the old days, he said, "And I just can't get used to these modern times. I reckon that I'm just too slow for them, or they're too fast for me. I feel just like the old countryman who bought a fast new buggy and a fast, bob-tailed mule one fall when the crops were good. The old farmer never could get used to that mule, because the mule was always trying to go too fast, and the farmer would sit up on the buggy and pull back on the reins, and the mule would keep going, pulling the farmer along. That frisky mule of the farmer's was just like these modern times that pull me along when I don't want to go so fast."

Somebody who was listening to all of this profound philosophy interrupted, "Are you sure it's not your wife which is the mule pulling you along, and not the modern times?"

Our friend sucked on his pipe once more and then peered into the other room where his wife was serving the tomato aspic for the hostess. "No," he answered, "my wife is not the mule that is pulling me along . . . it's these modern times . . . my wife is just a horsefly on the rump of the mule, biting, biting, biting!"

● *Notes on Miss Jepson*

After Miss Helen Jepson finished singing, we went backstage to get a glimpse of her. First thing we knew, we were in a push, and Lo and Behold! we were standing right next to her. "Where's your program?" she said, smiling up at us. "Program?" we stuttered, not quite making it all out. "Yes, don't you want an autograph?" "Yes," we said, not knowing a better way out. We stumblebummed around for a second and finally found a program in our coat pocket. She signed it with the efficiency of a bank teller, and looked up at us and said pleasantly, "College boys usually take off their hats, don't they, in the presence of ladies?" "Yes," we said, and then got pushed away.

We didn't really want her autograph, either, because when some famous person gives us his or her autograph, it seems to us like a certificate verifying our own nonentity and insignificance. The whole night made us feel insignificant, especially the time we clapped right in the middle of Miss Jepson's aria from "La Traviata." After that anachromatic exhibition, we didn't clap another time, just to be safe.

The only person beside Miss Jepson to retain his dignity and his significance was a tall, bespectacled boy who sat on the bench in front of us. When intermission came, everybody on the bench except this dignified, significant lad left to take a smoke out the back way. They stayed gone a long while, leaving him to guard the bench and their seats. He did so with rare decorum, beating off all poachers and squatters with a cool, "Sorry, but this seat is reserved!" and the would-be squatters turned sadly away to their old seats in the back of the hall. The Guardian of the Bench settled back into his seat following each fresh onslaught like a manorial castle-owner who has just beaten off a siege by the enemy, and we several times caught him glancing

along the expanse of his bench with an air of true propriety. We wish we could cultivate an air of significance like his.

And as an afterthought, we wish we could cultivate something in other people. We wish we could cultivate in them the habit of not hooking their toes under their seats and sliding peoples overshoes down under the seats so the owners can never find them. It is a commonplace, it seems, to find one's overshoes six rows down the way after such a concert as Miss Jepson's. We've been averse to overshoe-sliding ever since we reached down one night where our overshoes were supposed to be and found a pair of women's galoshes there. The overshoe-kickers had done the damage, but maybe that's the penalty that we overshoe-wearers have to pay. If worse comes to worse, we who are addicted to the overshoe will probably end up with them in our laps.

The Gentle Art of Campaigning

"Mr. Dill," said Dean Bradshaw, "I don't like to scold,
But explain how you came by that office you hold."

"Well, listen, Dean Brawshaw, and you shall hear
Of the evil effects of a keg of beer;
One evening last week, about nine forty-five,
We were sitting in Harry's (the place is a dive)
Drinking our Bock like a couple of men
We'd had about eight or ten mugsfull by then—
And I says to my friend, 'I'll make you a bet;
There's not a gal in this village that I couldn't get.'
'Mr. Dill,' said Wirty, 'Back up what you said;
Five bucks says you can't even get a co-ed'.

"Well, that made me mad; it griped me, by damn.
'Come on,' I told him, 'I yam what I yam,'
'Now listen,' I said, with a dignified lurch,
'Go up in the tower of the Methodist Church
And pull off your shirt and your underwear top
And let 'em hang out where they'll have room to flop;
And lean out the window as far as you can
And signal the coming of woman or man—
One flop if a him, and two if a she;
And I on the Post Office corner will be,
Ready to barge up and ask for a date
—Hic! -er, that musta been something I ate'.

"Well, we shook hands and pledged, as true brothers should,
And made for our stations as well as we could.
I parked my old car and then glanced at the steeple,
And Damn! Wirty'd already sighted some people!
For, flopping around where the breeze made them dance
Were his underwear, shirtwaist, and even his pants.
And then down the street in the greatest of haste
Ran the lusciousest blonde that e'er wiggled a waist;
She hopped in the car and I noticed—Oh, mamma!
All the lady had on was a pair of pajamas!

"At such a time, Dean, just what would you do?
Lean over politely and ask her where to?
Boy, I started that car up as quick as a wink,
'Cause she might change her mind if she had time to think.
'Lady,' I gasped, with my voice slightly hoarse,
'I reckon you know what you're doin', of course?'
She smiled at me slyly and nodded her head.
'Look out; the British are coming!' she said.

" 'The British! By God, we'll elude 'em!' I cried;
'There's the duckiest place behind Kenan to hide.'
So I stepped on the gas and swung on the wheel
And we hit out like heck for the athletic field.
We turned down the path that goes into the wood
—I was keeping my eyes on the road (when I could)—
We cautiously wended our way through the dark;
When we got there there wasn't a darn place to park.
There were thirty-five cars, each car with a dame,
Why, it looked like the day of the Homecoming game.
'Cause not football, or tennis, or games of that sort,
But wrestling, Dean, is this school's major sport.

"I looked at the girl—Oh boy! What a torso!
Built like Jean Harlow, y'know—only more so.
The sight of her worked on my nerves like a goad;
So I parked the darn car right smack in the road,
And mentally licking my chops as we stopped,
I grabbed her—and out of the auto she hopped.
Right out of my car and into the next,
With me pursuing, both thwarted and vexed;
And the guy in that car, when he'd had a good look,
Dropped what he was holding and after her took.
'Stop her!' I called, but before he could catch her
She was out of his car; but he yelled out, 'You betcha.
But don't think that I'm gonna give her to you!'
By now she was crawling in car number two.

"Well, that guy took one look and acted likewise,
And soon she had chasing her thirty-five guys.
Like Mr. Revere, who awakened each farm,
She ran through the cars and gave each an alarm.
'The British are coming!' she cried as she fled,
And out of each car there came a male head,
And then a male body, which followed with haste
When its owner had once seen that beautiful waist.
Like hounds on the chase they went bellowing after,
She leading them on with her tinkling laughter;
Away they fled, the wind blowing her curls,
And left me behind, Dean, with thirty-five girls.

" 'Well, girls,' I suggested, 'Let's go home to church,
'Cause it looks like we all have been left in the lurch.'
But not them, no sir! They were mad as wet hens.

When women get mad! In five minutes time
I was down on the ground with my face in some slime
With thirty-five women all over my back
All making a vicious and general attack.
But a sudden idea popped into my head,
'Say, listen,' I yelled, 'If you all don't quit
I'll tell on you all and not hold back a bit!
Yes, sir, if you all don't leave go of me
I'll go back to the Shack and report to Miss Lee.'

" 'And furthermore, girls, do just what I say,
Or I promise you all there'll be Hell to Pay.'
That gave 'em a start, and they quit pretty quick.
Oh, woe is the fate that will always be men's
They looked at each other, and then they looked sick.
'Now come here and listen'; they all gathered round,
And I mapped out my plan of campaign on the ground.
When I'd made it all plain they agreed with a shout;
So I got in my car—and quietly passed out.

Dean Bradshaw, I'm sorry; I take it all back
—But that's how I got to be Queen of the Shack."
—Lawrence Hinkle.

"Did'n ah tell you ah'd come dressed to kill?"

TRIBUTE

Claire is clever,
Claire is keen;
Claire approaches
Parker's sheen.

Claire says things
I'd like to say,
Says them in
A smarter way.

Claire's intriguing,
Has an air—
Would I were
As cute as Claire!
Amy Stooge, W.C.U.N.C.

I've spent my allowance;
I'm cutting my classes;
Since brains are a drawback
I've left off my glasses.

In clothing half-borrowed
I'm fairly well-dressed;
My curls are all pinned up—
I hope for the best.

So counting my chances—
"He won't break, he will"—
I'm off for another
Week-end at the Hill.
Amy Stooge, W.C.U.N.C.

Old adage:
"Life begins at 40."
Roosevelt:
"Life ends at 70."
—Frank McGlinn.

Advice to Politicians

From a Fledgeling

I've only recently entered the ranks of back-slappers, baby-kissers, and Hava-Tampas, but I've been in long enough to recognize that politics am a funny game. At first, every time I slapped somebody on the back it seemed that he had a sprained shoulder, or was sun-burned. Although I could partially account for the sore shoulders by the fact that everywhere I went, my opponent had gotten there just ahead of me or some other vote-seeker. I was at a loss to explain the sun-burn, especially since it hasn't been warm enough to stand in a shadow. And so, I decided that there must be something faulty in my *approache*. After watching some of the past masters perform, I culled a few points which I think will put the art of vote soliciting on a higher plane, and being innately unselfish, I'm taking the trouble to pass them on to other candidates.

The *Tar Heel* is especially helpful. Each day it prints a column headed, "Birthday Greetings Today To—." Make it a point to go around and see each one of those who came into the world so many years ago on that day, and wish them many happy returns. It's an infallible receipt for a vote.

A subtle way to shake hands with a fellow you don't know is simply to walk up to him, hit him in the stomach, and when he reaches to avoid the punch, grab his hand and give it three hearty shakes. I feel I've cheated myself on giving this away, but I do it purely in the interest of humanity and posterity.

Furthermore, I've found it most beneficial to write the word "Yes" at least five thousand times—carbon paper being a great aid.

A clever piece of strategy is to see E. Carrington Smith and have a slide made to be shown while the feature is running, and right at the climax. It might be worded, for example, "Vote for Joe Third," said Mr. Third, of course, being your opponent. The boos characterizing the slide announcing Cash Night will be, in comparison, as silent as a mummy's discourse on aeronautics.

In closing, let me add that it might be a good policy to find out who you are running against, although it's practically an impossible feat with the parties changing candidates more often than they do their clothes. Once this has been determined, you can adopt just what kind of mud you want to sling, but always blame it on the April shower.

If any candidate has a guilty conscience after reading this, and I've unconsciously called him down on some of my suggestions, if he's smart, he'll go to church —especially if it's the day before election.

—Hayden Clement.

"How do you spell arboretum?"

Don't let love get the best of you—
Love, the gay consumer,
Flings away the rest of you
And keeps your sense of humor.

—Claire.

"Him? Oh, he's the leader of the sit-down strike."

Undergraduate Courses

Which Will Not Be Offered This Spring Quarter

CHEMISTRY C102: Alcoholic Analysis.

This course attempts to familiarize the student with modern methods of beverage analysis and will include thorough instruction in elementary procedure, including the blue-flame test and the precipitation tests for lye and red pepper. *Breakage fee*, $10.00.

CHEMISTRY C203: Advanced Alcoholic Analysis. Prerequisite, Chemistry C102.

This advanced course introduces the student to bath-tub gin, explains the finer distinctions between white mule and white lightning, and particularly stresses electrolysis and methods of determining gasoline content.

GREEK 6¾:

A survey of modern Greek, including the history of the hot-dog, composition of hamburger and study of restaurant operation.

ENGLISH 2: Creative Writing.

Study and practice of original and creative writing, with especial emphasis upon letters to parents. The object of the course is to prepare the student for all emergencies. An interesting side-line to the course is instruction in what *not* to write to one of the opposite sex and how to avoid breach-of-promise suits.

MATHEMATICS 16:

Study and discussion of curves, figures and lines, with advanced instruction in putting two and two together.

ENGLISH 557: Public Speaking.

This course offers a discriminating study of the vernacular with a view of perfecting the student in fluent and varied profanity. Special attention will be given to the nine Anglo-Saxon physiological monosyllables.

COMMERCE 267: Accounting.

The course is designed to enable the student to account for such things as low grades, failure to pay bills and the presence of feminine what-nots in his laundry.

PHILOSOPHY 666: Kant.

And why not.

POLITICAL SCIENCE 77:

This course offers complete instruction to aspiring politicians; issues, and how to evade them; the double-cross; platforms and promises. In collaboration with the Physical Education Department, there will be exercises in mud-slinging, pointing with pride, and flag-waving.

FRENCH 606: Contemporary Literature.

A course in the modern French novel and periodicals. In connection with this course, the Art Department will exhibit some interesting photographs and post-cards.

PHYSICS 55: Electricity and Magnetism.

High and low voltage, and how to handle both; resistance, and how to overcome it; the development of magnetism; avoiding shocks.

MONEY 7-11:

How to get it and how to keep it. The course includes laboratory instruction in touch letters, five-card bridge and liquidation of assets.

The Dee Tees

By Dick Hicks

A little man with a very big hammer pounded upon Walter's head and aroused him from a torpid sleep. Walter awoke and found a collar-button gouging into his Adam's apple and a stiff-bosomed shirt cramping into his chest.

"What a horrible night," said Walter to himself, and when he opened his mouth, out dropped a bale of fluffy cotton.

"What a horrible night," said Walter again, and upon his teeth were fur-lined gloves.

"My, my, what a horrible taste is in my mouth," said Walter to himself, and he wondered if the brothers had carried him up the steps head first or feet first the night before.

But the past was unimportant to Walter right then, for Walter was worried about the future. Walter knew that he was subject to hot and cold flashes after a hard night, and he was wont to feel maggots and termites crawling upon his skin. After a hard night, Walter was prone to have the jits, and sometimes he was visited by monkeys and elephants. Walter ordinarily liked monkeys and elephants and he even gave them peanuts at the zoo to show his esteem, but the monkeys and elephants which came on mornings after hard nights were not real monkeys and elephants. They appeared and disappeared, and the only thing that would drive them away permanently was to take a short knocker before breakfast, and they would not go away until he got that short knocker down the hatch.

And on this particular morn-

"He says he's fed up with this job."

Copyright 1937, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

ing, Walter felt that he was going to be visited by the monkeys and elephants, because he could already feel a few maggots and termites crawling underneath his Tuxedo, which by now needed pressing somewhat.

"I sincerely hope that the monkeys and elephants do not visit me this morning," said Walter to himself, and turned over to go back to sleep.

But he was awakened by a gentle knock upon the door, and instinctively he said, "Come in!" without realizing that it might be the monkeys and elephants.

It was not the monkeys and elephants. It was George, one of the brothers, and it had been George who had put Walter to bed the night before.

"How do you feel?" asked George of Walter.

"The little men are here," said Walter sadly, not opening his eyes, "and they are beating upon my head."

"You passed out last night," said George.

"Yes, I know," said Walter. "Did you bring me upstairs with my head or my feet first?"

"Your head was first," said George prosaically.

"Get me a towel to place about my head," said Walter, "because I am afraid that the monkeys are coming to pay a visit to this little man beating on my head."

Then Walter opened his eyes. There were the monkeys! No, just one monkey, a little one with a red cap on his head, climbing up and down on the bedpost.

"Take him away," screeched Walter, because the monkey was the most real monkey that had ever visited him during a hangover.

"Take who away, my good Walter," said George kindly, stroking Walter's head.

"The monkey! The monkey!" screamed Walter, cringing in his bed. "Take him away!"

"There is no monkey here, my dear Walter," said George sympathetically. "I am afraid that you are seeing things. Let me get you a Bromo."

"Take him away," screamed Walter, burying his head in his pillow. "Take him away!"

"Yes, Walter," said George, going to the door. "I will take him away."

"Oh, this is a horrible nightmare," said Walter into his pillow.

Outside the door, Brother George called a freshman. "Freshman," he said, "take this monkey back to the organ-grinder on the corner, and bring a Bromo for Brother Walter."

"Yes," said the freshman, taking the monkey by the collar.

"Consign me to Keeley," said Walter into his pillow.

They cuss and they fuss
They swear and they glare
They belay and they fray and they say
'Tis a disgrace to the populace
They shout shame and blaze blame
They go into a rage like a playmaker astage
They hurt so hard they exert shouting "dirt"
The epithets they quote may be hearty
But on election day they go all the way
And vote with the party.

"I've just taken a shine to your wife," said the stork to the negro when leaving the house.

Carl (over phone): Is Emily in?

Maid (also over the phone): She's taking a bath.

Carl: Sorry, I have the wrong number.

ITALIAN DIALOGUE

"My dear Fioretti
Where did you getty
Thatta canna spaghetti?"

"My dear Tony
What I have here is only
A miserable phoney."

"Fioretti,
Will you letti
Me know what you mean by thetti?"

"My dear Tony, this is not what you are wishing
Dese is worms, and now I go fishing!"

Excerpt from statement heard over radio: "Concerning this subject, there are two opinions; one of them is wrong and one of them is my own."

—*Billy Robinson*
Feb. 17, 1937.

My roommate has a brand new fellow
And what a freak I try to tell her
She gets so mad she wants to fight
And stays awake most half the night
The state she's in will make her thin
I can't understand why she picked him.

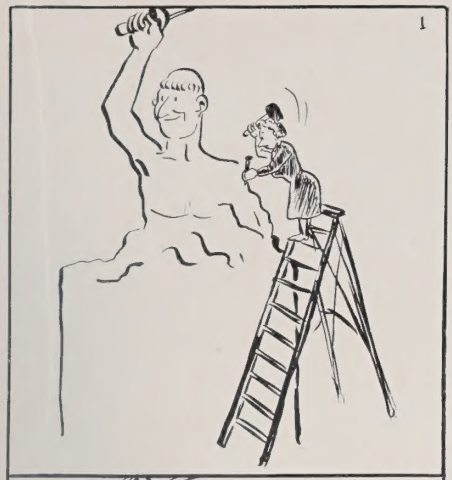
—*A. R.*

Biography of a Bachelor Girl

Her first affair was touching.
Cupid missed his aim,
And the man she fell in love with
Didn't even know her name.

The next was better-managed
As she was doomed to fall
For a man who knew her name
But it didn't help at all.

—M. W.



Taking inspiration from a comment overheard upon the destruction of the oak grove behind the President's mansion in order to make room for a new co-ed dormitory:

I think that I shall never see
A co-ed lovely as a tree;

A co-ed who may in summer wear
Little more than her hair;

A co-ed whose hungry mouth me hath pressed
To sell my studs and hock my vest;

Upon whose bosom . . . hath lain
Who intimately lives with . . . (dash again).

Co-eds are made by fools like me;
But only God (and dogs: Nell Booker would add)
Can make a tree.

One, Two, Three, Four,
I thought no man could teach me more.
Five, Six, Seven, Eight,
They leave me early, they leave me late.
Nine, Ten, and now it's you.
But then, my darling, nothing's new.

When I was a young lass, a simple lass, a sweet lass,
My mother spoke warningly of men and wine and rue.
And I have sipped a little wine,
And I have loved two men,
And now I know that all she said was too darn true.

And that reminds us that we've heard a good many explanations from people as to what they were doing with a beautiful girl in a car on a lonely road in the moonlight, but that of a certain Zeta Psi pledge (name on request) takes the cake for originality. He says he was looking for a horse.

Chorus: "We're MIGHTY glad you're dead, you rascal you!" *

*Ed Note: And we're mighty damn glad this is the last dog cartoon!

ADVICE TO CLAIRE

So you're scorning a man named
Oscar,
Ignoring his passionate plea;
Don't say anything 'bout an Os-
car,
Or like a Wilde woman I'll be.
You're really a selfish young wo-
man
Unappreciative of your lot;
Suppose you lived on this cam-
pus
Where men there simply are
not?

You'd soon do a right-about-
face—
Even "Percival" you would
adore—
You'd gaze up with fond admir-
ation
And murmur "Oh, do tell me
more."

Give thanks to the heavens,
young Claire—
(I'm really not trying to "boo"
you)—
And be glad that you're on a
campus
Where Oscars may safely pursue
you.

—*Joanne, W.C.U.N.C.*

Coach Lange (in Hygiene 1 lecture): "And now we'll take up the Mendelian Law. By the way, Jones, who was Mendelian?"

I do not mind my broken heart.
It only hurts like hell
To suffer with insomnia
And know he sleeps so well.

Definition of a true music lover: One who will put his ear instead of his eye to the keyhole when he hears a soprano singing in the bathroom.

—*C. P. M.*

"I don't want to confuse you students any more than possible."—*E. E. Peacock, Accounting Instructor.*

"Always worth stopping for"

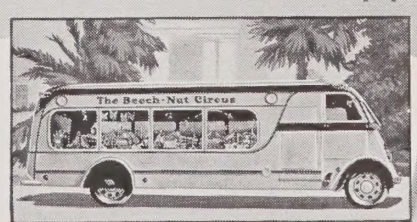
BEECH-NUT GUM

Most popular gum in America is Beech-Nut Peppermint. Try our Spearmint, too, if you enjoy a distinctive flavor!

BEECHIES
Gum in a crisp candy coating . . . doubly delightful that way! Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin.

ORALGENE
The new firmer texture gum that aids mouth health and helps fight mouth acidity. "Chew with a purpose."

You can taste the difference Quality makes



SEE THE BEECH-NUT CIRCUS
Biggest Little Show on Earth!
A mechanical marvel, 3 rings of performers, clowns, animals, music 'n' everything! Now touring the country. Don't miss it.

Sounds Like Kinston

The fire whistle started blowing in one of our Eastern towns the other day. Volunteer firemen in great numbers left their work and ran for the station. A number of sirens were heard, and the fire trucks came thundering down the street. When the fire fighters arrived at the fire box from which the call had been issued, they saw a large negro woman furiously tugging at the handle of the box and looking very much perplexed.

"Where is the fire?" asked the firemen excitedly.

"Dere ain't no fire around here, I'se jus' trying to mail dis letter," was the somewhat perturbed answer.

Tony I. Speradanickldus

I Sella Da Hash

(As Told to Gum who Is Weery from Stirring da Coffee)

Tony I. Speradanickldus, I sella da hash. You eat weeth me you don' kare; you eat weeth anny bodiee, you eat weeth Sigmair News; you eat weeth S. Airs Eees; you eat upp towan. But I sella da hesh. The best thair ess. Up towan I sella da hesh ware the roaches run rampartee. These roarches she runn in hesh; she swimm in zoop; she frockle weeth framtasse. Framtasse she ess eat weeth fingairs; roachsheeze she runn doawn fingairs; roaches she gatt in cuffee. That is wy up toawn cuffee she taste as ash carte. But you buy ett I sell; I should shrug shouldairs.

I gattda mon. I should shad roach tairs over your indigestion. We gatta da mon. You buy da book; we da mon. You datta da gal and don' read book; we still gatta da mon. Should ve worry?

You coom to toawn. You have left mule. Mule she stand in field and she looka da dumb. You don't stand in da field, but you rush da chiomegair. She ess spelt chiomegair by freshman whan she first coom to citee. The freshman, she has not kept noththing but mule. The mule, she doesanott have to be take to Smith's Theatair on Sundee. She ess not kept. She fan ears and she looka dumb. The chiomegair she powdair da ear and you looka dumb.

You coom to citee, you finda da gin. Theese gin she ess stong. She ess strongair than ess these mule which you leave. These gin she maka you wan' to hav' a date. These date she skin you. These gin she ess too strong.

You find these beer. Beer she ess nice. She swell you lika da ballon. You float as these seplain. You looka like these sausages, bot you feel better than these sausages. You feel lak you call upp. You call upp, and you find date. Date she skin you. Beer she ess too strong.

These Sigmair News, theese S. Air Eees, she esk you do you have dinnair? You say no dinnair they say thassa fine, we go find these dinnair. They find hem sanwich; they say to you "Brothair" . . . you say no brothair would feeda hem sandwich. These Sigmair News; these Sa Da Eees; she ess too strong.

You go by da benk. You look in. The benk she ess full. Fulla da mon. You drenk these corn whiskey. You coom bek at night. You say to benk. "These benk she is not so strong; I puff, these benk she fall in, I take da mon and I go to Opelikair. You puff. These benk she is too strong.

You enroll for these Frashmen Englaish. You say she ess not difficulte. I datta da chiomegar, she can spella these beeg word; she can put these period where these comma should not be; she weel tach me. These chiomegar, she tach. But she no tach the cooma where the period should be. She teach the dance she setta you beck these wan dollair. These sandwhichs she sat these fallair beck fafteen cents. These chiomegar she eat one with wan hand; she eat wan weeth otherair hand; she weigh wan fortee. She no kair. These pocket she kair, but these chiomegar she is beautiful; she ess magnifique; she say, "Hunee." These word, these "Hunee," she make one talk these pocket: "Pocket there is wan fool, and these wan she tink she know

DIRTY WORK AT THE CROSSROADS!

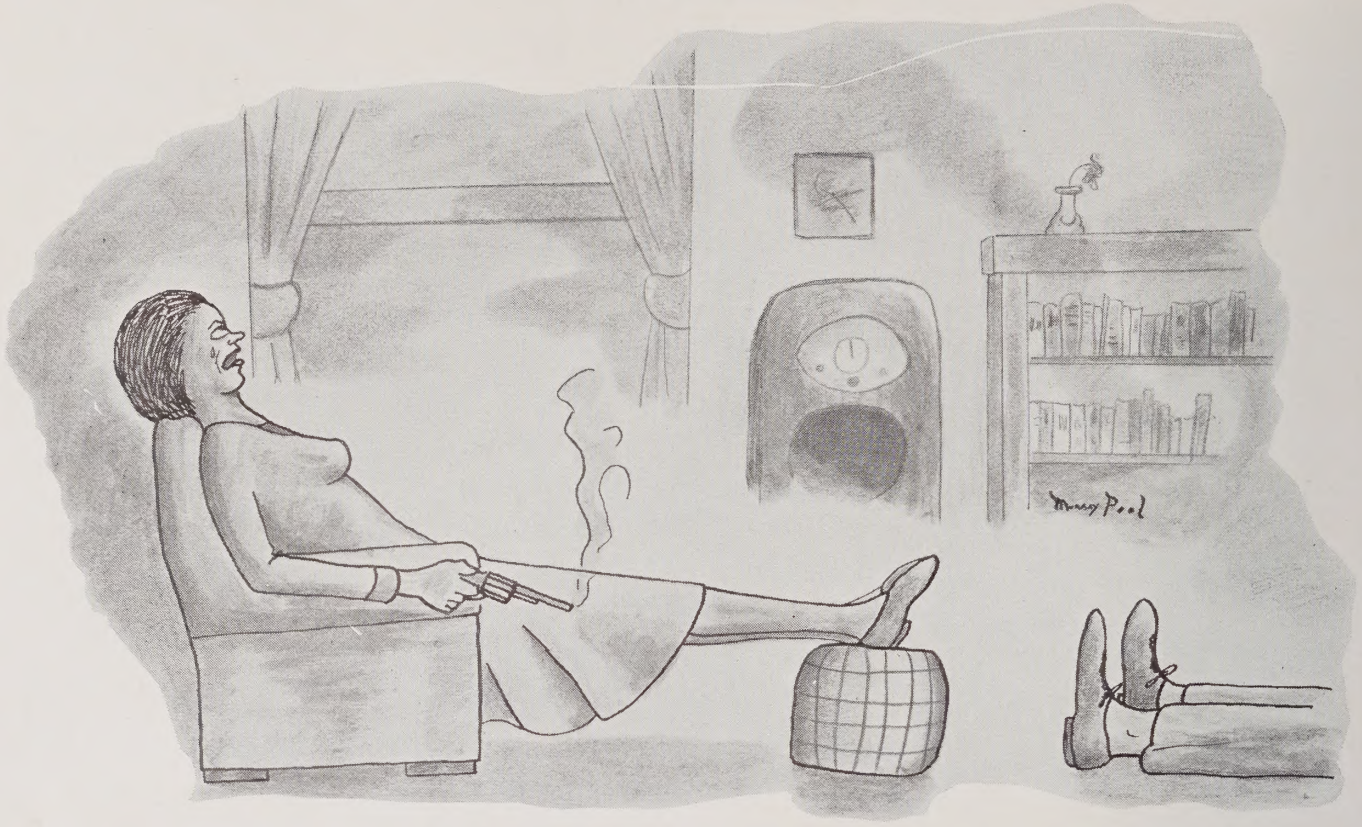
A SOUPY PIPE plus strong tobacco will K. O. any copper. All motorists should use pipe cleaners regularly and smoke only a certain mild fragrant mixture. Like Sir Walter Raleigh? Uh-huh. Sir Walter is a grand combination of well-aged Kentucky Burley leaf that burns cool, slow, while giving off a delightful aroma. This easier-on-the-tongue brand has become a leader in a few short years because it really *has* the mildness that pipe lovers since Adam have patiently sought. Test it in your briar.

UNION MADE

FREE booklet tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter; how to break in a new pipe. Write for copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. W-73.

HOW TO TAKE CARE of YOUR PIPE

TUNE IN JACK PEARL (BARON MUNCHAUSEN) NBC BLUE NETWORK, MONDAYS 9:30 P.M., E.S.T.



"Ohhh! the brute! He's spoiled my nite again!"

where ess these dam' fool." These pocket she ess fool.

These familee she write. She say; "There is wan fool." They say these book she no cost these fifteen dollairs. These family she is mistake. Family she not know these Auban book. These books she look lak heaven but cost like these hell. Family she is mistake.

And when these wan writes these familee: These Georgair Tech ticket she costa me fifty dollairs . . . these familee she write back and she say: "You say Georgair Tech; you say Opelakair; you say chiomegair; you say Sigmair News; you say . . . the hell you say, you coom home; these mule she wait; these mule she no eat fafteen cent sandwich; these mule she no weigh wan fifty.

I coom. Q. E. D.

—The Tiger Rag.

"Morning Herald?"
"Mornin', bud."

—*Sour Owl.*

LETTERS

(Continued from page 2)

was the end of it all. Since that moment never was I called on to do a lick of work. Did I kick? No, indeed, my love, but sometimes I would go up and loaf in the office, crusty as could be. The city editor (I don't know why they call him that; I can't find a city here. Maybe it's because he sits so much) ordered everybody around to his mouth's content, but I could stare him in the face (I think it was his face) and I still didn't get anything to do. I didn't mind, Margie, until I found they put me off the staff. The ignominy of it all!

But still nonplussed (that's a good word) I went up to the Yackety Yack office (that's the yearbook and it has a pretty binding). A bleary-eyed youngster was there. "I can do almost anything," I told him. "I'm not a freshman." He said, "That's all right. Don't let that worry you. We all can't be young and innocent." So, dear, he gave me a ream of paper and told me to get an alphabetical list of the freshmen. The irony of it! I toiled and toiled, and many an hour I spoiled. Imagine compiling a list of freshman nobody ever will read, Margie. I never realized before what a mess of freshmen and what messy names there are. Well, when I brought in the mile-long list someone with two eyes and a nose grabbed it, and that's all I ever heard from that worthy publication. No, angel, I never went back; I've still my pride. All I can do is hope I spelled all the names wrong.

Maybe you are going to call me paradoxical (or is it Quixotical), Margie. I complain when I work and complain when I don't work. Now don't get me wrong, babe; as someone said once, it's not the work I care about but the principle of the thing. And if I don't watch out for the principles, how can I get any interest out of things?

Although already I can see your adorable tears I have more

sadness to relate. I decided that surely a publication like the Carolina Magazine would suit my special and peculiar talents. The editor seemed favorably impressed. (After seeing his product, I know why.) "I'm not a freshman, you know," I told him. "Neither am I," said he. So we chose me a subject—you have to write on a subject for this mag. It was a pretty good subject too, quite unusual for the mag. So industriously I got to work, and pulled and rolled my words until I got enough of them. Then, it turned out I had to make revisions, Margie, so I did some of them too. It was pretty good, if I do say so myself. At last I said to myself that genius had been recognized and was about to receive its just desserts.

But it turned out to be hash. The day of publication I eagerly turned to my article, my love. At least I think it was mine. But the middle of it had been mercilessly ripped out and pieces were stuffed at both ends without feeling. Here and there a few of my masterly brain children were sprinkled about the page. But the general effect was worse than that of Sherman on Georgia. What an instrument of destruction and havoc, sugar (that's a good word—havoc) an editor's pen can be. The imbecility of it! To make matters worse I overheard the editor tell someone, "Too bad I cut that story. We were short of copy."

My name was attached. Empty honor, if honor at all. Perhaps I shouldn't be so well-nigh (that's a good word) humiliated, Margie. The chances are that no one ever reached that page in the mag. I'm hoping no one ever will reach that epitome (that a g. w.) of boredom.

But, nevertheless, my lamb, as I think I've said, I'm through with college publications. From now on let them crawl to me if they can't mismanage things well enough by themselves. Let genius languish, while mediocrity sets the stage for its misfits (I made that up by myself), Margie.

Time will tell, my cream-puff. Some day when I'm editor of *Fortune*, some of these present-day big-shots are going to have to come to me for work. I'll give them jobs, Margie, with no salary and a bonus ever other St. Patrick's Day, and once a leap year I'll publish their trash, but not so they'll recognize it.

Farewell, Margie, and remember that a suffering soul succors sustenance: namely, your little Roland.

Ed. Note: *Remember me, Roland—when you become editor of "Fortune," I'm the guy that printed it.*

We always called a spade a spade until we hit our foot with one the other day.

—*Exchange.*

MARCH WINNER

of

The All-Flavor Box of Cellophane Wrapped

LIFE SAVERS

C. P. MITCHELL

316 Lewis Dorm

I'M GOING OUT FOR A BREATH OF FRESH AIR.
NOT NECESSARY- FRESHEN UP YOUR BREATH WITH A LIFE SAVER!
MORAL:
Everybody's breath offends sometimes...let PEP-O-MINT save yours after eating, smoking and drinking
PEP-O-MINT LIFESAVERS

SHROUDING THAT BODY DOWN

Men's suits this spring will be more colorful than in many seasons past. Perhaps the popularity of bright colored sports clothes is responsible for this new trend, or perhaps it is because men are beginning to tire of the more or less somber colors that usually predominate in the clothes of the masculine sex. But the fact remains that this is going to be a season of color, so you must emerge from your overcoat cocoon and blossom forth in a colorful sartorial outfit. It is my aim here to report to you what's new in the way of spring suits.

What I believe to be one of the most favored styles for spring and particularly appropriate for the coming season is the semi-sports suit. This type of suit consists of a plain back jacket, vest and trousers of the tweed and homespun types of fabric. This suit can be worn for campus or dress, or both, and forms an important part of the wardrobe for the individual whose income is limited. Particularly new and smart is the one inch wide wale herringbone flecked with tiny colored nubs giving the fabric a Harris tweed appearance. Shetlands, homespuns and donegals are other correct materials. The lounge type of free draping still holds its popularity.

Getting down to the sports jacket itself, camel's hair and flannel replaces the wild district checked tweeds of yesteryear. Of course there will be a large number of tweeds worn, but the lads who resent being uniformed and regimented will skip this fabric. For that reason soft shetlands come back, too, and greeting us again is the norfolk jacket. This belted affair will never totally die out and is definitely a sartorial fixture.

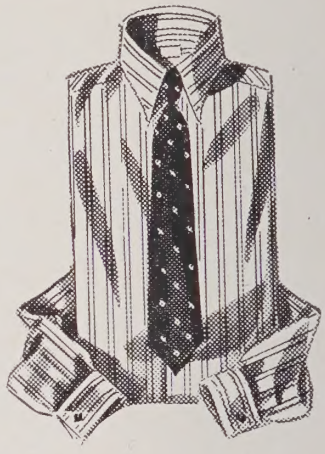
The very new flannel coats will be of two versions. The blazer type of jacket in solid colors with brass, bone or white shell buttons, in a single breasted style, and on the other hand, the double breasted nautical type of jacket.

DURHAM MEN'S SHOP

A cedar tan shade of gabardine suiting is worn by the Durham Men's Shop's subject in a single breasted bi-swing style. Other outstanding sartorial fixtures are the white oxford button-down shirt worn with a Palm Beach cloth tie of pastel shade and wing tip shoes trimmed with brown and white.

Slacks, as of last year, place their newness in fabric design rather than cut. The newest wrinkle is stimulated tunnel belt loops and extended waistband of lastex which eliminate the necessity for a belt and actually gives the trouser a peg shaped English drape.

—Joe Haggerty.



Madras shirting of white grounds with wide spaced stripes featuring the new lounge collar for town or spectator sports wear.

COED WEAR

April seems an apt month to discuss rainy-day wear. In fact any month in Chapel Hill would be appropriate for that purpose. Spring rain wear calls for something lighter than has been worn in the winter months.

Designers are doing their part to coöperate in popularizing the shower. It's no longer necessary or even permissable to appear in the drizzling rain in some shapeless contraption, drab and dull of aspect, which has been unearthed from the closet as a last resort. In fact, some of the new rain fashions may never see the depths of a closet, for they are attractive and practical enough to appear in the sunshine as well.

There are rubberized coats in downright giddy colors, bright plaids and florals galore. These can be worn for casual topcoats at any time. The new Cruise toppers also mark the emancipation of the raincoat. They are made of a sunny shade of pongee, trimmed with bright Paisley. One new style has collar and cuffs piped with Paisley and a whole panel of the print running down the center back . . . This coat has a thin rubber lining, but is otherwise innocent of a rainy-day look.

Rubberized cotton prints are legion. They flaunt every conceivable pattern, with an accent on polka dots, which are also appearing elsewhere in no small numbers this season.

Time was when the co-ed who appeared sporting an umbrella was an object of mirth. Times change, though, and so have umbrellas. The new transparent ones eliminate the probability of speeding into someone while "flying blind." Many of these come in plain colors, with handle and bandings in contrasting colors. Others are bespattered with small designs, or polka dots to match the polka-dotted raincoats. Eye-filling also are the oiled silk ones, featured in every color of the rainbow and a few others—bright Kelley green, scarlet, vivid blues, sunny yellows, and of course navy, black, and new lively shades of brown. Fashion also accents plain umbrellas in either bright or pastel shades.

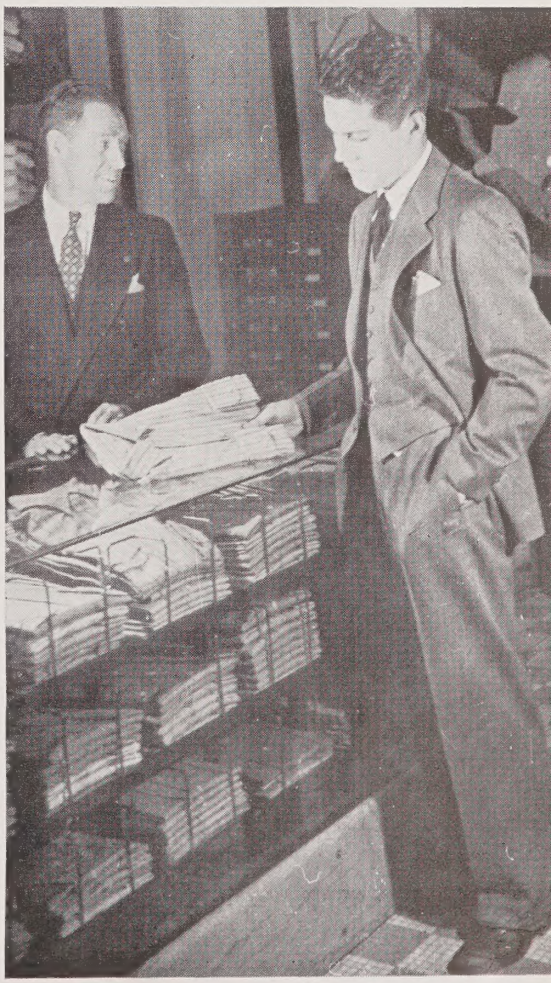
The trench coat is the answer to downright practicality, plus good looks. New versions are more interesting and decorative than have been seen before. They go in for such whimsies as action backs and inverted pleats to make the skirts fuller. All are characterized by a swashbuckling air.

Mary Lillian Speck wears a suit of light blue shetland wool, trimly belted, and a sweater of yellow angora. The suit jacket is distinctive because of its novel pocket effects. The skirt is gored and pleated. A matching light blue felt topper completes the ensemble.

THE LITTLE SHOP

Rubberized crepe raincoats are one of the best-looking types. Some of the most attractive of this genus are neatly topped by little capes that swing gracefully as you walk along, and can be draped over books and papers so that you can arrive in class with your possessions intact.

—*Louise Waite.*



The Pritchard Bright Company of Durham features the gray gabardine suit with two-tone stripes on invisible herringbone ground for the coming season. This model is a two-button single breasted type with belted back and a center vent.

PRITCHARD-BRIGHT & CO.

Quarantined!

•

Soon there will be no more room in the Grill.

The Grill is small and cozy. It has convenient tables and booths. Just the right atmosphere, the best of food and efficient service.

•

Graham Memorial Grill

Two old settlers, confirmed bachelors, sat in the backwoods. The conversation drifted from politics and finally got around to cooking.

"I got one of them cookery books once, but I could do nothing with it."

"Too much fancy work in it, eh?"

"You've said it! Every one o' them recipes began the same way: 'Take a clean dish . . .' and that settled me."

—*Record.*

"Have a drink."

"I beg your pardon, I'm a Deke."

"Pardon me, here's the bottle."

Things this campus needs:

Concrete sidewalks to fry eggs on in the summer.

Two-hour classes—about time we get to sleep, the hour's up.

Steam heat in the arboretum.

An 8:30 bell on Sunday mornings, so we can enjoy sleeping more.

W. C. U. N. C.

A new crusade or two for "Donbc"—the old ones are about worn out.

Minsky's.

Cash Night at the Bank of Chapel Hill.

A good five-cent humor magazine.

An obliging weather man.

Things this campus can do without:

Rain.

More co-eds. (We know, but we *are* doing without them, aren't we.)

The Duke Chronicle.

Boy (just after reading line 863* in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*): "Don't you think it's about time we twinned?"

Girl: "Sir!"

*For those too lazy to look up the above reference, to "twin" means to make yourselves separate, hence to "part."

Add similes: As lost as a college humor cartoonist without a dog and a tree.

Traffic Cop: Don't you know what I mean when I hold up my hand?

Old Lady: I ought to; I was a school teacher for thirty-five years. —*Hi-Owl.*

He: I had to come clear across the room to see you, so I wanna kiss you.

She: Gee, I'm glad you weren't in the next block.

—*Octopus.*

Bob: Before we were married, you swore you would never look at another man.

Dot: Just another campaign promise gone to hell.

—*Varieties.*

Yes, darling, I know
I'm the light of your eyes,
The apple in your pies,
Your one inspiration
And it is, indeed, a pleasure
For me to hear an affection so warm,
But what is that ice wagon
Doing in our yard
When we own a Frigidaire?

—*The Carolinian.*

Barber: What's the matter? Ain't the razor takin' holt?

Victim: Yeah, it's taking holt all right, but it ain't lettin' go again. —*Punch Bowl.*

FANCY ICES PHONE L-963 SHERBETS

"Ice Cream Specialists"

DURHAM ICE CREAM COMPANY, INC.

FAST FROZEN

"BLUE RIBBON" ICE CREAM

"Today It's Thrifty to Buy Quality"

DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA

BLOCKS PUNCH

DR. J. P. JONES
Dentist

Telephone 5761

Upstairs next to Post Office

Behind the Mike

(Continued from page 1)

truly unusual, and add a distinctive touch to the Olsen Orchestra.

May Frolics

George Olsen and his "Music of Tomorrow" featuring Edith Caldwell and Leighton Noble will play for the annual May Frolic set of dances April 9th and 10th.

—*Roberts Jernigan, Jr.*

TO A PRESENT ACQUISITION

If you loved me like I love you
This affair would bore you too.

"Did you know that there are two hundred thousand Poles in Buffalo?"

"That's where I'm going to take my dog on his vacation."

—*Punch Bowl.*

"So you're on your honeymoon here at Niagara Falls. Where's the little woman?"

"Oh, I left her home."

"What! Taking your honeymoon alone?"

"Sure. Someone had to stay home and mind the baby."

—*Varieties.*

Being a Portuguese he got up bright and oily.

SPRINGTIME
is shoe time

Are your shoes in shape?

University Shoe Shop
"2nd door from Post Office"

"What kind of a fellow is Gene?"

"Well, the other night the lights went out in his girl's parlor and he spent the rest of the evening tinkering with the fuses." —*Kitty Kat.*

Coed: I'd like to see the captain of this ship.

Sailor: He's forward, Miss.

Coed: That's all right. This is a pleasure trip.

—*Wampus.*

DEVELOPING

● We continue the good work Kodak Film starts when you leave you snapshots with us.

PRINTING

● Clear, sharp prints—the best your negatives will produce — feature our finishing service.

ENLARGING

● Big prints from your regular negatives are inexpensive when we do the work.

Foister Photo Co.

Said the grapefruit to the orange—
As he fell beneath her tree—
"I have fallen for you, sweet maiden,
Now won't you fall for me?"
She grew so excited, she gave her head a nod,
And as she landed by his side her little seeds began to throb.
They lived happily
A life that was serene.
Then suddenly a bush sprang up—
And they called it Tangerine.

—*Yellow Jacket.*

We can help you be
Well Groomed
Five expert barbers
Graham Memorial Barber Shop

Nurse (in an insane asylum): There's a man outside who wants to know if we have lost any inmates.

Doctor: Why?

Nurse: He says that someone has run off with his wife.

—*Yellow Jacket.*

Farmer: Seems like I've been findin' an awful lot of dead crows in the fields lately.

Second Farmer: Yup, Pete Clay down the line made a scarecrow out of the duds his boy brought home from college and the birds been laughin' themselves to death.

—*Yellow Jacket.*

"What kind of dress did Betty wear to the party last night?"

"I don't know, but I think it was checked."

"Boy, that must have been some party."

—*Skipper.*

Gamma Phi: Why didn't you shave this morning?

Delt: I thought I did, but there were twelve of us using the same mirror this morning and I must have shaved some other guy.

—*Yellow Jacket.*

The weather didn't agree with him, so the weatherman left town.

Bird Study

Since the appeal of the BUC is supposed to be universal, we'll include this one for the kiddies and the faculty:

Once upon a time there was a little Bluebird. She was a well-meaning little Bluebird, and she wanted to please her husband and be a good housewife. So one day she went up on her nest and waited, and waited, and waited; and, lo and behold, the stork paid her a visit, and she was a mother. When Mr. Bluebird came home from the office he found a little blue egg, and he was so proud that he strutted around the edge of the nest and kissed her and petted her and even took her to the movies that night. Mrs. Bluebird was so happy at the way he treated her that two weeks later she did the same thing; and this time he not only took her to the movies but brought her two worms. So from then on there were blessed events in the Bluebird household about as often as Mrs. Bluebird could manage—which was rather often, bluebirds being what they are—and harmony reigned supreme.

But one day disaster reared its ugly head. The stork paid a visit, and instead of leaving a little blue egg he left a little brown one. When Mr. Bluebird came home he was mad as hops, but he didn't say anything at first. He just sharpened up his beak and took his shotgun down off the shelf and puffed out his chest and said, "Woman, what is the meaning of this?" But the big bully didn't scare little Mrs. Bluebird one bit. She just preened her feathers and said, "Oh, *that?* Think nothing of it. I only did it for a Lark."

Lets Go.
Pep Up.

Hear Freddy Johnson and His Orchestra

The food is good too

You First Girls

Eventually you will eat at

C. & W.

Why not begin today

The absent-minded professor that we would like to meet is the fellow who would lecture to his steak and cut his classes.

Alice (7 years old): Mary, how old are you?

Mary: I don't know whether I'm six or seven, but I'm still a virgin.

Alice: You must be six.—*A. F.*

Befuddled Negro: Boss man, whar ken I buy some of dis white horse liqur?

Joking White: Around at the stables, Rastus.

Rastus: If deys makin it around dere, I'se gwine to stict to dat ole corn liqur I buys in de country. —*C. R.*

A football player was instructing a group of eager young cowboys in the art of football. "Mind," he said, "if you can't kick the ball, kick one of the players on the other team. Let's get busy. Where's the ball?"

"Never mind the ball; let's get going with the game!" cried an enthusiastic pupil.

—*Exchange.*

It seems that the trouble with unions today is that they have simply become organizations to secure better working conditions, higher wages, and shorter hours for their members, according to the Reverend Merle Anderson of New York.

He probably thinks that the main objection to an army is that it's simply a fighting organization.

—*Ski-U-Mah.*

"And does your nice little cow give milk?"

"Well, not exactly; you gotta sorta take it away from her."

—*Annapolis Log.*

Washington Duke Tavern
DURHAM, N. C.

Smart and Popular Rendezvous of College People

Washington Duke Hotel: especially equipped for banquet and private service

BLENDED

Little Boy: Father, father, what is that man doing running up and down the car with his mouth open?

Father: My boy, that's a Scotchman getting a free smoke.

—Growler.

Two English gentlemen were standing, waiting for someone to come from the powder room. A moment later two women walked out. The first Englishman said, "Oh, I say, what do you know about that, here comes my wife with my mistress."

The second Englishman said, "By jove, you took the words right out of my mouth."

—Punch Bowl.

Mary had a little lamb,
With her it used to frolic.
It licked her cheeks in play one day,
And died of painter's colic.

—Pup.

INFIDELITY

I've heard of people
After frustration
Going to others
For consolation.

But this is odd:
That I should console
Myself with your body—
Wanting your soul.

—L. H. A.

"Six Days Shalt Thou Labor—"

The Sabbath, I'm told, is a day of rest,
For trips in the woods it's rated the best,
For chasing of spiders and "skeeters" et al,
Not to mention a cute little gal.
She said she knew the path very well,
And proceeded to walk me until I fell.
The moral of my little story is this,
In the woods never give a girl a cigarette.

AUDREY

One day little Audrey saw her brother stealing a picture from the store, but she just laughed and laughed, because she knew that the whole country had the picture-taking craze.

—C. R.

A preacher walked into a saloon, order milk, but was by mistake served a milk punch.

After drinking it, the holy man lifted his eyes to heaven and said:

"O Lord, what a cow!"

—Ranger.

NUCOA

Brown had a lovely baby girl,
The stork had left her with a flutter;
Brown named her "Oleomargarine,"
For he hadn't any but her.

—Widow.

FREE! A Box of Life Savers for the Best Wisecrack!

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?

Send it in to your editor. You may wisecrack yourself into a free prize box of Life Savers!

For the best line submitted each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication. The right to publish any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions of the editors will be final. The winning wisecrack will be published the following month along with the lucky winner's name.

The University Dining Hall Cafeteria

The Eating Place of Carolina Students and Others Connected with the University

West Gate of Campus

Philco and Emerson RADIOS

Tubes tested free

Trained Radiotricians

Electric & Water Division

U. C. S. Plants

You need this throat protection too!

...That only a light smoke offers

The stars of the radio have to protect their throats—naturally. But keep in mind that your throat is just as important to you... be sure you have a light smoke. You can be sure Luckies are a light smoke because the exclusive process, "It's Toasted", expels certain natural impurities harsh to the delicate tissues of your throat. So follow the stars to a clear throat! Choose Luckies.

a light smoke OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO—"IT'S TOASTED"

Copyright 1937, The American Tobacco Company

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

April, 1937 Price 15¢

BUCCANEER

"Swing and Sway"
with
Sammy Kaye

Sammy Kaye was born on March 13, 1910, but in spite of the onus attached to the number "thirteen," he scoffs at superstition. Many of his engagements have started on the 13th of the month. For some time he lived in the thirteenth floor of a hotel. He never goes out of his way to avoid walking under a ladder, and if perchance a cat of ebony hue crosses his path, he merely looks indulgently at the fleeing feline. Once when he accidently smashed a mirror, a few of the members of his band burst into exclamations of horror; Sammy reached for the phone, called the bookmaker and placed four bets on the races. When he won three of them, his musicians admitted that either Kaye was born under a lucky star or else "superstition" was merely a twelve-letter word to help fill in a crossword puzzle.

Young Organization

In two short years the name of Sammy Kaye has skyrocketed to the top of the list of leading maestri in the country. His Swing and Sway rhythms have been heard from coast to coast over NBC and the Mutual Networks. The swinging introduction of his tunes, together with a few bars of his theme song, "Swing and Sway," have identified Kaye's music on the airwaves. His soft, sweet and swingy rhythms have captivated the dance public.

University Graduate

Formerly a student of civil engineering at the Ohio University, Sammy Kaye lost no time in engineering a dance orchestra while still at college. When he graduated he kept his band intact and invested all his money in an old motor bus. For several months he and his musicians traveled from town to town seeking engagements. There were innumerable jobs but most of them paid off only with room and board. It wasn't long, however, before his Swing and Sway rhythms made themselves felt in the public consciousness. He won an engagement at the Cabin Club in Cleveland and scored an immediate hit. His next engagement was at the Paradise Ship in Albany, where Kaye's aggregation remained for almost a year before returning to Ohio to accept engagements at the Gibson Hotel and Castle Farms. More recently the Swing and Sway Rhythms of Sammy Kaye have been featured at Bill Green's Casino in Pittsburgh.

Tommy Ryan, Charlie Wilson and Jimmy Brown, classmates, are Sammy's featured vocalists, while he also presents the rhythmic blending of the Three Barons in Trio arrangements.

Junior-Senior Dance

Sammy Kaye and his "Swing and Sway Rhythm" will play for the Junior-Senior set of dances which will be held in the Tin Can on Friday and Saturday May 7th and 8th.

—Roberts Jernigan, Jr.

THE MONTH'S RECORDS

"THE LOVE BUG WILL BITE YOU" and "ON THE ISLE OF KITCHY-MI-BO-KO" — (Brunswick 7854) — Recorded by Hal Kemp and his Orchestra—Two new numbers arranged in that ever popular Kemp manner. The first sung by Saxie Dowell and the latter by Maxine Gray.

"DIXIELAND SHUFFLE" and "LET'S DO IT" — (Brunswick 7856) — Bunny Berigan and his Orchestra—Just the hot business, with impressive trumpeting by the gifted Berigan.

"ROSEROOM" and "SOLITUDE" — (Victor 25555) — Jack Hylton and his Orchestra — The arrangements are new; the tunes are old; the recording is excellent.

"THEY CAN'T TAKE THAT AWAY FROM ME" and "THEY ALL LAUGHED" — (Bluebird B6873) — Ozzie Nelson and his Orchestra—The latest and best waxing Ozzie has made in several months. Let's give the credit to David (Mr. and Mrs. Nelson's baby boy).

"SPRING CLEANING" and "YOU'VE BEEN READING MY MAIL" — (Victor 25554)—Fats Waller and his Rhythm — Swing adventures with two new tunes. Fats, as usual, is featured at the Ivories.

—Jernigan.

THE

CAROLINA BUCCANEER

THE OFFICIAL HUMOR MAGAZINE
OF THE CAROLINA PUBLICATIONS UNION
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

VOLUME XIII APRIL, 1937 NUMBER 8

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THUMBS

THUMBS UP FOR:

1. Phillips Russell who manages to give an instructive course and, at the same time, keep it interesting. Have yet to see anyone look at a watch during his class. What more can be said?

2. Frank (Smoothie) McGlinn who has done more than anyone else in the student body this year to give Carolina a name for something besides a good time.

3. Peel, behind the counter at Pritchard-Lloyds, who always has a smile for you, even on Monday morning.

4. University Serving Station, for the boys who work there seem to understand when you don't have cash, and will extend your credit.

5. The guys in the dormitories who put up with so much politicking without locking the doors.

6. Bernard Williamson for, oh well, just everything.

7. The sandwich boys who carry those big baskets around at night—even in the rain.

THUMBS DOWN ON:

1. E. Carrington Smith and his Friday movies.

2. The Carolina Coffee Shop which makes you leave your watch when your check is doubtful.

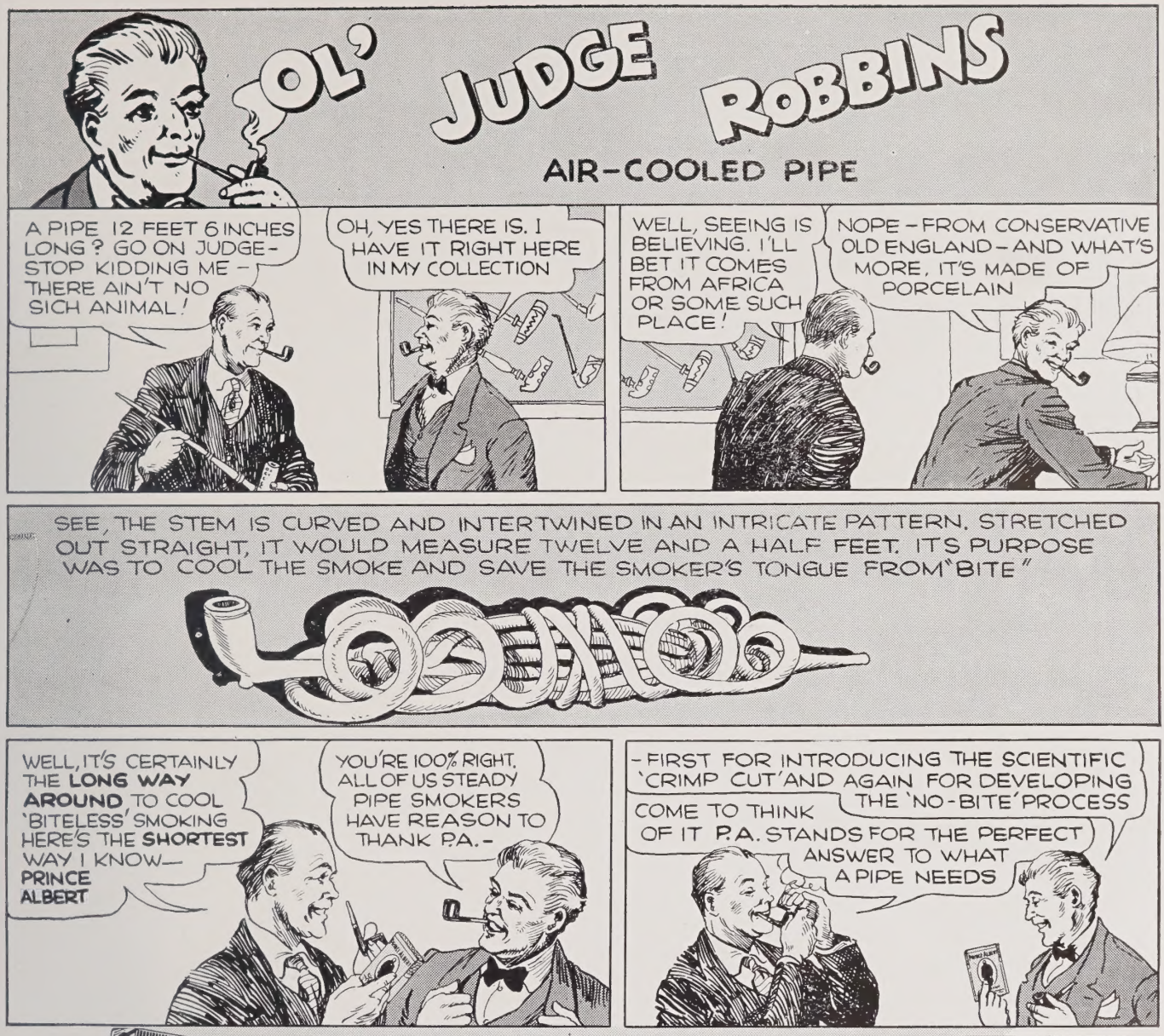
3. Bus connections—no particular ones, just those in general.

4. These PLEASE signs. Why don't they build a walk over the place, as they do in a lot of the northern schools, when a path is made?

5. All the tolls of the bell in South building, except those which end classes.

6. The average co-ed.

7. People who write tripe like this, and those who won't hand in copy and necessitate it.


OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
AIR-COOLED PIPE
A PIPE 12 FEET 6 INCHES LONG? GO ON JUDGE - STOP KIDDING ME - THERE AIN'T NO SICH ANIMAL!
OH, YES THERE IS. I HAVE IT RIGHT HERE IN MY COLLECTION
WELL, SEEING IS BELIEVING. I'LL BET IT COMES FROM AFRICA OR SOME SUCH PLACE!
NOPE - FROM CONSERVATIVE OLD ENGLAND - AND WHAT'S MORE, IT'S MADE OF PORCELAIN
SEE, THE STEM IS CURVED AND INTERTWINED IN AN INTRICATE PATTERN. STRETCHED OUT STRAIGHT, IT WOULD MEASURE TWELVE AND A HALF FEET. ITS PURPOSE WAS TO COOL THE SMOKE AND SAVE THE SMOKER'S TONGUE FROM "BITE"
WELL, IT'S CERTAINLY THE LONG WAY AROUND TO COOL 'BITELESS' SMOKING HERE'S THE SHORTEST WAY I KNOW— PRINCE ALBERT
YOU'RE 100% RIGHT. ALL OF US STEADY PIPE SMOKERS HAVE REASON TO THANK P.A. -
- FIRST FOR INTRODUCING THE SCIENTIFIC 'CRIMP CUT' AND AGAIN FOR DEVELOPING THE 'NO-BITE' PROCESS
COME TO THINK OF IT P.A. STANDS FOR THE PERFECT ANSWER TO WHAT A PIPE NEEDS

PRINCE ALBERT MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

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50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY TIN OF P.A.

PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

"Excuse me, Dora. I've got to-er-get some chewing gum."

The Carolina Buccaneer

University of North Carolina

VOLUME XIII APRIL, 1937 NUMBER 8

PIECES OF EIGHT

● *Spring*

The glorious season is here, and we have definitely committed ourselves to it by putting out a special Spring issue. We admit, of course, that the season is better than the magazine, and so we offer the magazine in abject apology.

Yes, Spring is a wonderful season. It is the season when an empty mailbox is more heartrending than ever, the season when Pete Ivey's Giffus calls to the Wampus.

It is the season when damyankees take out their black shoes just to be different.

It is the season when we open the trunk with our summer duds in it and find that we forgot to pack the things in moth balls.

It is the season when the Social Standards Committee at Duke University passes rules against proning on the campus lawns.

It is the season to chew grass blades.

It is the season to grab a girl, a sandwich, and a gallon jug of whiskey and go on a picnic.

It is the season when we can start thumbing our noses at the pictures of bathing beauties which come up from Miami.

It is the season when the newly elected campus officers relax into their yearly lethargy and wait for their pictures to come out in the Yackety Yack.

It is the season when seniors start lying about the good jobs which await them when they graduate, and the greening Chapel Hill trees make them wonder if it is not a good idea to come back and take graduate work next year.

Yes, it is a glorious season, Spring, but it is hell on us guys who bought tweeds last fall. And it's hell on football players who have to sit back and watch track, tennis, and baseball men grab all the glory.

● *Backwash*

There's a boy on the campus who has been courting steadily for a good while, but who has not been so successful. There's nothing so unusual in an unsuccessful courtship, but this one has been going on for three years, during which time the boy has taken long midnight rides and lost much sleep. Never would the girl give consent to marriage, though the boy propositioned her on the matter every time he had a date with her.

The boy was very diligent in pursuit of this maiden's hand, and he saved his nickels and dimes for the nuptial day. He became so discouraged, however, that he finally came to believe that such a day would never arrive, despite the fact that he had saved a goodly amount of money in preparation for it.

Meanwhile, to sublimate his sorrows, this boy became vitally interested in aviation and whiskey.

Airplanes and whiskey can get quite a grip on a fellow in the course of three years, but he still persisted in his courtship, plodding along and popping the question every night.

And the other night, due to an especially Springy night and because he was especially drunk and cute, she consented. Yes, she consented . . . after three long years.

She said, "Yes, I'll marry you," and the boy was so stunned that he couldn't take it all in for a while. He just sat there and thought. Thought about the airplanes and the whiskey and the pennies that he had been saving.

He looked at the girl and he looked at the whiskey bottle, and he thought about airplanes. "You know," he finally avowed, "I think we are going to have to wait until after I buy that Stinson."

● *The Strong Arm*

Some of the stories which come to us from the different recorder's courts around and about are good, and they will bear repeating here.

All of these court stories involve Negroes, of course, because the dark boys are the ones who flash the most native wit on the witness stand. Down in Tarboro, there is a magistrate's

court which is replete with rare tales, for the magistrate is a darky himself.

This darky magistrate holds court every Monday morning to settle his brothers' week-end problems. When we asked him how he conducted his court, he said, "Well, them niggers comes into my court every morning, and I puts they hands on the Bible and makes 'em swear to tell all the truth. This don't do much good usually though, so den I puts 'em on the witness stand on account of niggers gits so nervous on the witness stand. When they is on the stand, I looks at 'em real hard and says, 'Nigger, is you guilty or is you not guilty?'

"Den whether the nigger says he's guilty or no, I just bows my head for about three minutes and thinks about the nigger's character. And when my head comes up. I is ready to levy the fine!"

Another recorder down in Eastern Carolina has difficulty in finding appropriate amounts to fine the patrons of his court, so he has evolved the expediency of placing a Sears-Roebuck catalogue on the judge's bench. When he is ready to place a fine on a culprit, he opens the catalogue and the first price which he runs across in the catalogue is the amount of the fine.

This unique judge had a darky in his court one day, and the darky was of course found guilty. The judge opened the catalogue to the page dedicated to Ladies' Corsets, and announced, "Sam, your fine is $11.32."

Sam mopped his brow.

"Thank you judge, thank you," he said, "I certainly is glad you hit that page, too, on account of on the next page is *pianos!*"

The Chapel Hill Negroes who come into Judge Jim Phipps' court on Tuesday mornings are not barren in producing a good tale every now and then, either.

Judge Jim hailed a certain Chapel Hill blackamoor and his wife into the old theatre last week for fighting among themselves. It seemed that the two were quite prone to scrap, even before they were married.

"Did you ever fight with Eliza before you were married?" asked Judge Phipps.

"Yassuh, we scuffled ever now and then," answered the darky.

"Did you ever cut Eliza with a knife or a razor?"

"Yassuh, just once."

"Erma, sometimes I got pangs of conscience."

"Just once, eh? Did you ever shoot her before you were married?"

"Yassuh, just once."

"Where did you hit her?"

"I hit her in the hip, but it won't nothing serious, 'cause I took her to the hospital right after it happened, an' she got all right."

"And all this was before you two were married?"

"Yassuh."

"Then why did you marry her if you were always fighting?"

"Well, I loved her, and on top of that she had three children and I had three children, and we figured maybe the chillun would help to mediate us."

But Negroes don't have to be in court to be funny. We were surprised by a lampblack redcoat the other day who came up to us at the station and said, "Pahdon me, suh, but could I transport yo' bags to the bus?"

● *Helpful*

Some people have the ability to carry those Boy Scout principles all through life with them, and every now and then it is a pleasure to meet a person who practices the good-deed-a-day plan.

We met a lady on the phone yesterday who seemed to remember the Boy Scouts, or the Campfire girls, one or the other. Anyway, she was very helpful.

We were trying to get the Sigma Chi house on the telephone, so we looked up the number in the directory and found it to be 4031. We dialed that number, and strangely enough, a woman's voice came back at us over the wire.

"Hello," we said, "is this the Sigma Chi house?"

"No, I am not the Sigma Chi house," the woman's voice answered.

"We're sorry," we said.

"Oh, that's quite all right," the voice said sweetly.

"Nope, already gottum Frigidaire."

We looked up the Sigma Chi number again in the directory. Yes, it was 4071.

We dialed again. The sweet voice answered again.

"Is this the Sigma Chi house?"

"No," said the voice, not ruffled a whit," I still am not the Sigma Chi house!"

"We're sorry."

"Oh, that's quite all right. You're having a lot of trouble, aren't you? Maybe I can help. Hold the phone a second."

We could hear the lady with the sweet voice thumbing through her telephone directory at her end of the line.

"The Sigma Chi number is 4031," she said, her sweet voice gushing with the good deed she had done.

"Thanks," we said, "so sorry to have troubled you!"

We hung up the receiver, looked at the dial for two minutes, thought two times, and finally walked over to the Sigma Chi house. It wasn't far, and besides, we knew what would happen if we dialed 4031 again.

● *Test Tube Sampson*

We just can't let the American Chemical Society come into Chapel Hill and take over Venable Hall and our beds without making a crack or two.

The best story we could scare up on the Chemists concerns the science editor of the New York Herald-Tribune. His name is O'Neal, and he is about large enough to fit the neck of a beak-

er, topping the scales at 23040 grams, or speaking in the language of the layman, 90 pounds.

This mighty mite, O'Neal, was staying at the Sigma Nu house during the convention. On Thursday night he went out on a research party to find a new use for distilled alcohol, and he found it. He came in late, tried to drive his automobile through the wide, inviting doors of the Sigma Nu house.

O'Neal succeeded in making the car climb the stairs, and the only obstacle which the alcohol couldn't overcome was the group of pillars which align themselves on the front porch. To overcome this last barrier which stood between his car and a good night's rest, the 90-pound Sampson clambered out, planted himself firmly between the posts, rolled up his sleeves, and pushed outward with all his great strength. All the while he sang the aria to accompany such action, taken from "Samson and Delilah."

The only thing that saved the Sigma Nu house was the fact that he had paid a visit to Graham Memorial Barber Shop the previous afternoon.

● *Chagrin*

This month's practical joke comes from down in Aycock, where practical joking is the major indoor sport. The joke took its toll on Nathan Shapiro, one of the boys who is afflicted with an 8:30 zoology class. These zoology classes are pretty exacting, they tell us, and Nathan was not exactly in a position where he could cut one and live and be happy.

One of Nathan's friends knew of the importance of this class and offered to do Nathan the favor of setting his clock that night. The friend set the clock so that it would ring at 6:30 but show 8:30 on the face.

Next morning: the clock rings. Shapiro comes from the grips of Morpheus, sees the time is 8:35 and hits the floor in a huff. Arriving at Davie Hall three minutes later with his coat in one hand and his tie in the other, he is very much surprised to find that the building is locked and the time is only 8:40. Embarrassed, disappointed, sleepy, disgusted — Shapiro spent the next fifteen minutes expressing harsh opinions of certain people, and after finishing his soliloquy to the early dawn, he consumed his first breakfast of the year and killed time till 8:30. He was the first one in the classroom after the building opened.

Shapiro went to his desk, faced the blackboard, and there upon the black surface, Fate had written in letters of white chalk, "Doctor Wilson will not meet his 8:30 zoology class today."

"Mammy move so Ah can see 'at airplane."

Some people wonder what the Mormon wedding ceremony is like. It is something akin to this:

Preacher (to groom): Do you take these women to be your lawfully wedded wives?

Groom: I do.

Preacher (to brides): Do you take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband?

Brides: We do.

Preacher: Some of you girls in the back will have to speak louder if you want to be included in this. —*Judge.*

House Party Harold

By Fletcher W. Ferguson

It was the morning that the Spring dances and the Upsilon Chi's annual house party was about to start. "Who hasn't got a date for the week-end and wants a good one?" shouted Johnny as he rushed into the dining room. "Gee whiz, I know you all haven't got dates. Come on, speak up. I'm in a fix."

"I haven't," muttered bashful, bespectacled freshman Harold, "I don't know many girls and besides I'm afraid they wouldn't like me much. I don't drink nor dance very well."

"Now, Harold, you're just the boy who can help me out," said Johnny, giving the frosh an assuring slap on the back. "You see it's this way. During vacation I sort of got my dates mixed up and told an old friend Cecile that I'd have her down for one of the house parties. She must have thought I really meant it for I just got a special this morning and she'll be here on the four o'clock train. It's the same one that Nancy is coming on and it puts me in a fix."

"How about it? I want you to date Cecile for the week-end. She'll understand. It won't cost you much and she's just your type—nice and refined and all that kind of stuff," Johnny added.

After thinking it over, Harold decided it would be a good chance for him to meet a nice refined girl; and then it would also help him become more popular socially with the brothers and on the campus. He would do it. Johnny was well satisfied and in addition to having Cecile taken care of, Harold had a V-8 phaeton and that would solve the transportation problem.

At four o'clock, Johnny and Harold were at the train station to meet the girls. Cecile was the first one off and after a hurried introduction and explanation, Johnny dashed off to find Nancy. Cecile grabbed Harold's arm and they strolled off to the car.

"Nancy didn't come. Wonder what's the matter? Maybe she'll be in on the five," said Johnny as he arrived at the car. "Push over in the front seat and we'll go back to the house."

"Sorry, big boy," said Cecile, "three's a crowd in front and 'Toodles' has got to have some room to drive." Reluctantly Johnny hopped in back, bewailing his fate.

Complete disappointment awaited Johnny when they arrived at the Upsilon Chi house. A telegram—"Am sick. Sorry I can't come—Nancy." That was the limit. But—perhaps Harold could be persuaded to retire early as he wasn't used to strenuous social activity and Johnny could work in a few late dates—so thought Johnny. He like Cecile better anyway.

The house party got under way in full swing. Everyone was having a big time. Everyone but Johnny. The tea dance had served to get all acquainted. Harold and Cecile were hitting it up in fine style . . .and she didn't seem to be paying much attention to Johnny. She had turned out to be as vivacious as her red hair and she seemed to be imparting it to the previously sedate freshman. Harold had even partaken in a few rounds at the evening cocktail party.

The night dance was a brilliant affair. The music was the best ever and the hall was jammed to capacity. Harold and Cecile had taken quite a liking to each other and Johnny was having difficulty keeping tag on them. They were always skipping off to different parts of the floor where Johnny couldn't find them. He was disgusted. Cecile had refused his request for a late-date, saying that she and Harold had accepted an invitation around to a little party at one of the sorority houses. Maybe tomorrow night.

Sleep was the order of the morning with a little swimming, a few squints at the baseball game and general running around for the early afternoon. Johnny suggested that he and Harold take Cecile for a ride before the tea dance and show her around. Harold consented and said that he'd go get her and stop by and pick Johnny up and then they'd go.

Johnny waited. And he waited. And he waited some more. Four-thirty came around—time for the tea dance—and still no Harold and Cecile. Johnny went to the dance. Still no Harold and Cecile.

That night at eight the Upsilon Chi's threw their big banquet at the house. Johnny was there and everyone else was enjoying the champagne and what nots. He was wondering where in the - - - - that - - - - freshman was.

Those that could, made the famed after-dinner speeches. As the final wind-up for the banquet, the toastmaster was to make a surprise announcement. He arose and said, "Brothers and your dates, I have something of great interest to tell you—"

"You're right," yelled someone from the back of the room. "Just tell them that Cecile and I are married." It was Harold the freshman.

The Last Duck

Insomnia

Extreme Week-end

Nocturnal Woe

Morning Mouth

The Gum Act

CRAIGE

QUOTH SHE

by O. Martin Smith

"I'm so sorry your car broke down, but I called the man and he said he would be right over. Sit down there," she pointed to a chair. "Where are you from?" she asked.

He replied: "I'm from Sitwell, near Wilmington, you know."

She: "Oh, Sitwell, sure, yes, I know, I have a girl-friend there, Edith Lamont, you know her?"

He: "Yes, she's also a friend of mine."

She: "Well, I say. Boy we used to have some times together, Ede and me. She went with this—what-do-you-call-'em? You know, 's dad ran the Packard place in Wilson. Heck, what is his name?"

He prompted: "Tom Ashby."

She: "Yes, that's right, of course. Boy, did he get stewed at our last Junior-Senior. Do you know Tom Rollins at Sitwell?"

He: "Sure, Tom's my cousin."

She: "Oh, no. Is he? I used to date him and say, has he got money, or is it just his bluff?"

He: "Some, I think."

She: "And that boy that used to run around with him. What's his name? From Sitwell. His frat brother?"

He: "Fred McCoombs."

She: "Sure, that's the one and *has* he got a line!" (Here she burst out with torrents of insipid laughter.) "Knok Alex Frye there?"

He: "Sure, yes." ("I wonder if she's going to take them alphabetically and list the whole town!")

She: "He was nuts about a little blonde in my dormitory. She got shipped for stealing—kleptomaniac, you know. Old Alex didn't show up around there for a long time. I sure felt sorry for him. Do you know Kat Burke at Pine Hill?"

He answered: "Yes." ("Damn, I wish she would run down. At this rate, she's good for two hours yet.")

She: "Kat and me went to the 'Pika-A' annual at Raleigh together. Did we cut the fool! Gosh, I never had so much fun. This boy, 'Red' something, at the Alpha Thet house got drunk and . . . If you're hot, just take off your coat. Shoot, we don't mind. We don't stick for old ideas."

He: "No, that's all right." ("The weather by itself would be endurable, but you and the heat together are too much.")

She: "And this boy, Morris Stein, lives there too, don't he? You know, he's a real nice boy. I dated him once and mother got a-hold of it and gave me particlar hell 'cause he's a Jew. You know I think that's a pity, but I hear he rates o. k. on the campus though. Editor of somethin' ain't he? You know, I think some Jews are all right—educated ones. Heck, some people are so narrow-minded anyway."

He: "Morris is fine." ("Will that car never come? Human endurance is limited. I feel myself breaking.")

She: "Oh, I almost forgot. Ned Galloway. Ain't he the craziest human being in North Carolina. I swear, I laughed at that fool 'til I thought I'd croak. Give him a couple of drinks and he's impossible. Does he still drive that yellow Olds?"

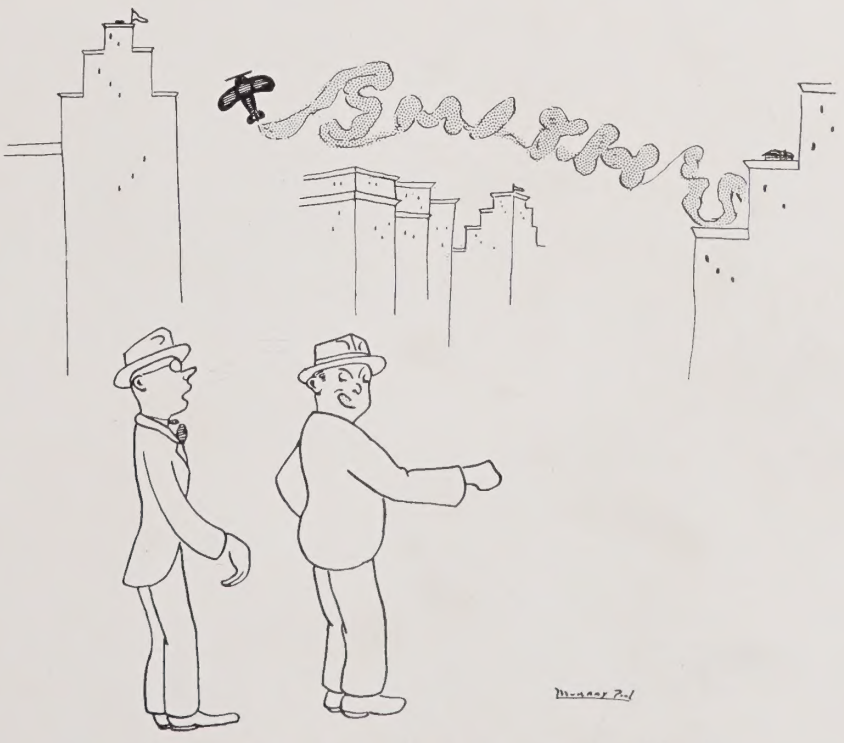
He: "I think so." ("I can't stand this, yes, I have it, I'll tell her I don't know the next one. That ought to stem the flood.")

She: "I guess you know Rosemary Lovitt too."

He: "No, I don't think I know her."

She: "What, don't know Rosemary Lov - - why she was voted Miss Carolina at Wrightsville in thirty-one. Let's see, yes, I know

(Continued on page 25)



"Hey, you, quit reading over my shoulder."

SP
PA

This is one of those scenes which can be seen at no other time than during Hell week. The mobsters are Sigma Nu pledges and the victim is Jernigan, who writes up dance bands for the Buc. He has just had the lease on his trousers broken.

We picture Billy Brogden because he is in the throes of a great love. It is Spring and this shot reveals Billy's fancy turning.

To those who haven't met him we introduce Boss Hill, who haunts people that have worn out the seats of their pants. Boss signs his name with an "X," and when he was married, he started to putting a ring around the "X" to emphasize his new distinction. The Kappa Sigs have pledged him up.

Jim Balding, Peggy Johnson, and Bob Gardner, waiting for the spirit to move them classward.

These are the classic Japanese cherry trees outside Murphey Hall, immortalized by Phillips Russell, who swears to each of his classes that no one notices them except himself. We print this photograph to prove that we have noticed them.

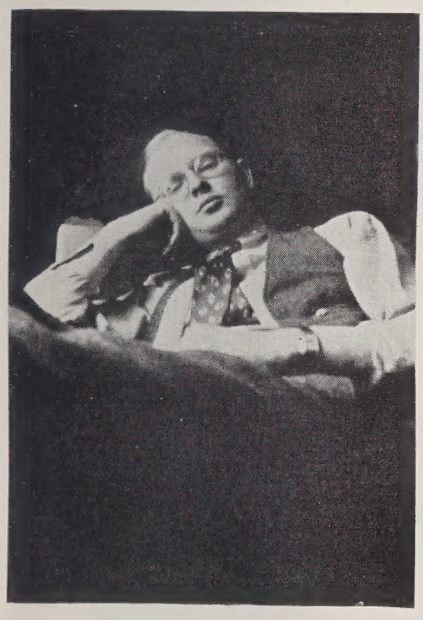
This is a picture of a block of ice caught between two people; its destination is obvious.

I N G

A D E

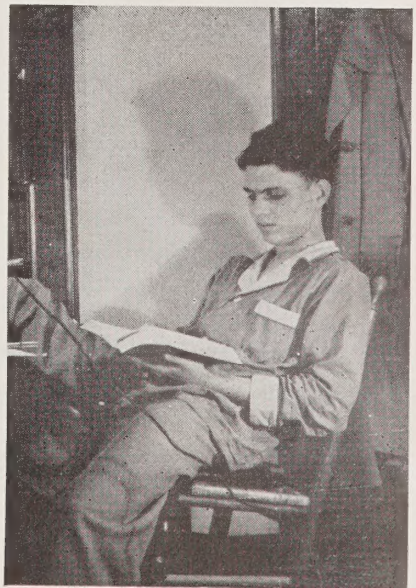
The May Queen, Eliza Rose, is here seen looking in a mirror. Maybe she's meeting herself coming through a door; we don't know.

Red McKie is the most gifted joke-teller on the campus. This was taken on a government class, we think, for Red and Woodhouse have signed a pact on this sleeping proposition. Woodhouse lets Red sleep if Red will promise not to snore.



Chi Phi's David Teague has achieved fame through the slowness of his speech, the slowness of his smile, and his slowness with the co-eds. Dave once got mixed up on registration day, and signed up at N. C. State. After one quarter he hurried back.

We snuck up behind Hugh Davis and caught him studying in Old West. We want you to take a good look.



Randy Berg and Foy Roberson are two of the liver Sleep and Eat Boys. Both are ready, willing, and able.

UP COLUMBIA STREET

By Oliver Crawley

The first step toward the one-way trip across the campus and up Columbia Street in a visit to that wolf in a hospital uniform—the University Health Department—should be taken with caution. Here the sick are separated from the well. But if they like you, you stay anyhow; for in this game they have the right to pick their own visitors. So if you are really sick you will receive a welcome something like a WPA worker in *The Tavern* of the Washington-Duke Hotel; but if you merely dropped in as a precautionary move a week's visit is the limit. If these quacks decide that "You're It" they will first slightly suggest your letting the nurse show you your reserved room, and this is the best time to give in unless you do not mind wearing a hat over a bruise for a few weeks or months.

All too soon you will arrive at the door of this "Little Hell." Here make it a point to rush in and surprise the boy at the card desk if you want your card given to any special doctor; should you ring the bell he will have time to make up his mind which doctor he wants you to see and will tell you that yours is unable to see you today. Or better still go in and you will be greeted by a nurse so masculine that all you can think of will be a man's locker room.

Number one on your program is the physical examination, which is really the high spot. You will find yourself finger-printed, foot-printed, and even knee-printed. The locks of your hair will be cut off and shaved, and photos will be taken in thirty-six positions. Then your ear will be neatly clipped off in an effort to find your blood, while the thermometers are jammed into the first opening your face reveals. A swimming pool springboard will be slammed down your throat and you'll have to say "I'm a sucker" a hundred times while they rope off your arm and guess at your blood pressure.

The examination over, you are stripped and placed in your newest pajamas, which now feel like a straight-jacket, and then rushed off to bed. The nurse will bring a large dose of Castor Oil and simultaneously wish you a good evening. You won't sleep after this so it would be well to smuggle a volume or two of Boswell's "Life of Johnson" or "Gone with the Wind" in with you, or anything else that can be read and memorized by morning.

Meals will be the only outstanding events for the remainder of your visit. You will order your meals from the Carolina Inn or somewhere else where mathematicians have been substituted for dieticians, and quite frequently you will find your paper napkin covered with figures and formulas which represent just how little they could possibly send you for your thirty-three cents.

During the Spring you might try to go to sleep at seven o'clock, but during the Winter the sun goes down at five-thirty. However, be prepared to be awakened by inmates and nurses coming in from the week-end dances any time between two and five A. M.

The doctor might visit you twice a day. He acts as a sort of spiritual advisor who comforts you and hastens your journey into the next world. On days that he does not visit you at all it is just as well for you and easier on your frame, but it might prolong your stay in this world by a few days or even weeks. So you'll soon realize that they just have another name for sending you "up the river" at Carolina and that's "up Columbia Street."

TO ANY STOOGE, W.C.U.N.C.

As night after night you evaluate men
And tire of the long line of dumb dates,
With a new understanding you realize then
That no date is better than some dates.

—Claire.

The Springtime is springing.
So what?
The birdies are singing.
What rot.
The love birds are cooing,
The couples are gooing,
I wish I were wooing.
But—
I'm not.

You strung a line, then left me flat.
I loved you quite deliriously.
But though you won, the laugh's on you,
For taking me too seriously.

VIEWPOINT
or
WHEN SPRING AIN'T

How people can blither of "springtime,"
And croon over flowering trees,
And shriek "What a heavenly day!"
When I'm about to freeze—

Those who are always romantic
And endlessly giggle and smile—
Well, I think they're the saddest of people
And hopelessly puerile.

You needn't think me a cynic,
For my heart and my head are all right—
But you see, my Joe College and I
Had our first fight last night.

—Joanne.

Bill has a great big Cadillac roadster
Bill has a pint of liquor to kill
Bill has a wonderful way of doing things—
Wish that I had Bill!

—Dora.

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"Before we go further, boysh, take a peek at Adeline!"

This Is Your Uncle Galahad

As usual, the rehearsal was going badly. In fact it was terrible. Ted Mattern's right lip curled.

"We'll try it again," he sighed.

"My dear children, this is your Uncle Galahad, coming to you on the Posty Wosty Tosty program." (There was not a trace of sarcasm in the dulcet tones of his mellow voice.) "This afternoon, I am going to tell you how little Weems killed the mean (his voice rose a quarter of a tone), the terrible, the horrible, bloodthirsty fox." (His voice lost its sweetness.) "Roar, dammit, roar," he screamed at Bored Bill.

"Foxes don't roar, they howl," was the sound man's imprudent reply.

"Roars are more impressive," argued Ted.

"This program ought to be as realistic as possible," shyly suggested Mr. Posty, the sponsor.

"Bloodthirsty fox," he repeated.

Not a muscle in his angular face quivered, though he was considerably startled by a noise that sounded like a herd of elephants stampeding before a forest fire.

"Little Weems was strolling beside a beautiful, bubbling, burbling brook." (Bored Bill gargled his gin.) "Little Weems was admiring the exquisite scenery, the mossy carpet, the multicolored leaves fluttering like dancing sylphs, and the brook with a thousand diamonds glistening on its flowing breast. Then" (Uncle Galahad's magic voice sank to a mysterious whisper), "a hideous shadow marred the perfection of the landscape. A fox, with padded footsteps ——."

The sound man plodded across the floor.

"Padded footsteps. You sound like a hippopotamus, you jackass." Bill removed his shoes and repeated his pilgrimage across the carpeted floor. Mr. Tosty nervously drummed with his plump little fingers on the mahogany table top.

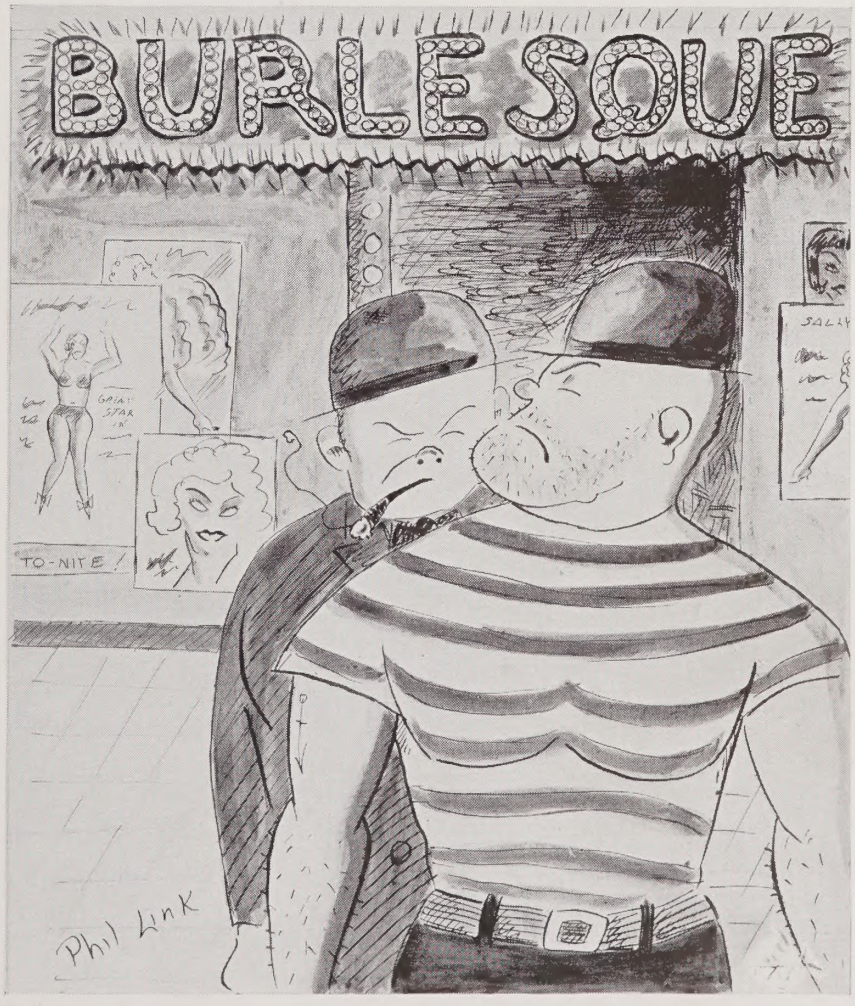
"That's it," exulted Bill. He wrapped his fingers with a silk handkerchief and skillfully beat a slinky rhythm on the top of the table.

"Oh, dear me!" (Mattern squealed in a childish treble.) "That nasty fox has kidnapped Pollyanna's beautiful doll, Suzabella. I must rescue her." (In his normal tone.) "Little Weems flexed his mighty muscles. Children, if you want to have wonderful muscles like Little Weems, eat Posty Wosty Tosty's six times a day. Simply pour these delicious flakes in your mother's largest glass bowl and cover them with sugar and cream. In ten days, no more, no ———."

"Sorry, Mr. Mattern," interrupted the page boy. "The Double Bubble Bath Soap program goes on in five minutes from this studio."

"Okay," replied Ted. "Same time tomorrow. And you, you blithering idiot. Be able to cry like a mamma doll or I'll tear the guts out of you."

—*Sundial.*



"A trifle risqué, wasn't it?"

Diary of Most Any Eve

6:30 P. M.—Get up from dinner table—make bee line for third floor with intention of spending profitable evening with books.

6:31—Stop at hall door to talk to brother who insists I owe him a quarter. He wants to go to a show—so—

7:00—Finish money controversy. It turns out that he owes me fifty cents—instead of me owing him twenty-five.

7:01—Half way up to room when voice yells out—would I please come down a minute?

7:03—Go into somebody else's room with rushee.

8:00—Emerge from pledging session somewhat exhausted but happy. Another sucker bit the dust. He was a tough customer. Well—now to study.

8:02—On third floor landing the realization occurs that perhaps fifteen minutes at the sorority house across the street would work wonders for my tired mental condition.

8:10—Enter sorority house.

10:30—Emerge from coma and walk back home full of pep and desire to study the rest of the night.

10:32—Go through front door of the fraternity house and somehow or other am sold on the idea of a ping-pong game before studying.

11:05—Finish contest: grab hat and coat and finally reach the room that was supposed to be inhabited at 6:30.

11:10—Open book and read one sentence. The man next door comes in and has a mischievous look in his eyes. Wants to talk about women. An interesting subject.

11:30—Visitor leaves and idea comes that there is a letter to write.

11:45—Finish letter and take it down to out-going mail box. Start back up to study but end up on second floor watching fraternity brother admire himself in mirror and try to decide if he would ever make a movie actor.

12:05 A. M.—Finally reach conclusion that he better give up hope of movie career and study.

12:06—In room for second time in evening. Lock door and look at book again.

12:08—Decide to put on pyjamas and study. Undress. Yawn a couple of times. Idly finger a magazine. Am attracted by a story. Settle down in big chair and read thrilling adventure yarn.

12:30—Blink wearily — decide that bed would be nice. Close untouched book and heaving a deep sigh of satisfaction in appreciation of an evening well spent, turn out the lights and go to bed.

We know of one co-ed who was cured of that cute little habit of coyly injecting an "r" sound into each word.

Male (over phone): Hello, cutie.

Co-ed: Why, Phillurp, when did you get back?

Male: Just a while ago. Say, how about a date tonight, kid? What are you dong?

Co-ed (coyly): Nurthin'.

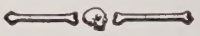
Male: Gosh, excuse me. I didn't know.

—Masquerader.

Movie Actress: I'll endorse your cigarettes for no less than $50,000.

Advertiser: I'll see you inhale first.

—Log.



A story was told about an old negro, one Bro. Jones, who was so old and bent that when he died the undertaker couldn't get him to lay flat in his coffin. When the old negro's back was flat down his knees would bob up, and when his knees were pushed down he would appear to sit up. After studying the matter for a while, the enterprising young mortician conceived the idea of using black cloth strips tacked over his knees and neck to hold him down. Came the following day and all went through the beginning of church services when suddenly the sheer magnitude of the parson's voice loosened the tacks in the neck-holder-downer—and the inevitable followed its course. Exactly what happened the next few minutes will probably never be known, but the thread of the story is taken up about three quarters of a mile down the road, where one colored choir girl said to her team mate: "Didn't yo' all figguh that Parson Soloman was a God fearin' man?"

"Sho did," gasped the other . . . "Did yo' all heah what he say when he passed us . . . "

"No . . . wot?"

"He say, 'Damn the man that invented the church with only one door'."

—Yellow Jacket.

"Why does Geraldine let all the boys kiss her?"

"She once slapped a lad who was chewing tobacco."

—Urchin.

Some girls are like cigarettes: They come in packs; get lit; hang onto your lips; make you puff; go out unexpectedly; leave a bad taste in your mouth, and still they satisfy.

—*Yellow Jacket.*

Olaf: I'm groping for words.

Alice: Well, you don't expect to find them around my neck, do you? —*Widow.*

D. U.: It's terrible the way he makes passes at her after a half dozen drinks.

Another Swell Guy: What's terrible about it?

D. U.: Wasting the drinks.

—*Colgate Banter.*

I want the lights that brightly shine
I want the men; I want the wine;
I want the thrills of a long-drawn kiss;
I want the things that good girls miss;
I want the fun without the price;
I want to be naughty, and still be nice;
I want the arms, the heart of a man
And still stay single, if I can.
Will someone give me some good advice
On how to be naughty and still be nice?

You can't have the man, the fun, the wine,
Without the price, little girl of mine.
You can't have the thrills of a passionate kiss
Without some forfeit and a risk.
Arms? Yes, you can have them every day.
Hearts? No, men don't love that way.
Are you really looking for good advice?
You can't be naughty and still be nice.

"Always worth stopping for"

Most popular gum in America is Beech-Nut Peppermint. Try our Spearmint, too, if you enjoy a distinctive flavor!

BEECH-NUT GUM

BEECHIES
Gum in a crisp candy coating . . . doubly delightful that way! Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin.

ORALGENE
The new firmer texture gum that aids mouth health and helps fight mouth acidity. "Chew with a purpose."

You can taste the difference Quality makes

SEE THE BEECH-NUT CIRCUS
Biggest Little Show on Earth!
A mechanical marvel, 3 rings of performers, clowns, animals, music 'n' everything! Now touring the country. Don't miss it.

How to Tell a Red

Yeah, we know . . . you can't tell them anything.

But can you tell your landlady from a Red? Or your Economics Prof. or your room-mate? No . . . a thousand times no. Well, make it five hundred, why should we rub it in?

The point is, there are a lot of Reds that we don't know about, even excluding the Indians, who can't help it. So *Sundial,* the Smart College Magazine, has performed another startling service for its reader . . . or are there a couple?

We have prepared ten questions, which, when properly asked, will definitely prove any suspect either a Red, or a White, or a college student.

For every question answered "yes," give the suspect five to fifty points. For every question answered "no," give the suspect five to fifty points. For every question unanswered, give the suspect five to fifty points. For every question not listed, give the suspect five to fifty points. If the suspect's total points amount to more than 1,500,67,-3900¼¾, he is definitely, yes, we may even say absolutely, a Red, and should be exterminated.

The questions follow, as they are all jolly good fellows:

1. ARE YOU A RED? (If the suspect answers yes, you needn't bother to ask him the rest of the questions. If the suspect answers no, you needn't bother to ask him the rest of the questions.)

2. DO YOU LIKE COLUMBUS? (Which is a very, very subtle way of finding if he likes Capital.)

3. DO YOU LIKE BREAD? (If he is well-bread, he will say "Rye not?", and you will know that he's not a loafer.)

4. DO YOU LIKE BUTTER? (You'll have to take this answer for butter or worse.)

5. DO YOU ATTEND COMMUNISTIC BULL-SESSIONS? (They're called Bull-Sessions, 'cause all they do is Beef.)

6. DID YOU EVER READ MARX? (If he refers to the famous brothers, it Marx him an American.)

7. DO YOU LIKE SNOW? (If he says its snow good, he's O. K., because we all snow its not, but if he says "Snow what?" you'll realize he's a mere snow-off.)

8. DID YOU EVER READ FREUD? (Also find out whether he likes Freud eggs.)

9. WHAT'S YOUR NAME? (If the last name ends in the letters ojsk, ski, ovitch, er, iro, man, ey, ewlki, or owskj, he is an American.)

10. WHY DON'T YOU GO BACK FROM WHERE YOU CAME? If he says the hospital burned down, this is an intelligent answer and proves he has nothing to do with the Americaneers.)

—*Exchange.*

"Gosh, Ma, ain't you finished spring cleaning yet? You done got two birds and a mouse."

SPORTS

By Fletcher W. Ferguson

Spring sports at Carolina have always played an important part in the quarter. When there are athletic events going on, the students always get around to watching something that doesn't take much exertion on their part, produces interest for the athletically minded, and helps acquire that old sun tan if modesty is not considered too essential. The so-called "townies" are always in evidence at the baseball games. They know about twice as much concerning Coach Bunn Hearn's boys as does the student body in general. They'd be willing to stick up for the Tar Heels at the slightest swing of a bat.

This year we have moderately good teams representing the Blue and White of the old North State. The tennis team is as good if not better than usual and always draws a big crowd to its matches. Here, if you are not vitally interested in the net game, you can sit up in the back row, remove your shirt and help the tan along or watch the heads move back and forth—left to right, back to left, and so on and so on. It's really quite funny.

The baseball team, after having two of its most valuable men declared ineligible, presents the strongest hitting club in the Southern Conference. Only the shortage of veteran first-string pitchers hampers the Tar Heels' championship chances. Sophomore Daffy Parker has moved up to take the number one position vacated by Irby Wright's ineligibility and has been doing a good job. Bunn Hearn, Jr., son of the mentor, has finally come into his own after three hard years as a member of the so-called seconds. He is still a little wild, but has stepped up to help fill the gap in great fashion.

Stringing along with Hearn as a batting practice pitcher for the last few years was lanky Ike Jeanes. He too has received the call this year as a starting pitcher and is showing promise. He tosses them in underhand—a method seemingly more easy to hit, but he gets most of them by and the fine support offered by his mates helps out more than a bit. Were he only able to pitch overhand, Ike's pitches would seem like a speedy bullet coming at the batter from the top of a hill.

Down on the circular track and inside the oval at Fetzer Field, track coaches Bob Fetzer, Dale Ranson and Johnny Morris send the Carolina boys through their paces. For many years, in fact up until last year, this team was the scourge of Dixie and the "Flying Tar Heels" were rated among the best in the nation. Now they do not hold that enviable record.

They have been beaten in three out of their first four starts. The scores have been lop-sided. But the scores do not show the closeness of their efforts. They just haven't got the wealth of material that blessed them for some fourteen consecutive years. They must develop. So far they are doing a good job.

The fourth and least followed of any Carolina sport team is golf. By saying that they are less followed, we mean figuratively for few are the opportunities to witness them in action. Nevertheless the student body watches their progress from the sports columns. Were the means available to get out to Hope Valley and the other surrounding clubs for the Carolina matches, the old spring reducing and conditioning attempts of many would be greatly facilitated. A trip around nine or eighteen holes of golf is quite a walk and a few afternoons a week of this would put anybody in pretty good shape.

THAT'S news, all right—and a dirty trick on Fido! Pipes need a good Spring cleaning now and then to cure their bite. And for your throat's sake—if not for Fido—try switching from your old hot-and-heavy brand of pipe tobacco to mild Sir Walter Raleigh. It *is* milder. That's no idle boast—it's a cool-burning, fragrant-smelling, Kentucky Burley *fact!* 15¢ for two full ounces buys you and Fido a million dollars' worth of fine, full-flavored smoke aroma!

UNION MADE

PREFERRED BY COLLEGE MEN. In a recent survey by Self-Help Bureaus of 25 representative universities, students rated Sir Walter Raleigh first or second out of 66 competing pipe tobaccos at a *majority* of these colleges.

TUNE IN JACK PEARL (BARON MUNCHAUSEN) NBC BLUE NETWORK, FRIDAYS 10 P. M., E. S. T.

"Sure I like you, but don't you EVER read the ads?"

They were having their evening stroll when they passed a negress. Very much interested, the little boy inquired:

"Why is she black, daddy?"

"That is nature's way, my son."

"Is she black all over?"

"Yes, said the father, she is."

For a moment the child hesitated; then struck by a thought, he said, "You sure do know everything, don't you, daddy?"

—*Gargoyle.*

Preacher: Young man, don't you know you will ruin your stomach by drinking?

Inebriate: Oh, thash all right; it won't show with my coat on.

—*Pup.*

Attendant: Do you wish to consult Woosung Portung, the great Chinese mystic.

Woman: Aye, laddie. Tell him his mither is here from the Bronx.

—*Log.*

HOW TO GET A CHERRY OUT OF THE BOTTOM OF A GLASS

1. Sinuously push your spoon down through the myriad particles of ice and fruit skins toward the cherry. Having reached the bottom of the glass, give aforementioned spoon a forward shove. This will cause much of the ice to jump out of the glass on to the floor. Disregard that. Next have the spoon approach the cherry cautiously, so as not to cause the cherry's suspicion. Then make a sudden lurch. If you have not the cherry by this time, try the following:

2. Drink the lemonade, orangeade, limeade, coke, or whatever the hell is in the glass. Then take each piece of ice out of the glass, individually. Next, thrust your two longest fingers down among the fruit peelings and work around until you encounter the cherry. After you have squashed the cherry beyond recognition, you *may* get it out. If not, try the following:

3. Eat all the fruit-skins in the glass. Then turn the glass upside down with the mouth touching your lips. Give the bottom of the glass a healthy tap. The cherry will probably bounce out on your nose and land on the floor. If not, and it still remains in the glass, try the following:

4. Break the glass. Somewhere among the shattered pieces, you will find the cherry.

—*Medley.*

So cautiously
You held my heart—
Loved doubtingly
And thought it smart.

You told me then
That love has wings—
Now I've flown on
To better things.

WE GO TO SCHOOL—VERY FREE VERSE

I

I go philosophy class
Professor say:
Sock-ratees were greatest
philosopher;
Sock-ratees say:
"I know
I no know nothin'.
I have good idea
I write on exam:
"I no know nothing."
Professor, he are big hypocrite;
He give me "F."

II

I go music class
We have exam
Teacher ask:
Give name of five Italian
Composer.
I no can think of any
I write name of barber,
Fruit man, shoemaker,
Spaghetti house cook,
And Iceman.
Professor say to himself:
This boy no more than me
He must be very smart
He give me "A."
Ha, Ha, I AM smart.

III

I go lab. class
Boys do experiment
I look up answer in book
Then work backwards
It take me twice as long
But I fool teacher.
Ha! Ha! I smart.

IV

I Go mili. sci. class
We study what to do
In case we are in war.
Teacher ask question:
What you supposed to do
If machine gun open up
Five feet in front of you?
Nobody can answer right.
Teacher get disgusted.
He say:
You are dopes.
Ain't you got common sense?
You take gun away from enemy
And shoot him.
He smart man.

V

I go Math class
Teacher are late
I hide chalk
Teacher no can write on board
Maybe he will call off class
Teacher come in
He say:
What, no chalk?
We will have exam.
Teacher, he smart man too.

VI

I go sociology class
Boys fall asleep
Professor knock on desk
He say:
We gonna talk
About birth control
Whole class wake up
Then professor say:
Next month.
Ha! Ha! That are good trick.

—*Medley.*

The University Dining Hall Cafeteria

The Eating Place of Carolina Students and Others Connected with the University

West Gate of Campus

APRIL WINNER

of

The All-Flavor Box of
Cellophane Wrapped

LIFE SAVERS

McKEVLIN PUCKETTE

THIS WILL MAKE YOU HOLD YOUR BREATH.
I NEVER HAVE TO HOLD MY BREATH SINCE I STARTED EATING LIFE SAVERS!
MORAL:
Everybody's breath offends sometimes...let CRYST-O-MINT save yours after eating, smoking and drinking
CRYST-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS

SHROUDING THAT BODY DOWN

Comes the season for sunburn, convertibles, insects, Tom Collins' and warm weather accessories. The pleasures of this period can be more fully enjoyed and the nuisances can be comfortably combatted with the articles mentioned in the column below.

The consensus on college footwear for this season of the year definitely points toward another all-white predominance. The white buckskin shoe with rounded toe and red gum soles is your best bet for either formal or informal wear. Decidedly in the running for general campus wear is the saddle strap oxford, with the brown saddle by far the most popular. Colored canvas shoes are increasing, along with the more general acceptance of yellow reverse calf models with red soles.

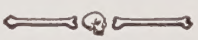
Speaking of sports shirts for spring, many gentlemen of the southern winter resorts have flaunted a new type of pull-over, which I heartily recommend to you. It is constructed of twine colored linen, and trimmed with sandalwood. There are three buttons on the left shoulder so that you can slip it on without injuring the chapeau or scratching your sunburn. Another novelty in this line of sportwear is a double breasted shirt of biscuit colored, open mesh canvas. This shirt has a two way collar, and on the inside is a narrow belt-insert to strengthen the whole affair. In addition to these models there are countless numbers made up in every possible design and color. The well-dressed playboys, however, will place emphasis upon fabrics in vivid and arresting shades, with less striking patterns.

Sport shirts and slacks ensembles, always colorful, should maintain full sway on the beaches this summer. Natural shades, navy and lighter blues, yellows, wines, tan, and browns are the colors. Rough texture linens and coarse cottons with the appearances of linen are the leading fabrics.

Coat shirt models are also beig shown in larger numbers. They are most popular in the plain-back style, with two chest pockets. This is a rather short model, which may be worn inside the trousers, or outside without being overlong. Another sporty-looking garment is the bush shirt with four large patched pockets and a belt.

Little does it matter whether one calls the new hats bonnets, lids or skimmers—they are still the tops in any part of the world. For campus wear the semi-sports hat ranks foremost. This is an adaption of your old college friend, the Tyrolean, with a little wider brim and a little less Alps to the crown. Besides the usual gray and brown, a few new colors have appeared, such as a deeper shade of green and the new snuff shade, both with black bands.

—Joe Haggerty.



COED WEAR

As Spring suddenly becomes Summer, woolen outfits are speedily laid aside and the co-ed blossoms forth in linens and washable silks. By far the most practical and comfortable of this genus is the shirtwaist frock, best in the two-piece variety. Skirts of these two piece ensembles are more interesting than they were last year. Gored skirts add fulness, while preserving the tailored effect necessary for campus wear. Or the skirt may be kick-pleated, as last year; still an unbeatable method for achieving freedom of movement.

Solid colors in pastels are in favor, with pink taking a new and unexpected lead. This is an outgrowth of that unhealthy shade of thistle that took the country by storm for all of a month. Black and navy blue will continue to look cool and very smart. They have the advantage of keeping a crisp look after being worn for several hours. Your pink or blue frock will soon look like nothing so much as a faded corsage, while nile green reminds of nothing so much as a wilted lettuce leaf.

Prints, strongly reminiscent of Waikiki Weddings and such, differ from the spring silk you have just discarded. Small patterns hold the attention—designs are fanciful, but are held down in size. Numerals in many colors provide a distracting costume; minute men and women march across cool linens. Most astonishing of all patterns is the Greek temple, with tiny porticos, masques and columns providing white spots on a dark ground.

A bright contribution is that of stripes. The onslaught is not in mass formation, however; they are used to trim and to make blouses.

Sleeveless coats are a summer innovation. They may be full-length, finger-tip or waist-length. Where the wrap has sleeves, the dress is sure to have very tiny capes. The sleeves are perky and add a frivolous note with gathers and seams, poking them out at angles but somehow avoiding a stiff and awkward appearance.

Sheer magic describes the new afternoon and evening clothes shown in Paris. Tailored and dressy ensembles have adopted the transparent fabric. Daytime clothes are made in organdy and organza—always in navy blue

and black. While organza is favored, georgette and chiffon are both used. The majority of daytime sheer dresses are very tailored with slim or slightly flared skirts, although a surprising amount of pleats are also used, particularly in chiffon and even tulle.

The new waltz and dance frocks have literally taken Paris and London by storm. They are invariably interpreted in some sheer fabric, all the way from cobwebby lace, through chiffon and back to organza and organdy. Transparent fabrics, however, are not used merely for evening frocks with voluminous skirts. They are employed for some of the slim, streamlined models, as well as the draped frocks. Chiffon is ideal for the swathed hipline frock.

The new evening headdresses from Paris are slightly insane. A veil covers your hair, held in place with a flower or jeweled circlet. It hangs down to your shoulders, covering your face, or can be turned back over your forehead.

—*Louise Waite.*

POLITICS

Columbus was the first Democrat because:

He didn't know where he was going; he didn't know where he was when he got there; and he went on borrowed money.

—*Illinois Siren.*

And you have heard, of course, about the burlesque queen's maid who said, "Your costume has arrived from the cosmetic shop, ma'am."

—*Temple Owl.*

Then there is the fan dancer who was arrested for no gauze at all.

—*Rammer-Jammer.*

QUOTH SHE

(Continued from page 11)

she's from Sitwell. Why you must . . ."

He: "Oh, little Rose. Of course. We just call her Rose there. Yes, Rose Lovitt, of course. I don't know what I was thinking about." ("Damn this weasel. She thinks she's smart. If she would only stop munching that gum. And to think I used to wonder why the English ridiculed it.")

She: "I spent a week down at Grace McCullen's — you know Grace, at Pine Ridge, don't you? She's the biggest nut. We went to White Lake to a dance and didn't get back 'til almost four o'clock. This boy—was he plastered—I swear I never—. We was sure Grace's old man was coming out there, but gosh, he's a good sport, and liberal-minded to live in the country like that. You know what he said the next morning. He said, 'Grace, what time did you and Lib get in last night?' I though I would die. And you know all he said? He said, 'I know. It was plumb four o'clock, but don't get scared. I don't care. I know the young generation. They're o. k.' Shoot, I think it's fine to have a dad like that, especially here in the South. People here are usually such fogeys. Mine's crazy sometime. Raised hell cause I flunked English Litt last semester. But heck, I'm gonna have my good time while I'm young, ain't you? And college don't last always."

He: ("The heat! I believe I'm afire. I'm going mad—stark mad. Why doesn't he come on. Oh, oh, oh! And I came in this house of all the rest because I thought she was beautiful. How could I? Oh, help, please, oh, God!")

She: "Does the Deems family still live there? I don't see why Marjorie don't try to fix up more. She's a pretty girl if she'd try. And they've got money, too. The other girls, Edna and Nan were never that way before they married, they tell me. It just don't look like she cares."

He: "Uh-huh, yes." ("Seriously now—I'm going to faint, collapse, wither like a weed cut down in August. No, I shan't do that. I shall explode, blow up like a loaded shell into fine bits—atoms. They can't even find enough of me to piece my body together. Oh!")

She: "Oh, here he comes now. Gosh I hate that. Come back to see me sometime. I feel like I've known you for years. Goodbye. Sorry you have to leave so early. Give Ede my love, and Rosemary. 'Bye. Tell Ned I still remember that night at Al's. Tell Tom not to . . ."

He: "Drive me to the railway station at Coburn, please, quickly . . . whew!"

ADVICE TO CAROLINA CO-EDS

Picture a man about six feet two,
With eyes of a blasphemous boudoir blue,
With black magic hair of disturbing hue,
And profile that shrieks "Hollywood!" at you . . .
Picture a man with an Esquire flair,
With a scintillant what-the-hellian air,
With a brain that an Einstein would gladly share,
And plenty of lucre for two to spare.
Picture this guy with no more to do
Than spending his time and his dough for two,
Picture this devil in love with you—
—Picture it, toots, for that's all you'll do.

"I caught my boy friend fiirting."

"Yes, that is the way I caught mine, too." —*Urchin.*

WHY IS AN OYSTER?

You will find that the placid oyster
Is seldom inclined to roister.
A creature so null and void
In the form of a sphereazoid—
Is hardly adapted to motion.
He resides on the bed of the ocean.
Mute, with impassive hauteur
He regards other inmates of water
As rabble. Silently sneering
From his circular cubicle peering—
Making even the oil baron whale
Feel like a blasted snail.
Prostrate and nude on the platter,
Transformed into edible matter—
And afloat in delectable sauce,
The oyster is not at a loss.
It does not jangle his nerve,
To find himself an hors d'œuvre.
Inscrutable he is to the end
As he waits for those jaws to rend
His tender flesh. He never knows he is beaten
Until he is eaten.

—*Elizabeth Bushnell.*

NUTS to school
Nuts to books
Damn the spring
Damn the brooks
To hell with birds
And turtle doves
I'm the fellow what I loves.

—*White Mule.*

Drunk (calling Salvation Army): Do you save bad women?

S. A.: Why. yes.

Drunk: Swell, save me one. I'll be there in a minute.

—*Log.*

He: Do you neck?
She: That's my business.
He: Oh, a professional.

—*Blue Jay.*

Flowers
For
Junior-Senior
and
Final Dances
Prices you can't beat
Be sure and see us
Lane
Flower Shop
Postoffice corner

Friend: Ah, Professor, I hear your wife has twins. Boys or girls?

Prof. (absent-minded): Well, I believe one is a girl, and one a boy. But it may be the other way around!

—*Exchange*

The newlyweds were on their honeymoon. They had the drawing-room and the groom gave the porter a dollar not to tell anyone on the train they were just married. When the happy couple went in for breakfast the next morning all the passengers snickered.

The groom called the porter and demanded, "Did you tell anyone on the train we were just married?"

"No, sir," replied the porter, "I told 'em all you were just good friends." —*Log.*

NO PRIVACY AT ALL

Your face pursues me everywhere,
First it's here, then it's there.
It's in the bread, it's in the butter,
It's in the sky, it's in the gutter.
It peers at me from every path,
It's in the water in my bath.
It shines down from every star,
It looks out of every car.
It lingers near me when I walk,
It is before me when I talk,
And since its presence I am brooking,
I wish your pan were better looking.

—*Lilith.*

"Young man, as you're a suitor for my daughter's hand, I'd like to know something about your family."

"Well, I know very little, sir, except that my father was drowned in the 'Titanic' disaster on his way over to marry mother."

Ellis Dress Shop
It's Spring!
BE SMART AND COOL
in our new linens and sheers

DR. J. P. JONES
Dentist
Telephone 5761
Upstairs next to Post Office

NOR I

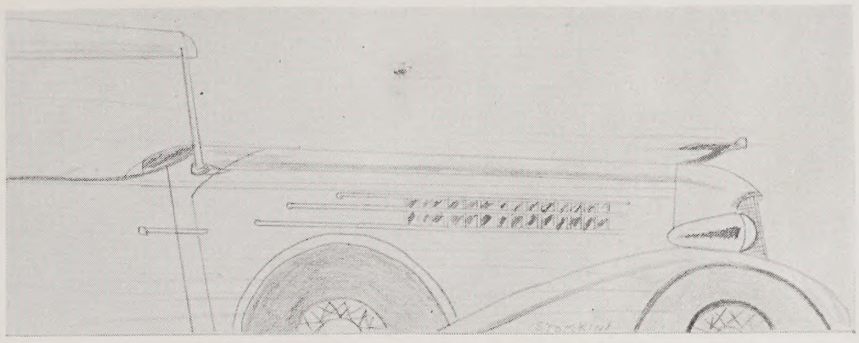
Did you ever take your girl
To the movies
And no sooner get settled
When she starts to rave
About the hero?
His hair is curly
While yours is straight.
He is tall
You are short.
He wears knickers
And you don't even own any.
He rides a horse like
Earl Sande
And has Jack Dempsey fists
And about this time
You have given up hope.
When suddenly she turns
And says
She prefers you
To a reelful of sheiks.
Did you ever do that?
Neither did I.
Have you?
Have you ever been
Sucked in for a date
With a visitor
And then you are
Told on the
Phone that we would
Play bridge.
Instead of going to
The dance,
And then you
Bring up visions
Of some sad thing
That is impossible,
But when
You finally get there
She turns out to be
Prettiest and
Loveliest
Thing on earth.
Have you?
No?
Well,
Neither have I.

—*Medley.*

"I'm sorry that I haven't a nickel," said the lady as she handed the car conductor a ten dollar bill.

"Don't worry, lady, you're going to have 199 of 'em in a couple of minutes."

—*The Log.*



"This is going to take a lot of guts!"

DEVELOPING

● We continue the good work Kodak Film starts when you leave you snapshots with us.

PRINTING

● Clear, sharp prints—the best your negatives will produce — feature our finishing service.

ENLARGING

● Big prints from your regular negatives are inexpensive when we do the work.

Foister Photo Co.

She: Is my face dirty, or is it imagination?

He: Your face is clean; I don't know about your imagination.

—*Northwestern Purple Parrot.*

APOLOGIES TO PARKER

Gals that step
In black lace panties
Seldom live in
Third class shanties.

—*Rammer-Jammer.*

CCC Foreman: See here, buddy, that other fellow is carrying two logs when you're only moving one. What's the matter with you?

Buddy: That fellow's too lazy to go twice.

—*Kitty Kat.*

STEPS OF SOPHISTICATION

Freshman: I don't know.

Sophomore: I am not prepared.

Junior: I don't remember.

Senior: I don't believe I can add anything to what has been said. —*Jester.*

Student in Car (to sweet young thing): Pardon me—er—but—

Sweet Young Thing: No, you've never met me at Palm Beach, Newport, or Saranac Lake. I wasn't in the Pullman car on the New York Express last Tuesday afternoon. I know I'm good looking and I'm not bashful. I'm not going your way and I wouldn't ride with you on a bet. I didn't ever go to school with you; I'm not waiting for a street car, I don't want a lift and I know plenty of college boys. Furthermore, I have a 220-pound fiance waiting for me. Now, were you going to say something?

Student in Car: Yes, darn it, you're losing your underwear!

—*Froth.*

When Rae returned from her date, her mother noticed that one of her shoes was muddy.

"What makes your right shoe muddy and not your left?" she asked.

"I changed my mind," she said simply. —*Pup.*

HOW TO READ A COLLEGE NEWSPAPER

These instructions on how to decipher, properly, the meanings intended by any undergraduate newspaper, are the fruits of two years of intensive effort. To be effective, they must be adhered to studiously, or else . . . !

1. Pay absolutely no attention to the headlines; they have nothing to do with the stories, and are only the random thoughts of the men on issue. Just disregard them.

2. If you want a bit of real, timely news, which is no more than two days old, look on the last page, lower left hand corner. It will be concealed in some insignificant bit of advertising copy, but don't let that fool you.

3. Every news story is to be read by beginning at the third line; that is really the first line. Then go back to the top line; that is the second line; under that you will find the third line. Using this system, read all the way down the column, if you can.

4. Graciously and calmly ignore all peculiar words, relegating them to linotyper's ingenuity, and proofreader's hangover.

5. Kindly allow for the fact that all sports stories are at least five days old, and sixty-five percent erroneous. If you must read these columns, just take in the opening paragraph; the remainder of the story is only elaboration, mere paraphrasing in novel fashion.

6. All names are invariably misspelled as a matter of routine business, especially if it is your own. Even the editor's name is distorted into some unrecognizable monstrosity. What chance has yours?

7. If a story you are reading ends abruptly at the bottom of the page, forget it. That's the end of that news tidbit!

8. Never rely on the date given at the top of the page. It's wrong!

—Medley.

Toast overheard at a fraternity banquet: "Here's to the land we love and vice-versa."

—Purple Parrot.

Own A Smart Reconditioned

Ford

During the Summer

Spring sales left us with many used cars, all in excellent condition.

Choose from our many makes and models.

Ford Products Since 1914

Come to

Strowd Motor Co.

He: The doctor says I'll have to cut out smoking, one lung's nearly gone.

She: I think you might have held out last until we have enough coupons to get a new rug.

—Burr.

"Kiss me, darling."

"What for?"

"Don't be so curious; my lips itch."

—Punch Bowl.

"What kinda guy is your roommate?"

"Well, last night he hit his shins on a chair and said, 'Oh, the perversity of inanimate objects'."

—Aggievator.

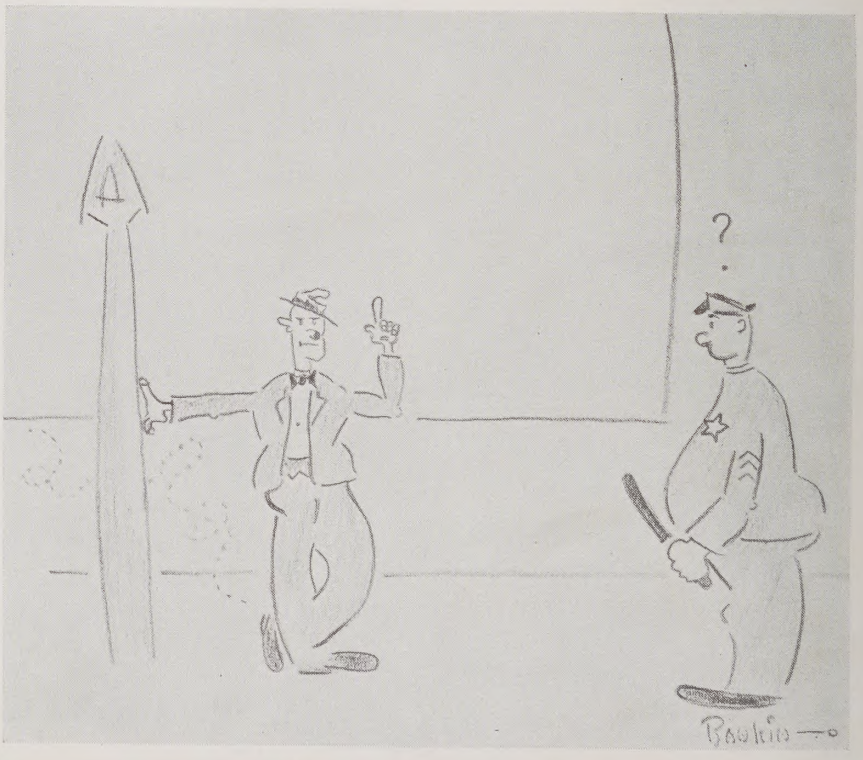
I knew a girl named passion.
I asked her for a date.
I took her out to dinner
And gosh: How Passionate.

—Mis-a-Sip.

Young Man: Sir, I want your daughter for my wife.

Father: And I, sir, am not willing to trade.

—Lyre.



"Offisher, call a cop!"

THE TOREADOR

When a fellow comes up and tells you he's met
The most beautiful girl he's ever seen yet,
A Garbo and Colbert rolled into one;
And to spoon her he has already begun—
Brother beware, he's throwing the bull
For he's a Spanish Athlete.

If further he says: "Marzullo's a punk
He can't read or write, all his stuff is the bunk.
He's nuts in the belfry, got bats in his bean
It's a shame that he edits such a swell magazine."
Sister, beware, he's throwing the bull
For he's a Spanish Athlete.

But here is the height of all this, we claim
When he comes 'round and yells: "It's a shame,
The co-eds won't let me go on my way;
They hug me, and kiss me, and cry, 'Oh please stay—'"
Brother and Sister—beware, beware
For he's a Spanish Athlete.

—*Colby White Mule.*

Gifts for the College

and

High School Graduate

NOVELTIES
JEWELRY
ACCESSORIES
SOUVENIRS

Sporting Equipment

TENNIS
GOLF
BASEBALL
TRACK

The Book Exchange

FREE! A Box of Life Savers for the Best Wisecrack!

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?

Send it in to your editor. You may wisecrack yourself into a free prize box of Life Savers!

For the best line submitted each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication. The right to publish any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions of the editors will be final. The winning wisecrack will be published the following month along with the lucky winner's name.

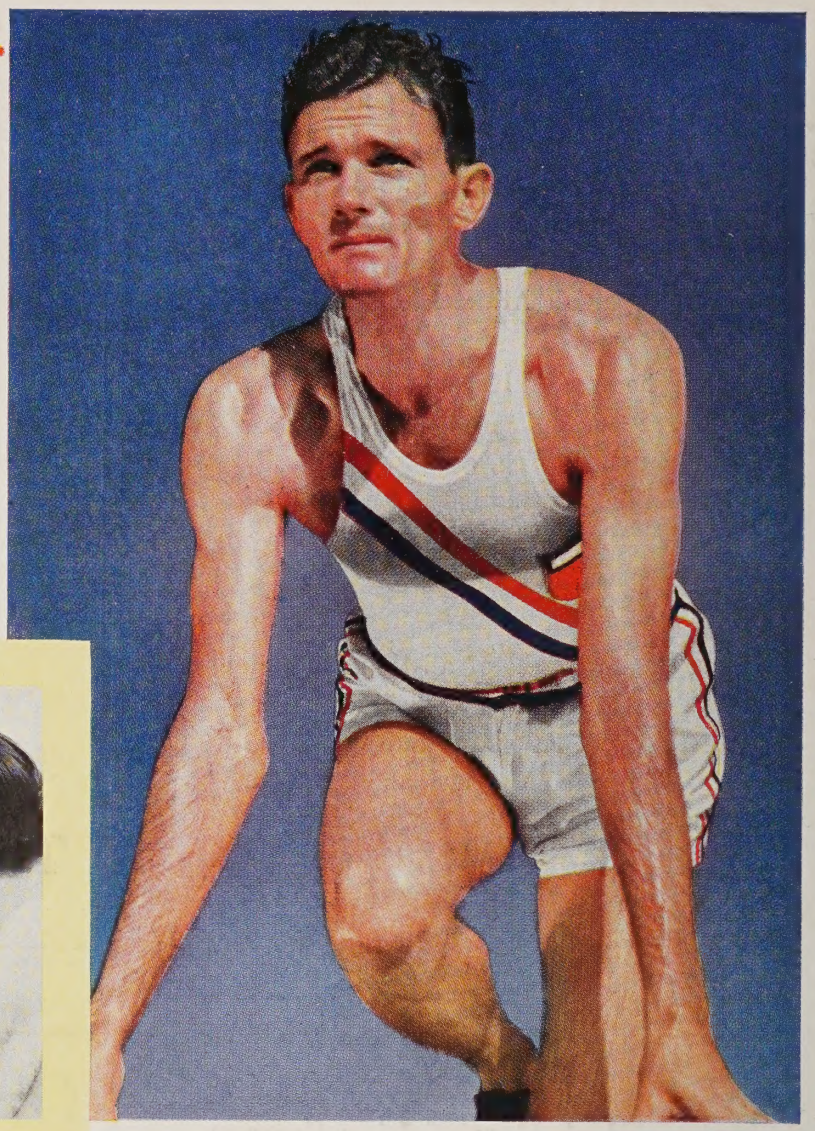
Craftsmanship

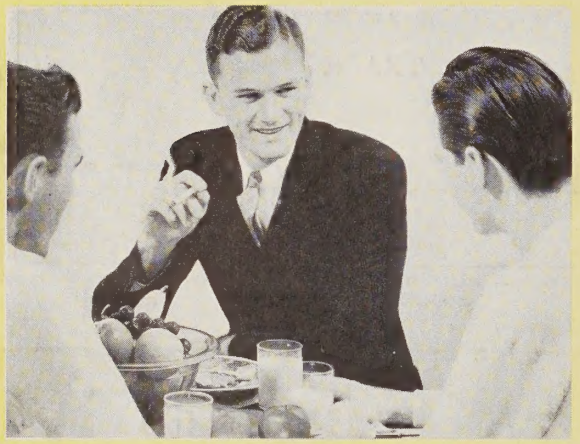
PRINTING

The Orange Printshop
CHAPEL HILL - - - NORTH CAROLINA

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE . . . SMOKE CAMELS

"That's what I do — and my digestion goes along O.K.," says Glenn Hardin, world's champion hurdler





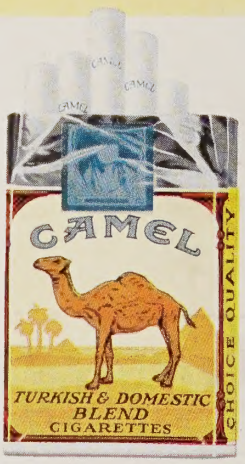
"I'M A GREAT BELIEVER in the way Camels help to ease strain and tension," says Glenn, one of America's great athletes. "It's no wonder Camels are the favorite cigarette of athletes. Take my own case. It wouldn't do me much good to eat and not digest properly. So I smoke Camels with my meals and after. Camels give me an invigorating 'lift.' And you'll notice, the same as I do, that Camels don't get on your nerves." Camels set you right! Choose Camels for steady smoking.

A feeling of well-being comes after a good meal...and plenty of Camels

FOR that luxurious feeling of ease so worth-while at mealtime — light up a Camel. Fatigue and irritability begin to fade away. The flow of digestive fluids — *alkaline* digestive fluids — speeds up. You get in the right mood to *enjoy* eating. Camels at mealtime and afterwards help to keep digestion on its proper course. You'll welcome Camels between meals too! They are milder — better for steady smoking.

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS ...Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand



MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL 3rd, of the famous Philadelphia family, has won international recognition for her charm and grace as a hostess. "Camels are a bright spot in my entertaining," she says. "I think a meal is not complete without them. And Camels are so mild — so gentle on my throat that I smoke as many as I like. They never get on my nerves."

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THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER

MAY 1937 - PRICE FIFTEEN CENTS

Janet Gaynor says:
"Leading artists of the screen prefer Luckies"

"I live at the beach most of the year and there is hardly a weekend that a number of friends don't drop in. Naturally, I keep several brands of cigarettes on hand, but the Luckies are always the first to disappear. I suppose it's just natural that Luckies would be the favorite brand because picture work certainly places a severe tax on the throat. Leading artists of the screen prefer Luckies because they are a light smoke that sympathizes with tender throats."

Janet Gaynor

FEMININE STAR OF DAVID O. SELZNICK'S TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTION OF "A STAR IS BORN"

Copyright 1937 The American Tobacco Company

The Finest Tobaccos—
"The Cream of the Crop"

An independent survey was made recently among professional men and women—lawyers, doctors, scientists, etc. Of those who said they smoke cigarettes, over 87% stated they personally prefer a light smoke.

Miss Gaynor verifies the wisdom of this preference, and so do other leading artists of the radio, stage, screen and opera. Their voices are their fortunes. That's why so many of them smoke Luckies. You, too, can have the throat protection of Luckies—a light smoke, free of certain harsh irritants removed by the exclusive process "It's Toasted". Luckies are gentle on the throat.

A Light Smoke

"It's Toasted"—Your Throat Protection AGAINST IRRITATION AGAINST COUGH

THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER

THE OFFICIAL HUMOR MAGAZINE OF THE CAROLINA PUBLICATIONS UNION
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

VOLUME XIII
NUMBER 9

MAY
1937

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Constantly laughing—at least smiling; a wholesale dealer in dirty jokes and filth; and keeping others in an uproar—that's what the campus seems, not only to expect but, to demand of the editor of the BUCCANEER. How many times lately has the editor met a friend, hoping to be asked haw he slept last night, or if things were looking up, only to be greeted by, "Say something funny, Clem."

It not only places him in an embarrassing situation, but inevitably leads to disappointment for his friend—that is, if he ever entertained any hopes of being amused. Your editor seldom smiles, his supply of dirty jokes is very limited, (although it is increasing now as a result of those boys whose mothers have told them they say such cute things, coming down to the office to tell "one for the magazine"), and he has never been known to say anything humorous.

It has never been his purpose to put out a "belly-laugh magazine" or "make it feelthy," but it is his purpose to publish one that will amuse you—no matter how slightly—and one that you will enjoy. If you want more than that in humor, you will have to come down to the office some afternoon between two and three. You'll love it!!

Up there, atop the world he sits—
He's filled his empty coffer
With all the little pithy bits
Our college has to offer.

For he's passed Woodhouse, Harland, Thrall—
A graduate of Harry's,
And Groves has cleared his way of all
The pitfalls when he marries.

He knows the paths through Battle Park,
The Durham road he uses
And Kenan Stadium in the dark
He frequently abuses.

And with this knowledge he has planned
The World, A Better Place
Diploma tightly clutched in hand
His purpose on his face.

Alumni, take him down with you—
Dispose of him somehow—
For after all these years he's through
And he's YOUR problem now.

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
THE JUDGE TAKES A TRIP — HE IS WITH CHUBBINS SEEING THE SIGHTS OF NEW YORK
OH, DADDY - WHERE SHALL WE START OUR SIGHT-SEEING?
WELL, 'SPOSE WE FOLLOW THE METHODS YOUR GRANDFATHER WOULD HAVE USED
1
HOW DO YOU MEAN - LIKE GRANDFATHER?
HE WAS A FRONTIERSMAN. WHEN HE WAS IN STRANGE TERRITORY, HE WOULD CLIMB THE HIGHEST TREE AND RECONNOITER. SO WE'LL GO UP IN THE TALLEST BUILDING THE EMPIRE STATE, AND LOOK AROUND
2
EXCUSE ME, SIR - BUT I'M CURIOUS TO KNOW HOW YOU CAN SMOKE A PIPE IN THIS GALE
SURELY YOU KNOW THAT YOU CAN SMOKE PRINCE ALBERT ANYWHERE. IT STAYS PUT
3
YOU SEEM TO HAVE REACHED A NEW HEIGHT OF ENTHUSIASM FOR PRINCE ALBERT, DADDY
WELL, I SURE APPRECIATE BEING ABLE TO SMOKE AND ENJOY THIS VIEW AT THE SAME TIME
4
I'LL BET GRAND-FATHER NEVER-IMAGINED A BUILDING LIKE THAT
NO - NOR A PIPE TOBACCO AS CHOICE AND MILD AS THIS MODERN SMOKE — P.A.
5
"THAT PRINCE ALBERT 'CRIMP CUT' CERTAINLY PACKS AND DRAWS TO PERFECTION"
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN
TRY P.A. ON THIS MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!
SMOKE 20 FRAGRANT PIPEFULS OF PRINCE ALBERT. IF YOU DON'T FIND IT THE MELLOWEST, TASTIEST PIPE TOBACCO YOU EVER SMOKED, RETURN THE POCKET TIN WITH THE REST OF THE TOBACCO IN IT TO US AT ANY TIME WITHIN A MONTH FROM THIS DATE, AND WE WILL REFUND FULL PURCHASE PRICE, PLUS POSTAGE.
(Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.
ALSO TRY ROLLING YOUR OWN WITH P. A.
PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE
Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

"I sure am going to hate to leave this soft life here at Chapel Hill, and get out into the hard world—"

The Carolina Buccaneer

University of North Carolina

VOLUME XIII MAY, 1937 NUMBER 9

COMMENCEMENT'S GRAND

By MORTON FELDMAN

It was commencement day.

Bunny Fischer drove her LaSalle convertible coupe out of the driveway and into Columbia Street. She turned on the radio-switch: past a lecture on the new planet "X," away from a string quarter playing Mozart's G major, and stopping at the Merrymaker's orchestra "Jungle Jitters." Bunny had large teeth, big breasts, and a LaSalle convertible coupe. In the inside circle of Chapel Hill, Bunny, at present, was the topic of conversation because of her iconoclastic ideas on love. Bunny had once gone as far as to bring a noted liberalist to one of Chapel Hill's socials to speak on free love. The girls were outwardly resentful and inwardly envious of Bunny's attitude, and the boys thrilled at a possible date with her. But with all her ideas on love and her LaSalle convertible coupe, Bunny was still a virgin; there was still an ideal lover in her dreams.

In a few hours Bunny would be a graduate. Commencement's grand, she would say, thinking of the new wardrobe she had purchased for the Finals, of the end of waking at seven thirty and a morning of dull classroom lectures, of the end of having to study for quizzes and final examinations instead of being out with some boy who would tell her how charming and pretty she was, of the promised trip to Europe. Bunny had majored in French, and her French accent bespoke of a French major. Often she would entertain a ready listener by telling the listener how amusingly Rabelaisian Rabelais was.

Phil LaVerte and Susan Seneca were sipping dopes at one of the town's better drugstores. Phil, the son of one-tenth of the paper market, had two years ago adopted communistic principles. He would often argue that equality should be preserved, saying: "Equality should be preserved!" If anyone brought up his fifty dollars a week allowance or the fact that he was now turning twenty-six and had not as yet earned a dollar he would answer: "You just wait until I'm independent of my folks, wait till I'm not stifled by the gag of money anymore."

Susan was ugly: her face was well-pimpled, and, to delve into Shakespeare a bit, her starry eyes were cross. She had read the first fifty pages of most of Sinclair Lewis' novels, all the ATLANTIC MONTHLIES (anyway, the shortstories), and felt herself rather adept at writing free verse. She never could dress quite right, but covered that up by giving herself the reputation of being a Bohemian. She never went out with the "natural run of boys," only "sacrificing" her time to those boys with "some sense." Susan thought that in order to have "some sense" you must insist that Shakespeare didn't write HAMLET; you must look for an allegorical implication in Spenser's MUIOPOTMOS: you must be Schopenhaueric, agnostic and Byronic in thought; you must love long walks when it rains, abhor college sentimentality, sophisticatingly drink beer, quote from John Donne, James Weldon Johnson and James Joyce. And above all, you must consider the unexpurgated copy of D. H. Lawrence's LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER realistic, not pornographical. One boy once asked her what she thought of herself. She replied: "I may not have an intellectual background, but I have fine instincts." (That sounds nice, doesn't it?)

Phil was telling Susan that he'd like to throw the diploma he was going to get into the donor's face, that he'd like to holler out: "Why differentiate between men? Is it his fault (and he'd point to some poorly dressed onlooker) that he couldn't attain the education that I received?" Susan nodded, suddenly took a pencil from her bag, and wrote a few lines of poetry on a napkin. "I got an inspiration," she said.

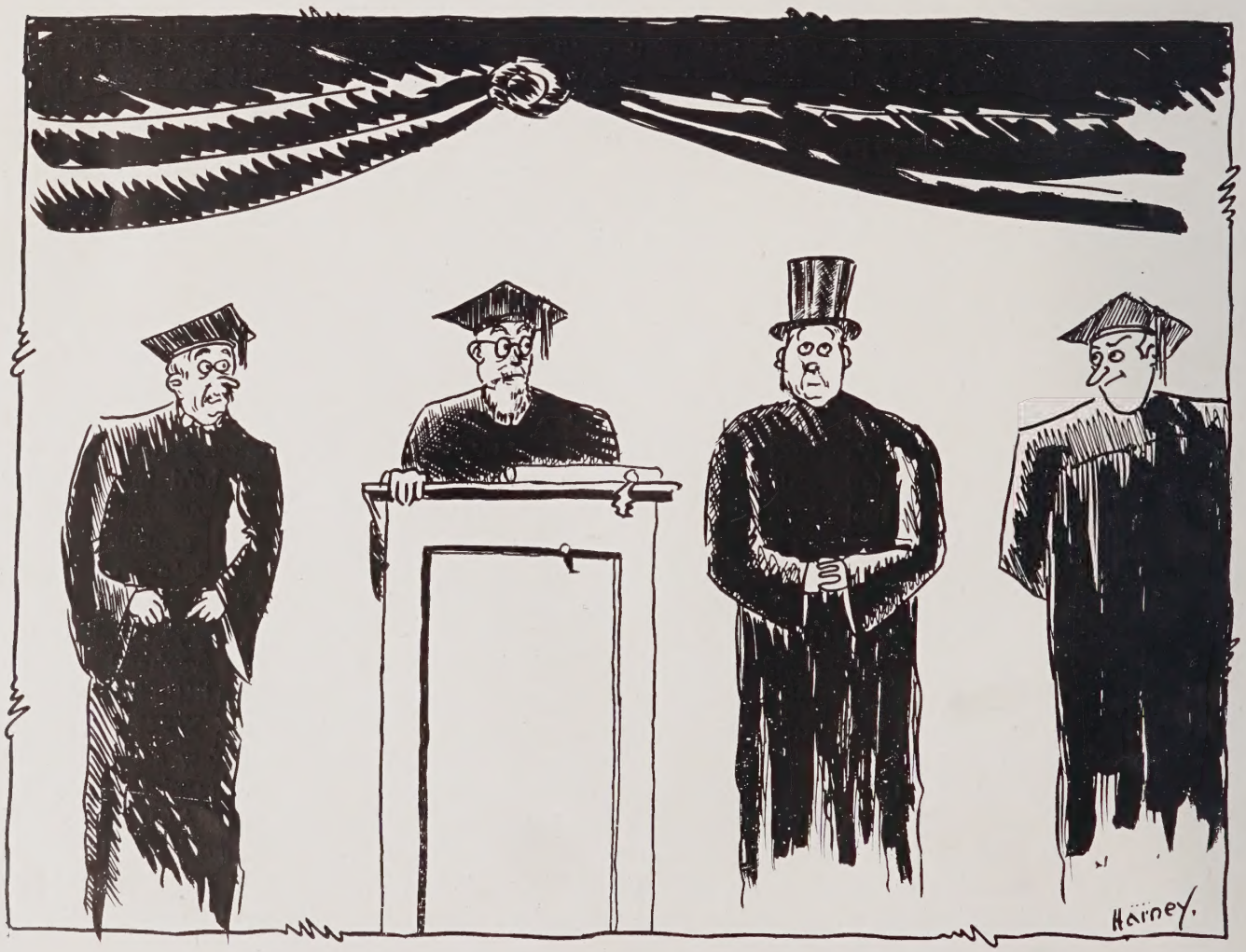
Angular, wavy haired Jesse Stewart walked down the main street. Soon he'd meet Bunny Fischer and accompany her to commencement grounds. Jesse was very uptodate and sophisticated. If his father's money hadn't intervened, he would have failed out of Riverhead Military Academy. The little that he read was the NEW YORKER, BALLYHOO, the few sentences under each of the pictures in the New York HERALD TRIBUNE rotogravure section, the sports and cinema pages of TIME magazine, Donald Henderson Clarke's

novels, the advertisements in ESQUIRE. His love affairs were poorlyregulated and much talked about. He played poker with the boys with a "don't give a damn" attitude (that certain uptodate and sophisticated attitude), and much of his money went into the pockets of his fraternity brothers. It was quite an established truism in Chapel Hill that no dance was a dance unless Jesse Stewart was present.

Jesse, too, would soon be a graduate. He had made up his mind to be very callous about the graduation, telling people that it was an extremely superficial ceremony, that a piece of the diploma would be a good enough place to deposit a well-chewed piece of gum. He could have made up his mind to be sentimental about the whole affair, but really, that just wouldn't be the proper mask for an uptodate sophisticated college graduate. And anyway, the easiest and shortest way to have one think that you're intellectual is to be cynical or satirical or sarcastic.

Marvin King wore his Phi Beta Kappa key when he performed his morning and evening ablutions, when (on a well-chaperoned date with Mrs. Williams' daughter, Elizabeth) he discussed the physical properties of the isomeric dihydroxybenzenes and trihydroxybenzenes, when he delivered a lecture to the Y. W. C. A. cabinet on COLLECTING STAMPS. Marvin, possessing a lusty tenor, was vicepresident of the Madrigal Club. Too, he was vicepresident of his fraternity, a member of the Welfare committee, the organizer of the Young Republican's Club, an inactive member of the fourth varsity football squad. (Too often, his father would boast to a crony of his son's achievements on Carolina's team.) Marvin played the violin. Often he would be asked to render a number at the church outings. With a most exacting precision, three times he would demurely refuse, the fourth time asked he would shyly place the violin to his chin and with a soulful glint in his eyes play a Brahms' exercise. It would be an hour of restless movement on the part of his listeners before he would return the instrument to its case.

How well he realized the importance of the graduation ceremonies! He had written to a friend: "I can't wait till I get my hands on the old sheepskin!" It would be his big moment when he was handed his diploma. With a most sober expression on his face, he would walk from the platform, so slightly smiling at his beaming parents. Silent tears would run from his eyes as he



would lend his voice to the singing of the school's alma mater.

Jim Weedec was openly communistic. He majored in Sociology and he made certain that his classmates and his various professors knew his views on birth control, education of the Southern sharecroppers, immigration, anthropology, unmorality. Now he walked toward his hangout, one of the town's bookstores. Under his arms were some pamphlets that had not, as yet, been distributed. The booklet dealt with the talk the Honorable Dr. Frederick Wilenski, communist nominee for the mayorship of New York City, author of LOOKING INTO THE FUTURE, ONCE I WAS A CAPITALIST, and HAPPY FACES IN RUSSIA, had delivered in Murphy's Union Square Auditorium of "Fascism versus the People." Jim was secretary of the Young Men's Communistic League of New York City, and was the leader of communistic activities on the campus. Thus far he had converted into full-fledged communists, or rather sworn communists, one young lady who defined love as being a pain, two young men who played tennis well and didn't believe in God or Hoover, and the manager of the bookstore in which he hung out. Interesting was his method of love-making. First he would profusely quote the lovelines and lovephilosophies of Byron, Shakespeare, Swinburne and Dos Passos. Then he would deliver Lecture Number 62 on Free Love. If she was still listening he would explain Rousseau's Back to Nature theory; and then, dreamily, he would murmur about the two of them on one of the Hawaiian Islands, alone among the natives, leis, waves, bananas, guitars, monkeys.

Graduation! And he would venemously imagine the prominent alumnus hollering about Americanism and ambition and

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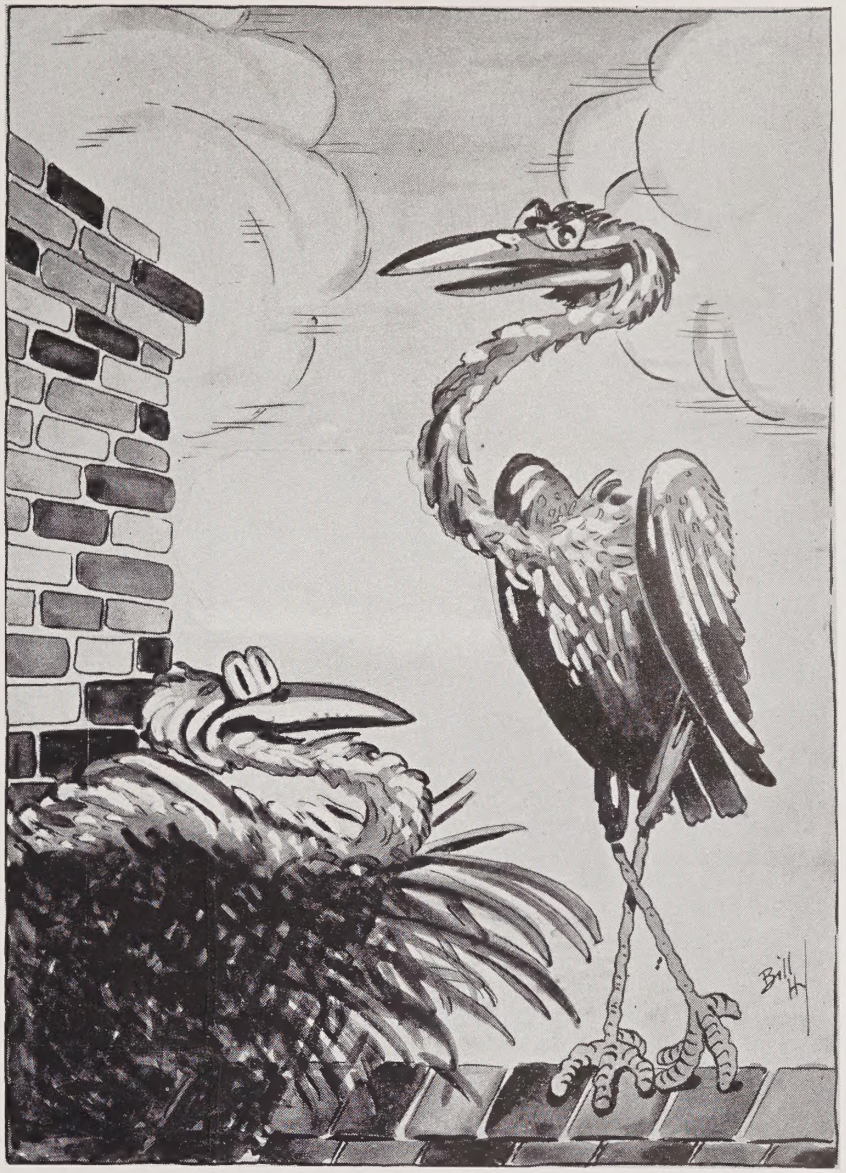


"If they don't control Mrs. Sanger we're going bankrupt."

TO A GROVES GRADUATE

Carefully you analyze
What makes our love go reeling
Trying then to theorize
A science of our feeling.
You dissect each tiny part
Of love that finds expression
Compute the beatings of my heart
And chart the least digression.
Then in mental files you place
All your brilliant gleanings
Cataloguing each embrace
Complete with indexed meanings.
Though you carefully digest
All that you discover—
Darling, at the final test
You're *still* a lousy lover!

—*Claire.*

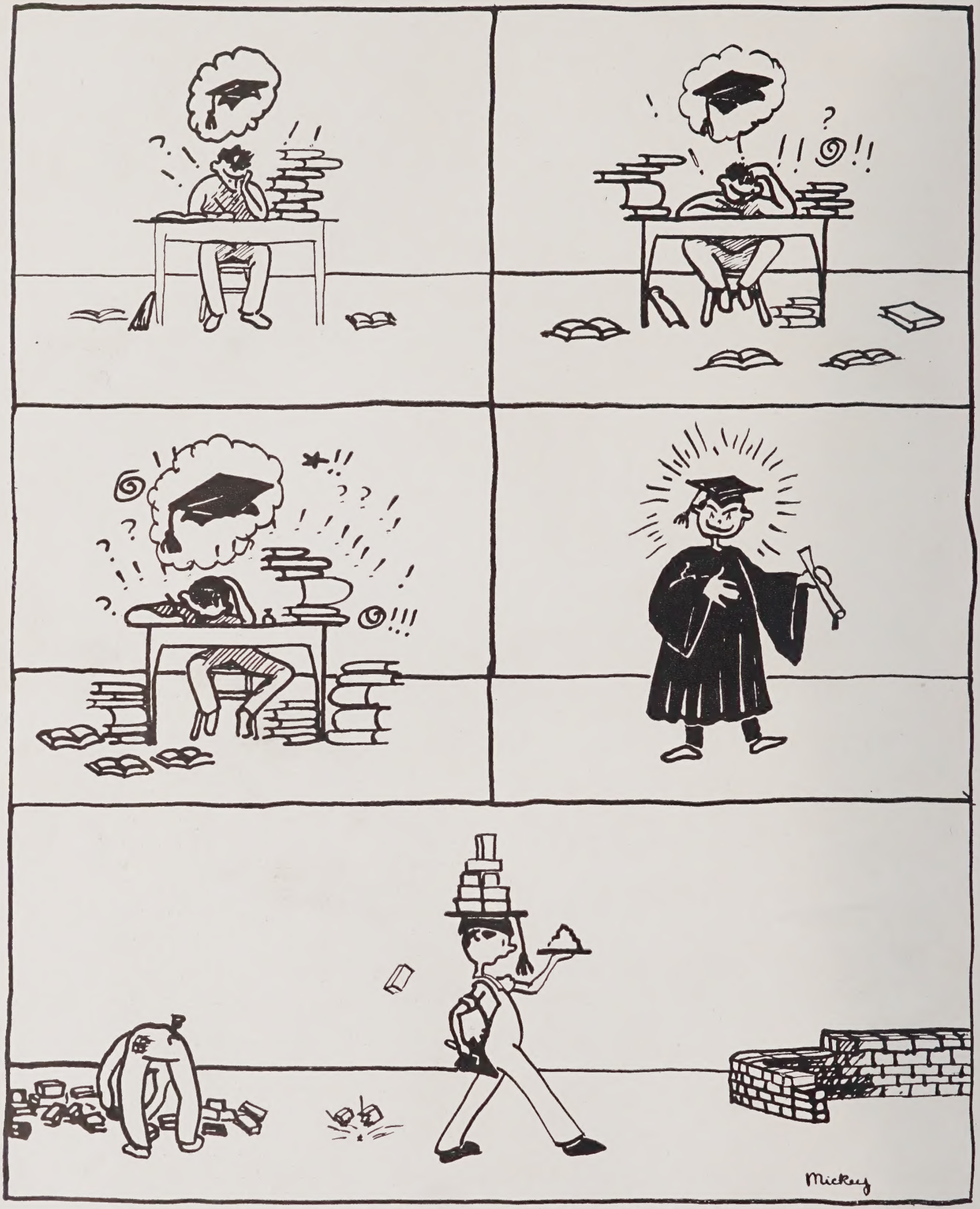
STAFF MEETING

The first time I attended
A staff meeting of the Buccaneer
They discussed beer;
The second time the door was locked for fear
Dean Bradshaw might unexpectedly appear.
Now I am beginning to understand
The bulletin that ran
"There will be no meeting of the Buccaneer
staff this afternoon unless someone returns the poker chips."

. . . . . .

Ed. Note: I guess you do. You stole 'em.

DANVILLE MAN HEADS TAR HEEL MOOSE BODY


Mickey

Notes on a Campus Politician

September 21st. I enter school and like it fine.

October 15th. Several fellows that I enter with nominate me for freshman president, although I object violently. "Now, now, you must run. You're just the man we need for Freshman president. We want honest and upright men like yourself." So I run.

October 23rd. Election returns are in; I win by a tremendous majority.

October 24th. I overhear conversation between two freshmen saying that I am a "politician." I walk over to them and tell them "No." They look at me, pat me on the shoulder, and walk away.

October 24th. I appoint class committees, and stay up all night trying to see that every group is represented on the committees.

October 25th. The fraternities, the neutrals, and the Liberal Club all call me unfair. An editorial is written in the paper saying that I am just like all other campus politicians.

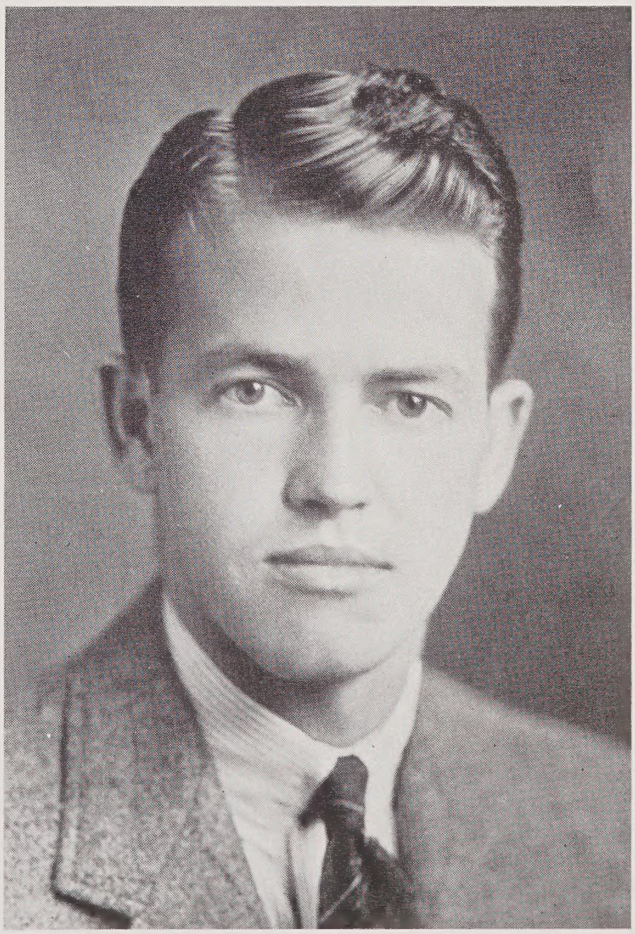
October 26th. I write a letter to the paper saying "No!"

October 27th. Twelve letters

(Continued on page 23)

CAPS OFF TO—

Julian Bobbitt, the Blackbeard of the previous Pirate staff. As a band of cut-throats, we try to praise none except ourselves; but even with full speed ahead, we can't give Jules the slip so easily. He managed to gut, plunder, rifle, and sack our chests when they were as barren as the coffers of the Junior Class in the Spring. Even when the strong-boxes were emptly of spoils, and not a sail in sight, somehow or other he scraped up enough jewels of humor to bury in the shallow, sandy recesses of your landlubber minds. Often he made us walk the plank and drink the brine, which are slackers' just deserts. But, nevertheless, we will miss him at the helm next year to guide the brig of the swashbuckling Buccaneers through the troubled waters of discontent, which are seething around us constantly. May you have smooth sailing, Julian!



Senior — Could You Forget ?

Passing the Buc

ED. NOTE — *Gentle reader, when we heard this story, we were so overcome that we couldn't refrain from letting a tear fall in our beer. It's the type of thing which makes a disheartened editor spruce up, take a new sublease on life, and keep tapping at the keys. It's the tale of the local prophet who makes the grade elsewhere.*

One of the better coeds placed a copy of last Fall's Freshman issue on her desk, where her brother found it and took it over to Duke. (After thorough perusal) the brother gave it to his roommate who liked it so much!! that he sent it on to put a blight in the lives of the girls at Sweet Briar, who don't seem to worry too much about a little thing like a blight or two in their lives. From there, after having a lot of the dirtier jokes clipped out, it wandered a while over the hills of Lynchburg (which is an interesting story, but we won't expose you this time, Bob) to eventually pay Randolph-Macon a visit. When we heard that it had landed there, we were pleased! we were flattered!! we were everything!!! as a matter of fact, our ego had never been more inflated, for we knew that no one could appreciate our form of humor better than a group of Old Maids. Things were looking up—but not for long. It came back to Duke, and we thought that was too much of a good thing. But we weren't to be touched and grieved forever. It was soon off again, and this time it came to rest in Blair Arch at Princeton. How it got there we didn't know, for we can't see any connection between Duke and Princeton — although the Blue Devils probably think we are blind. Princeton sent it to Vassar, and Strong Hall was astounded that we don't write "you all" when we refer to one person. (Perhaps Margaret Mitchell hasn't paved the way after all, Jeanne, up your way.) But now the story gets sad again. One of the New York debs writes that she has taken it down to the slums and given it to one of her "cases" to show them true college humor. So sacrificial of you, my sweet. And if you had been in Richmond you would probably have given it to the White Elephant Bazaar, the haven of debutantes there, wouldn't you? Well, here's hoping "The Bend" enjoys it.

It just goes to show, folks, although many people think that the proper place for THE BUCCANEER is the gutter or the trash-basket, it's just as much at home in the slums.

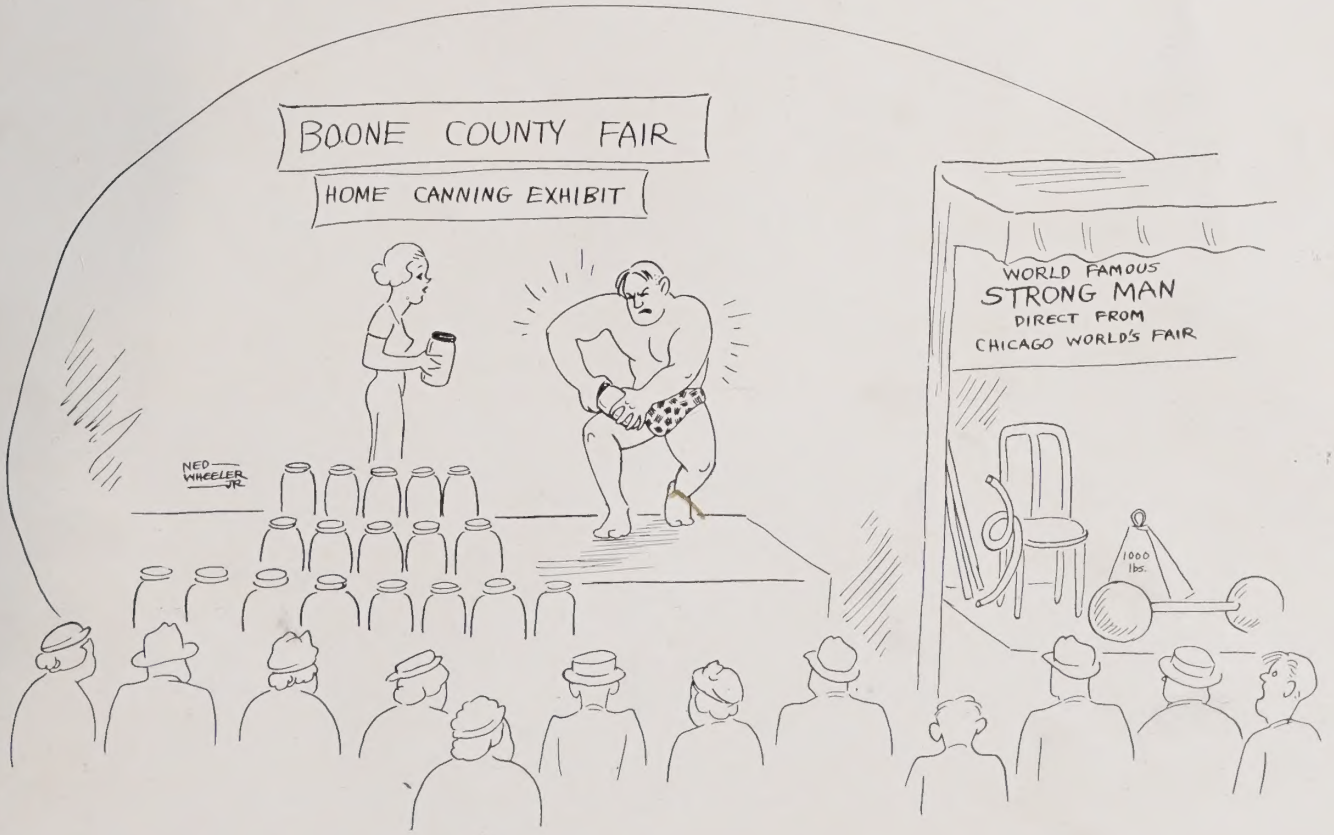
A boy and a girl appeared befor the marriage license clerk who asked their ages.

"I'm 18 and she's 16," answered the boy.

"Have you the consent of the girl's parents?"

"Well, what do you think that guy behind us is doing with a shotgun—going after a fishing license?"

—*N. Y. U. Varieties.*



Pardon Us, But —

The love bug has bitten. Why doesn't it devour?—:

Don and Virginia
Johnny and Mary
Peyton and Vergie
Randy and Banks
Archie and Garnelle
Carl and Virginia
Ralph and Ruthie
Jerry and Kitty
Morris and Elizabeth
Ray and Dinny
Reed and Elva Ann
Strotho and Ann Turner
Stone and Es
Emmet and Olivia
Bill and Frances
Gum-p and Ida
Law School and Connie
S. A. E.s and Clara

* * * * *

Professorial Superlatives:

Most travelled: C. M.
Most pompous: J. O.
Most distinguished: Stobbie
Best dressed: K. C.
Most boring: Robbie
Most countrified: Honey
Crudest: Rex
Best planned lectures: Clarence D.
Laziest and most opinionated: Woody.
Most interesting: Urbie Tigner.
Gent of old school: Bookie
Most pontifical: Bill Jenk
Most egotistical: Rich
Most absent-minded: "According to—"
Smartest: Bernie
Quizziest: Bay
Broadest: E. E. E.
Timid soul: Clarence
Dynamic: Phillips
Best liked: Hugh
Scintillating: George
Broad-minded: Skipper

What S. A. E. put on his act at his old alma mater last week-end and succeeded in practically wrecking the Hotel Charlotte Tavern—and such a sweet looking child, too . . . . . What Beta who got slapped by the H. A. G. Legion for always dancing with the coeds made the caustic remark: "I hope that they were being sarcastic." . . . Whose Ford phaeton was seen on a lonely road in Raleigh before the house of a certain notorious "jewel" . . . What Kap Sig and S. A. E. were left at the post as regards the ring ceremony of a journalistically inclined matron who wrote her first editorial, after

returning from the honeymoon, on "Birth Control" . . . What Chemistry major is rumored to have threatened several Betas and Sigma Chis with assault and battery Saturday night of Junior-Seniors—they refused to stand at attention while he listened to Jeanette and Nelson sing *Will You Remember*—as a hint, he's an A. T. O. . . . What campus politician was seen in Harry's during the dances with the butler of his fraternity, both pickled . . . What Soph who likes to shout, and help others to be heard, has been trying mighty hard to be tops with a certain dark-haired contralto . . . but it seems she won't tumble, for the other night she told him she had to work, turned right around, and dated another . . . Did you notice the rotund A. T. O. "sleeping" peacefully beside Mrs. Southerland at the K. A. milk punch party?—It was so touching and sweet that we hope that you didn't miss it . . . The outfitting of one of our track stars is quite apropos for the sea, but it so happens Chapel Hill is two hundred miles from same . . . What boy who sleeps closer to the coeds than any other stude, after failing his Chemistry comprehensive, was seen crocked to the teeth—we don't blame him either . . . What son of a famous father, who has had a little difficulty lately, was the recipient of seven (count 'em) I. C. C.'s for Junior-Seniors . . . What photographer has taken intimate snapshots of coeds on 3rd floor Spencer . . . What Sigma Nu has been haunted by a certain brunette of doubtful character from Durham—we retract, her character is not doubtful . . . What member of the Dance Committee was seen tilting the corners at Junior-Seniors . . . Whose date was paying such strict attention to the speedometer during the dances, that he testified that he could prove the exact speed by her—must have been a swell date . . . Of course it's none of our business, but we are really down on the gent in a green Ford coupe who hogs all the best parking place out at the Castle—he should go fishing . . . What certain Chi Phi is rushing a co-ed, whose BIG brother was down here last year, and making all of us jealous . . . What S. A. E. broke his bottle of gin and his finger, Saturday night of the dances, running from the K. A. house over to the Kappa Sig establishment—perhaps he would like to see that wire fence removed, or perhaps just to have seen the wire fence . . . What Freshman coed, you know the

one, has created such a furor that one gent worked a whole weekend trying to get to shake her hand . . . What coed has been paid more than usual attention by the ex-Ed of the Yackety-Yack . . . What well known cuisinery is rumored to run up the bills of those who charge their checks after drinking a little too much beer . . . What Freshman golfer is almost consistently low medalist and yet merits fourth berth on the team . . . . Brickbats and bouquets for Wigue and Masque : : Bricks—: Solo dancers—amplifying system—men's chorus—Van Cise (period) Bouquets—: Roughton's swag—Southerland's kiss—Geddie Monroe—Joisey—the guy who shot the gun—Speck's clothes . . . What Phi Gam, well under the influence, imagined himself in the high hurdles, cleared the wall, but suffered a cracked ankle as the result . . . What resident of Aycock crashed the audition room over at WDNC and led the band for about two minutes . . . What Steele man put a plug in the shower drain, turned on the water, and flooded the shoes of his floor mates . . . What Old Easter was seen down below Forest Theater along about midnight, and with whom—also, we would like to know what the person who told us the story was doing down there Winchelling . . . What coed sneaked off to Rocky Mount to the Hal Kemp dance . . . What Old Wester admitted that he had seen only one girl that he would marry, and she was a coed—surely, that's not so hard to guess . . . What two profs got a wee bit on the sour side when a photographer took a picture up in Harry's the other night—the funny part of it was that the picture was not of them—but maybe that explains why they got up and walked out . . . What Ruffin Freshman will get fighting mad if you add "Master" to his first name, and why does it incense him so . . . What fraternity had a chapter meeting out at Gimghoul Castle at Sunday dawn of Junior-Seniors . . . To top it all off, who is this Claire who seems to increase the glow around the new Buc editor when she is in the office . . .

EDITOR'S NOTE: *If you hear a knock on the door some night, it will probably be I—wanting to know the answers to some of these questions.*

WE NOMINATE FOR OBLIVION: stunt nights . . . speck's ear-singing . . . freddie johnson's moustache . . . de monseigle's hair . . . deke snootiness and politicians . . . beta auto fleet . . . s. a. e. masses . . . pete ivey as front-page news . . . bricklemyer's base-coaching . . . freshman wheat's bicycle . . . leacock's prices for repairing shoes . . . the cop around south building . . . joe swain, the first of the month . . . graham memorial hours . . . the guy who plays no. 5, she'll be coming around the mountain, when kemp and goodman are 7 and 8 respectively on the nickleodeon . . . joe grier's condescending smile . . . tar heel weather report . . . the library for not being open sunday nights . . . our mistakes!

WE NOMINATE FOR HALL OF FAME: k. a. milkpunch . . . lee's figure . . . phi delt rushing . . . claire's poems . . . mcguire's cordiality . . . redfern's eyes . . . beta beer . . . the bush twin's energy . . . jeff's pop corn . . . mr. and mrs. harry moore . . . sigma nu parties in general . . . lindsay's ever-present smile . . . the marathon's cheese sandwiches, hot-dog style . . . miss sally's courteousness . . . doc pritchard for cashing checks saturday after the banks have closed . . . toni warren at swain hall . . . the night shift of the tar heel . . . the girl who can be so attractive over a whole weekend that you don't feel like hitting her over the head before she leaves . . . YOU, if it helps us polish any apples up your way, or if your name appears elsewhere on this page.

PAR

Presidents—
Of the Senior Class: Niles Bond; and of the University Club: Julian Warren. Need we say more?

Journalists—
Mac Smith and Stuart Rabb, Daily *Tar-Heels. Just in case you* really *want to know, the girls are Louise Hudson, and "Ninky" Mahone, from Amherst, Va.—and they are plenty* smart *too.*

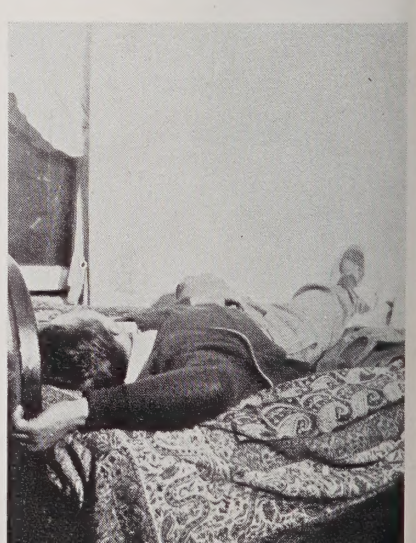
Overcome—
By the strenuousness of it a
is A. T. O.'s Ben Royall, who sa
down to think it all over, and . .

A Queen—
Although the broad brimmed hat on Miss Betty Gilliam is not a crown, it well might be, for she was recently crowned queen of the Dogwood Festival of Virginia and Tennessee. With her is our boy, Harold Shoaf. In pretty fast company, Harold!

Woody—
Take a gander at that chic thing coming to the dances. It's Woody Woodhouse who goes into a rage if you tell him his course is a snap. With him are his daughter and a friend, whom we think are mighty chic too.

"It's a great life—
if you don't week-end." The
sad, sad spectacle of a young
gentleman, almost "floored" by
the Junior-Seniors. How do we
know he's a gentleman? Well,
he isn't on the floor, is he?

Surrounded—
Is Raleigh's Lucille Aycock, by Randy Berg (Full-dress), Dolph Young (With necktie), George McDuffie (Without necktie), and Billy Worth (Shirt-sleeves). The photographer is not *a nudist.*

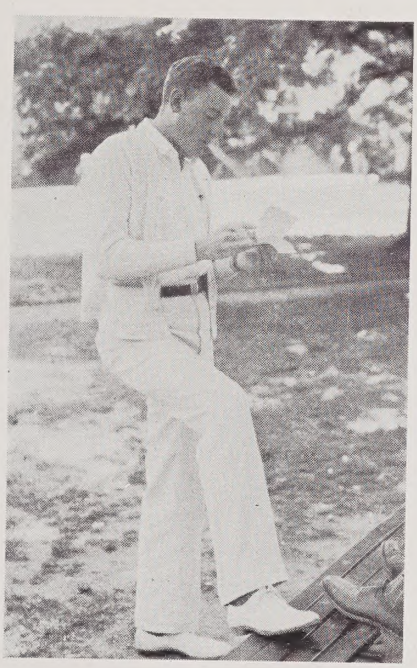


ADE

Inseparable—
Are Reed Sarratt and Elva May Ranson. Reed was one of those big, quiet cogs that kept the Tar Heel moving smoothly this year, and Elva May is one of the better coeds.

Perennial—
Albert Ellis, who has attended five Junior-Senior sets, leaving the tea dance with Bertha Deppe Parker, a visitor from Trenton, N. C. We didn't much want to print his *picture, but it's been done so much. And who are we?*

"Cump" Mebane, now hard at work in Greensboro, had to come back to his Alma Mater for Junior-Seniors, and believe me, we were glad to see him. Moreso, however, when he can bring two such attractive girls with him as Wilfred Schlosser and Mary Letty Mebane. The other gent is Andy Lownes, and he's another admirer of Mary Letty's.

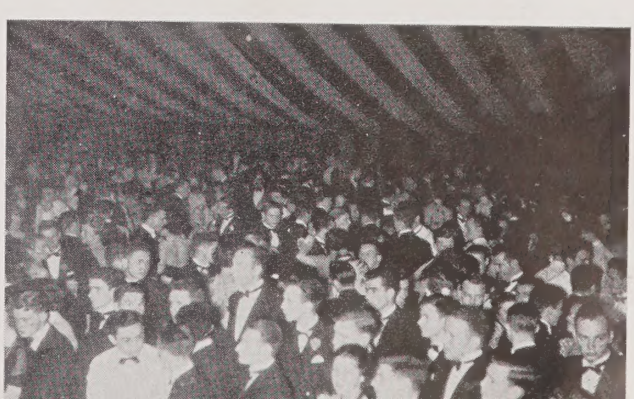


Reformed—
Is Sid Holt, one of Carolina's outstanding play-boys, till a bit of a lass from Memphis put him on the "straight-and-narrow." The letter? — Probably from Memphis.

"Swing and sway—"
Anyhow, here's the swing— The sway was outside, all 'round the Tin Can. Junior-Seniors, with everybody in good spirits, and vice-versa.

In Quest—
Here we have newly initiates of the Grail, with wild Bill James chasing a bunch of dogs somewhere around out of the camera's scope. Incidentally, the alligator bait, holding up the train, have not yet been initiated.

"—So I says to her—"
Unusual photo of Franklin Brown, in a group of boys. *The attentive listeners, Claude Armfield, Dave Struthers, Roy Lawing and others, are getting the low-down on the Shack.*



"Listen, big boy, if dis is your idea of engagement, I'se calling de marriage off—here and now."

COME AGAIN

By GEORGE RIDDLE

(With apologies to Katharine Dayton)

Offstage, an entirely male chorus sings "Hark! The Sound" and the curtain slowly rises as the voices fade away. The stage is set to represent a room in terrible confusion: potted plants and potted students are lying all about, chairs are overturned, the tables are turned and the floor is strewn with papers. Mrs. Faculty, a matronly-looking woman, is bustling about, trying to restore some sort of order, possibly the Grail. There is a low knock at the door.

. . . . . .

Mrs. Faculty (Exasperated). Oh, come in! (Mrs. Alumni enters, looking surprised.) Oh, my dear, I beg your pardon—I thought it was—But you come Saundering in like this, unexpectedly. (The two embrace affectionately, then Mrs. Faculty picks up a chair and pushes it forward—but not too forward.) Here, *sit down!* (Mrs. Alumni seems distressed at these words.) Oh, I'm *so* sorry.

Mrs. Alumni (Sinking into the chair). It's perfectly all right. My nerves are all unstrung—sort of Lewis, you know—and everything just *strikes* me the wrong way. (She gazes around.) Been having a party?

Mrs. Faculty: Two of them! You see, the fraternity boys had planned their usual election party again this year; just then the dormitory boys decided that *they* wanted one, too, and I didn't see anything Ellis I could do. (Picking up a bottle.) Here, there's a little campaign left over. Of course, it's not as Cole as it was, but it'll do. (She fills two glasses and they sip awhile in silence. Suddenly, loud wails begin offstage.) Oh dear, those Freshmen again — I thought they were asleep. You know, I can put the others asleep in a minute, but I just can't teach my Freshmen anything. They were all sick awhile back—A bad case of General College. It certainly raised Hobbs with them. I think it was some Graham crack . . . (Mrs. Alumni has turned pale, and appears to be sick.) Now, I've upset you again.

Mrs. Alumni: (Recovering.) It's nothing much. That word just seems to noise-ate me; I was quite Hill from it, last Fall. You had scarlet fever then, didn't you?

Mrs. Faculty: (Laughing.) Oh no, only a little rash. Something I ate, I think—too much dark meat for dinner, possibly. (Seeking to change the subject.) Have you seen my new table? We were going to put our Rose Bowl on it, but . . . (There is a low tapping at the door.) That's just Fido, our honor hound. The poor thing has Fleece, now.

Oh yes, before I forget it, I want you to come over for Graduation. You ought to see the caps and gowns—my dear, they're just too Kutz for words.

Mrs. Alumni: (Grimly.) I'll bet. Where are the exercises this year?

Mrs. Faculty: Well, I don't know, yet. You know, one year we had them outdoors, and it rained on my speakers, and they simply *ran*—on and on. You know how speakers run, especially when they get Wet. I suppose there'll be a lot of Hoey, anyhow.

I hate to see my Seniors go—there's such a Bond between us. And at Christmas they were so cute, especially those in Commerce, running around Singing Carrolls.

Have you noticed the campus, with the Ivey all over Graham Memorial, and that nice Brown trimming down at the Shack?—Here, have some more campaign.

Mrs. Alumni: I'd better not. I've always said I Kahn take it or Levitt alone, but right now, I Wooten care for any Moore.

Mrs. Faculty: Well—How's everything down at the store?

Mrs. Alumni: Pretty good. But why don't you ever come down any more?

Mrs. Faculty: Well, you see—I—er—Well, to be perfectly candid, my dear—Your Clark — at the store—

Mrs. Alumni: David?

Mrs. Faculty: Yes, that's the one. Well, he came over here, one time—and—and—well, he got mad and was very insulting. Before he got through, my face was as red as a beet.

Mrs. Alumni: Why, my dear, I'm sure you're mistaken. David has always been one of my standbys. (Sweetly.) Of course, there are some people he doesn't "cotton to," but, after all—(Shrugging.)

Mrs. Faculty: (Getting a little angry.) Why, my dear, I'm sure—

Mrs. Alumni: (Also angry.) You probably imagined it.

Mrs. Faculty: (Thoroughly riled, now.) Well, I never—Do you mean—?

(Mrs. Alumni gets up and stalks to the door, full of dignity, stopping only long enough to say "Good-bye" and exits, slamming the door. By now, Mrs. Faculty has also risen, and only nods coldly as Mrs. Alumni departs. She seats herself again, and, gradually, she recovers her composure.)

Mrs. Faculty: (To herself.) I suppose I shouldn't have said anything about it; or, at least, I could beat about the Bushes a bit. But I was just being Frank. Well, I guess I'm just *too* Frank for people, sometimes.

(At these words, the curtain is gently lowered upon the scene.)

Commencing Backwards

May 27, 2037.—"Prosperity is ready to turn the corner," exclaimed ex-Professor F-17-11, guest announcer at the annual commencement of the historic University of North Carolina for chorines, yes-women, manicurists, bubble dancers and duchesses. F-17-11, sole survivor of the explosion which demolished Duke university in 1999, spoke over a world-to-world television look-up on behalf of Downy - Zep, the combination mattress and dirigible, which will hereafter sponsor the U. N. C. commencements in place of F.P.G. insomnia tablets which went out of business with the extinction of Math. and Ec. classes.

Today's commencement removes from the University the last of its male students. Henceforth men must matriculate at the M. C. U. N. C. at Greensboro, where courses are being offered in the operation of flying trailers, thumbing, guzzling, the art of the bull-session and how to keep off the grass.

As a feature of the festivities today, Manager F-18-32 of the University, presented a circus to peepers-in, which depicted some of the highlights of the past century in Chapel Hill. Among the amazing exhibits was the last of the professors, M-13-33, a male species, most often hairy and corpulent, which once disfigured college campuses and delighted in torturing students by means of imbecilic inanities known as quizzes.

Said F-17-11 as she wirelessed unemployment certificates to graduates: "Tune in next year this same time for another big show, brought to you by Downy-Zep, a safe, sanitary, pocket-size bed covering which can be inflated by night to a dirigible, complete with weather-regulator and valet, of just the right size. And in the meantime, fly in and see Chapel Hill, the center of culture and allure for the epicure."

Post-views of some outstanding old-time commencements follow:

May 29, 2017.—A militant campus party now circulating petitions for "an open market for males" was opposed by today's commencement speaker, Old Maid F-23-22, U. N. C. '59. "Keep the men in the kitchens with the rest of the mugs," she declared. "We want no derogatory distractions here. They kept us out until thirty years ago. Now let them languish in their Greensboro Finishing School after 10:30 P. M. But there are persistent undertones of "sour grapes." Yesterday, it is reported, a party of men drifted in to look over the co-eds. In ancient parlance, they at once departed with the breeze.

May 30, 2007.—This year's U. N. C. commencement was held as a feature of Chapel Hill's first World's Fair, commemorating the 57th anniversary of the fire that wrecked the Alumni Building. 50,555,555 people have thus far seen the exhibition in person. All of them except one, when interviewed, confided that the village this year is "more

"Well, toodle-doo, y'all. I'm 'Gone with the Wind'."

charming than ever." That was Undertaker M-33-34, who said, "Say, where can I get a good meal around here?"

June 4, 1957.—Now that every student on the campus is a class officer, a member of a legislature, a senate, a court, a jury, an honor council, a student council, a friendship council, an advice council, or a consolation council, it was decided at commencement today that U. N. C. politics have defeated their purpose, whatever that was. Democracy and capitalism, twin failures, are to be exiled. A communistic regime will be set up among the comrades of Chapel Hill in which all cash, calories, marks, gas and dates will be divided equally. Anyone found holding out will be banished to the stinking dungeons in the basement of Venable Hall.

June 5, 1947.—The commencement class went on a lie-down strike today and accomplished the following objectives:

1. Caps and gowns are to be abolished, costuming to be left to the discretion of the parties concerned.

2. The Playmakers are to be moved to Raleigh, if not farther.

3. All dam-yankees are to be excluded from U. N. C. except those who can say three times without flinching: "Hell, ah sho do reckon yo'll gwine-a be damned." Anyone complying is stupid enough to be harmless, it is thought.

June 7, 1939.—Following commencement today, everyone adjourned to the newly completed swimming pool to seek relief from the excess hot air emitted during the day. Later it was discovered that eight fraternity men had sunk to the bottom and had failed to come up.

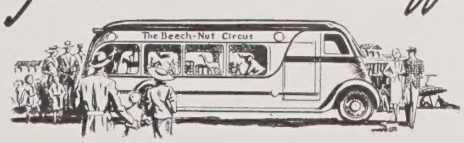
—*Robert Pochrass.*

Most popular gum in America is Beech-Nut Peppermint. Try our Spearmint, too, if you enjoy a distinctive flavor!

BEECHIES
Gum in a crisp candy coating . . . doubly delightful that way! Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin.

ORALGENE
The new firmer texture gum that aids mouth health and helps fight mouth acidity; "Chew with a purpose."

You can taste the difference Quality makes



SEE THE BEECH-NUT CIRCUS
Biggest Little Show on Earth!
A mechanical marvel, 3 rings of performers, clowns, animals, music 'n' everything! Now touring the country. Don't miss it.

KAY KYSER

"Evening Folks How Y'all?"

"LET'S CALL THE WHOLE THING OFF" and "WITHOUT YOUR LOVE"—(Victor 25569)—Recorded by Eddy Duchin and his Orchestra—Vocals by Jerry Cooper—A fine combination contributing the outstanding record of the month.

"SWAMP FIRE" and "DANCE OF THE BLUE DEVILS" — (Decca 1231)—Les Brown and his Duke Blue Devils—Les has a real swing band and in this waxing he proves it — The latter was written and arranged by Les himself.

"WAKE UP AND LIVE" and "SLEEP" — (Victor 25573)—Recorded by Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra — Two new numbers arranged in that ever popular Dorsey manner. Yes, Tommy continues to slide his trombone.

"COUNT ME OUT" and "LINGER AWHILE"—(Decca 1229)—Recorded by Jimmie Lunceford and his Orchestra—Lunceford's best recording of the year—He has volume; he has swing and a boy that can really sing—Dan Grissom.

"IT LOOKS LIKE RAIN IN CHERRY BLOSSOM LANE" and "TOODLE-oo" — (Victor 25572) — Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians—A couple of swell tunes played in the usual Lombardo style . . . Vocals by Carmen and the Trio.

NANCY NELSON

Yes, you guessed it, it's the congenial purveyor of distinctive dance melodies, Kay Kyser, who while a student at the University of North Carolina was widely known as the man with the T model Ford. Kay was born in Rocky Mount, N. C., June 18, 1906. He received his education at our own University where he was awarded a Bachelor of Arts Degree in 1928.

Kay is five feet nine inches tall, ash blond with blue eyes, a "poker" face and is often accused of looking like a college professor. He is very conscientious about his work, rides horseback every day or plays polo, dotes on riding roller coasters, likes anything to eat except liver, won't allow moustaches in his orchestra, selected "THINKING OF YOU" as his theme because it was the first tune his orchestra ever played. Carries a North Carolina negro boy with him wherever he goes. The lad served Kay long before he organized the orchestra. His full name and titles are—Ulford Madison Maxwell Clementine Cordell Riggsbee: Chef, Chauffeur, Valet, Personal Secretary and Chaperon to Mr. James Kay Kyser, "THE MAN FROM THE SOUTH."

Before organizing his band Kay was an outstanding leader at U. N. C. He was a member of Sigma Nu Fraternity and Alpha Kappa Psi (Commerce) Fraternity and won many other social honors, including leadership of the Junior Prom and chairmanship of the Finals dances. For his scholastic record and his campus achievements he was elected to both the Junior honorary order, "The Grail," and "The Golden Fleece." Kay was also acclaimed the best organizer of cheering and school spirit the University ever had.

Kay Kyser is originator of the idea of singing the titles to numbers as part of the introduction to each arrangement, thus eliminating all announcements. He also uses four bars of his theme before each vocal chorus. These innovations together with an unusual change of pace have given a decidedly different yet enjoyable "flavor" to Kay's music.

Kay Kyser features with his orchestra the beautiful and attractive Nancy Nelson. Although in her early twenties she is one of the most skilled vocalists accompanying any big name band.

—Roberts Jernigan.

Senior Comprehensives

By HAROLD EASTER

This comprehensive exam is the result of months of research for questions of which college seniors should have a reasonable knowledge. These questions were carefully selected by authorities on the subjects herein contained. Don't feel badly if you do not fare so well on this exam, as only two of the entire Buccaneer staff made a passing grade.

Send your answers (True or False) to the Buccaneer office where it will be corrected and the grades will be sent to your parents immediately.

ANSWER: *True or False.*

HISTORY

1. The Magna Charta said that the king had no right to bring soldiers into a lady's house and tell her to mind them.

2. General Braddock was killed in the Revolutionary War. He had three horses shot under him and a fourth went through his clothes.

3. The American war was started because the people would persist in sending their parcels through the post without stamps.

4. Subjects have a right to partition a king.

5. Lincoln wrote the Gettysburg address while riding from Washington to Gettysburg on an envelope.

6. Louis XVI was gelatined during the French Revolution.

7. Squatter Sovereignty is the forcible usurpation of an industry by Sit-down strikers.

MEDICINE

1. Artificial respiration is the way to keep a person alive when they are only just dead.

2. Skeleton is what you have left when you take a man's insides out and his outsides off.

3. Nicotine is so deadly a poison that a drop on the end of a dog's tail will kill a man.

4. The heart is located on the west side of the body.

5. Anatomy is the human body which consists of three parts—the head, the chist, and the stummick. The head contains the eyes and the brain, if any. The chist contains the lungs and a piece of liver. The stummick is devoted to the bowels, of which there are five, a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes w and y.

6. A chiropractor is a man who gets paid for what any other man would get slapped for.

7. The liver is an infernal organ of the body.

8. The spinal cord is a long and crooked part of the body with the head sitting on the top end, and the person sitting on the other.

PHILOSOPHY

1. Doctrine of Epicureanism —Eat drink and be merry for tomorrow all three may be illegal.

2. A person who is never wrong is never right.

LAW

1. The Habeas Corpus act provides that no one need stay in prison longer than he likes.

2. According to the decision of the Supreme Court of N. Y., 1930, it is legal for a man to take over his widow's estate.

3. Bigamy is when a man tries to serve two masters.

4. The law allowing only one wife is called monotony.

ENGLISH

1. An abstract noun is something we can think of but cannot feel—as a red hot poker.

2. Gender shows whether a man is masculine, feminine or neuter.

(Continued on page 28)

THE CHARGE OF THE PIPE BRIGADE!

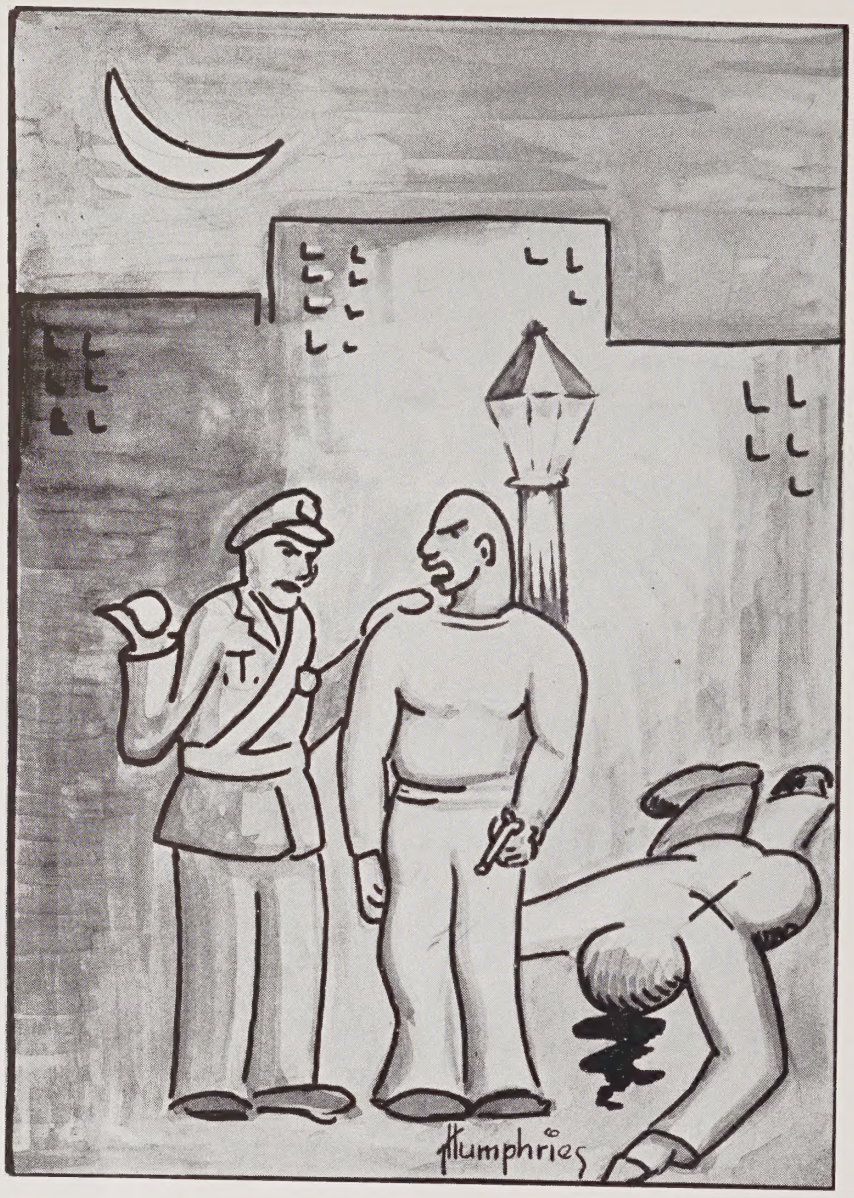
..then they switched to the brand of grand aroma

SMOKY Joe and Cinder Pete took the hint! They invested in some pipe cleaners, and then bought a *mild* tobacco. And when we say *mild,* we mean Sir Walter Raleigh, the one smoking tobacco that really justifies that important adjective. Blended of selected Kentucky Burleys, Sir Walter spares you the misery of tongue bite. It has a sweet, full-flavored aroma that is a positive delight. Try a tin!

UNION MADE

PREFERRED BY COLLEGE MEN. In a recent survey by Self-Help Bureaus of 25 representative universities, students rated Sir Walter Raleigh first or second out of 66 competing pipe tobaccos at a *majority* of these colleges.

TUNE IN JACK PEARL (BARON MUNCHAUSEN) NBC BLUE NETWORK, FRIDAYS 10 P. M., E. S. T.



"Say, you're the guy who killed that woman over on the East Side last night, aren't you?"
"Yeah, I get around."

COMMENCEMENT'S GRAND

(Continued from page 7)

Democracy. How he would love to rise in the middle of the alumnus' speech, tear off his graduation vestments, run up to the platform, and with wide open arms and wide open mouth scream out to the graduates: "You damn fools! You don't know what you're going into. You don't know that you're automatically becoming slaves in a capitalistic process which automatically makes you slaves. Two or three men have everything, and you haven't got a chance in a million to get a part of that everything!" And with much bellowing he would demand that everyone of his classmates rise and start a rebellion. (It didn't matter what they rebelled against. Just as long as they rebelled.) Often he had dreamed that they all had risen and with him in the lead, they had marched on the school grounds and confiscated the university.

There were many more whose names would be on the graduation list forwarded by various press associations to various newspapers. There was Bill and Jeanne. Last night they had a date. They left a cafe and, hand in hand, walked toward the Shack. Bill was wearing a gray sweater and Jeanne had on a red dress. He offered Jeanne a cigaret and she said: "Thanks. No." He lit one for himself. They slowly strolled. Jeanne glanced at her wristwatch and said: "It's already ten fifteen." There was a silent minute. Bill tapped the ashes from his cigaret. He said: "Did you like the picture?" She answered: "It was wonderful. He's such a wonderful actor." "He was all right," he murmured. Bill and Jeanne ascended the steps of the Shack. At the door Jeanne turned and smiled: "I had a fine time. Thank you so much." She slowly opened the door. "Goodnight, Bill." "Goodnight." A few minutes later Bill again entered the cafe.

Then there were a group of seniors that hang around one drugstore, halflistening to a recording of Fats Waller and his orchestra blaring out: "Mama Don't Allow No Music in Here." Collectively they would talk of the characteristics of the 1937 Ford sedan, the virtues of a mathematics teacher, the "girl I was out with last night," the "girl I was out with two nights ago," a poker game at one of the dormitories, where Benny Goodman is going to be billed at during the coming summer, the "girl I'm going out with tonight," chances of the Yanks copping the pennant again, the "girl I'm taking to the Finals," the Playmakers, Dr. Groves' Marriage Course, bicycle riding, the "girl who works over at the cafe."

And there are the girls who danced to Ravel's BOLERO as part of a Maytime Festival. And the embryonic psychologist who already believes that there is no such thing as the mind, that all thought emanates from muscles, glands. Also the sensitive lad whose bible is James Joyce's ULYSSES and who, at the same time, writes Shakespearean sonnets; who dramatizes his own love affairs and mocks other lovers. All graduated.

NOTES OF A CAMPUS POLITICIAN

(Continued from page 9)

appear in the paper saying that I am the worst president any class ever had, that I am unfair, and that I am trying to prejudice everyone against the editor of the News by refuting his editorial.

October 31st. The sophomores capture me and strip me.

November 3rd. I catch a cold.

November 7th. I get pneumonia.

November 20th. Sick as hell.

December 10th. I return to school. I feel very weak and I cough a lot. I have lost twenty pounds.

December 11th. A letter is written to the News saying that I pulled a neat political trick by getting pneumonia. It says that that martyr stuff doesn't work any more.

December 14th-20th. I work all day and night studying trying to make up work that I lost.

December 21st. I am called a "greasy grind."

December 22nd. I stop studying. I say that I won't open a book again all term.

December 4th. I flunk two exams, and I am called a dumbbell.

December 25th. I go to the mountains for the Christmas holidays to recuperate.

January 3rd. They say that I have too much money, and am too rah-rah because I go away for the holidays.

January 4th. I come to school in a torn black sweater and unpressed pants. Also I do not shave. I want to prove that I am not rah-rah.

January 5th. I am called sloppy.

January 6th. I shave, wear white shoes, new suit, and I look fine.

January 7th. I am called a smoothy.

January 10th. I get up in front of a chapel to make an announcement, and I am booed off the platform.

January 11th. One of the follows who nominated me comes up to me and says I betrayed him, that I am bad as all the other politicans, and didn't put him on any committees. He writes a letter to the paper also.

January 12th. I overhear conversation saying that I am plotting to get re-elected, that I am making promises to both the fraternities and the neutrals, and that I will probably stuff the ballot.

January 16th. My condition is getting worse. Doctor says I have become mentally unbalanced and suggests change of scenery. I argue and the doctor and two nurses jump on me, pin me on the floor, put straight-

(Continued on page 25)

The University Dining Hall Cafeteria

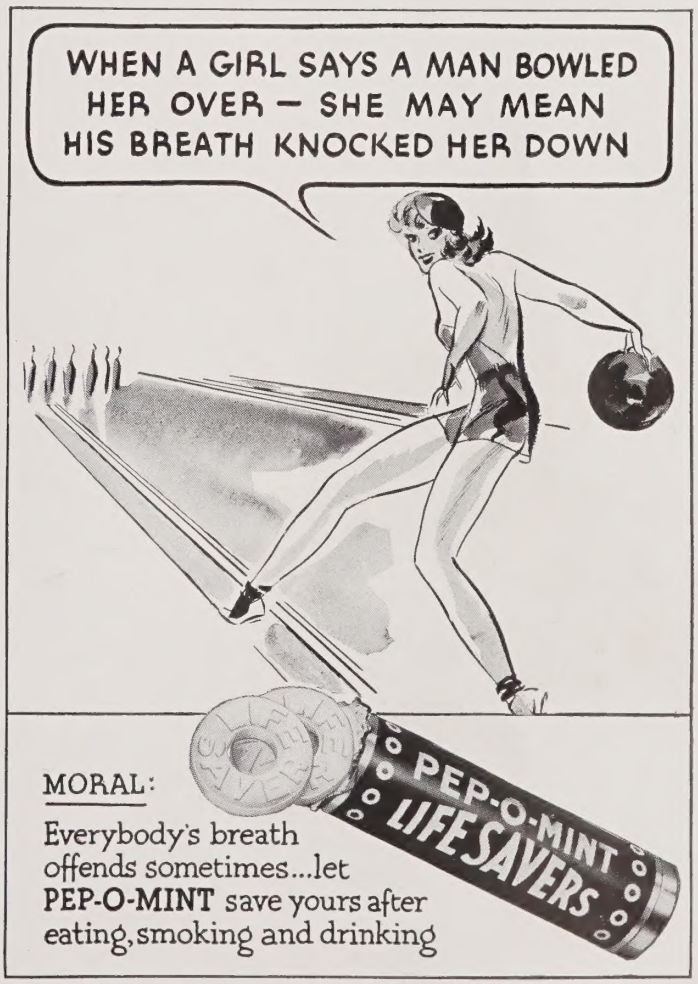
The Eating Place of Carolina Students and Others Connected with the University

West Gate of Campus

THIS MONTH'S
BOX OF LIFE SAVERS

Goes to

IRVIN STOMKINS
T. E. P. House


WHEN A GIRL SAYS A MAN BOWLED HER OVER — SHE MAY MEAN HIS BREATH KNOCKED HER DOWN
MORAL:
Everybody's breath offends sometimes...let PEP-O-MINT save yours after eating, smoking and drinking
PEP-O-MINT LIFESAVERS

SHROUDING THAT BODY DOWN

Your straw hat of today is no longer a cumbersome mixture of barnyard fodder and glue, but is light as a Flapper's smile, and much more comfortable. A few of the models that will grace the best heads this season are explained below.

Item one is the wide trimmed leghorn with a pugaree band. The older lad likes his in natural color with a dark band, while the younger chap likes a burnt brown with a white or cream colored band.

From the Bahamas comes the cocoanut straw with a gay colored India madras pugaree. The wide brim is an essential feature of this chapeau.

The optimo shape panama is a perennial favorite. This is Long Island's favorite bonnet and looks just as well with your white dinner jacket as with your linen or palm beach suit.

A rough sennit with perforated crown and colored band, obtainable in your frat colors, is always a good bet. This hat carries its own air-conditioning system and better models feature a hand-tied ribbon bow.

The bow tie is as much a sign of the Spring as are tulips and roses in the garden. This season sees a bumper crop of bows in foulards and light-weight wools in foulard patterns. Later in the season, neckties in suiting fabrics will make their bow—palm beaches, linens, cottons, rayons, and synthetic yard combinations. As the weather gets warmer, there will also be more demand for light-colored grounds, which will contrast nicely with the medium-tone grounds of the shirts. Stripes will display a tendency to greater breadth, an effort achieved by wider spacings and by the manner in which the groupings will be made.

Gazing not only at the skies this spring but also at styles, we will see many of the pin-stripe palm beach suits like this one worn by Bud Dillon. The tie is also of palm beach and very fashionable. A cool attire, and yet stylish.

Definitely in the running for warm weather wear are the new linen, palm beach, and seersucker suitings. The palm beach line with a wide range of choice in models and colors will be the leader in all fields—morning till night. Foremost in the sartorial parade will be the new seersucker fabrics in checks, plaids and the perennial lorraine made up in the single-breasted, three-buttoned, center-vented jacket. The old standby, white Irish linen, will grace many a young blood's shoulder this coming vacation.

SUMMER JUBILEE FASHIONS: six and three ribbed hose in light weight wool predominate in marl effects in solid colors of burgundy, indigo, and fawn . . . widespread white starched collars with striped shirts . . . brown and white moccasin shoes with hard crepe rubber soles . . . a pique silk, soft dress shirt with double stiff collar . . . linen blazers with vertical red or blue stripes . . . odd tweed jackets in lovat shades . . . solid color flannel blazers with brass buttons . . . white oxford shirts with longer button-down points . . . swimming-trunks of sail cloth in navy blue and brown colors . . . Norwegian moccasins . . . blue canvas shoes with white rubber soles . . . maroon dress ties with cummerbunds to match . . . dark gray flannel sacks . . . heavy cord belts with suede leather strap fasteners . . . pigskin cuff links with gold initials . . .

Palm Beach ties are smart in real summery patterns, with stripes and solid shades. An outstanding feature of this neckwear is that they are wrinkle proof—and washable besides.

—Joe Haggerty.

PRITCHARD-BRIGHT & CO.

COED WEAR

Although this determinedly modern generation likes to sneer at the exaggerated clothes of the nineteenth century, it is interesting to note that evening clothes for summer have received much inspiration from this period. The "old" versions have a certain charm and grace which gives them a distinction rarely found in their modern counterpart.

Gowns of the Queen Alexandria period features square necklines, short puffed sleeves, fitted waistlines, off-the-shoulder effects, graceful trains; the clever use of bows, ruffles, ribbons, and lace; embroidery as a decorative medium, and quaint coiffures, all of which are as effective today as were their originals. The regal note is seen everywhere in summer evening dress—but a queenly carriage is a prerequisite to wearing them.

Practically every designer is using the redingote. Both materials and colors form unique alliances. Chiffons appear in contrasting colors, such as raspberry over flesh, and apricot over blue, giving a delicate and subtle coloring to the ensemble. The same idea is carried out by using taffeta over lace, chiffon or lace over satin. In all cases, the sleeves are short with a bit of shoulder detail, and the neckline either a deep V or high with turnover collar.

Prints abound in the summer evening scene, both in sheer materials and cottons. The design is always effectively spaced, with stylized flowers or unique motifs suggestive of the season. The oncoming Pan-American Exposition has inspired many designers to fashion colorful and romantic evening creations, introducing such brilliant shades as Aztec red, Toltec green, Mayan blue, Incan gold, desert dawn, Pampas beige, sombrero, Magellan grey. These primitive colors appear in sheer fabrics in solid tones, and in crepes and cottons in smart striped patterns.

Authorities predict that coronation colors will leave a many-hued trail behind all through the summer. A range of purples, beginning well enough with orchid but ending abominably in thistle, includes Rajah purple, amethyst and royal purple. There is also a wide range of greens—emerald, oak leaf, mimosa, mango; and reds, from sword-belt crimson through African pink and Royal rose. In the brown and grey range appear African sand, maple brown, Wattle bark, archer grey, scimitar and London fog. All of these unusual colors promise to lend variety, if not beauty, to the summer evening scene.

Echoing the old-fashioned influences in the new-fashioned formal scene are lovely creations of chiffon with godets of net or lace in the same color tone and vertical or horizontal inserts of lace throughout the entire garment. All black and all white creations vie with the new pastels and brilliant tones. Black and white combined is also very well liked. Harking back to the nineteenth century are gowns of satin, simple in design and regal in silhouette; white is outstanding in this realm, as well as off-white tints. —*Louise Waite.*

Ed. Note—Especially in Angel-skin.

NOTES OF A CAMPUS POLITICIAN

(Continued from page 23)

jacket on me and send me to an asylum.

January 13th. I seem to be becoming incoherent.

January 17th. I can't understand it.

January 18th. News prints editorial saying that they know I was crazy all along, and that I was a politician of the worst order.

January 19th. Heh, heh, heh, . . .

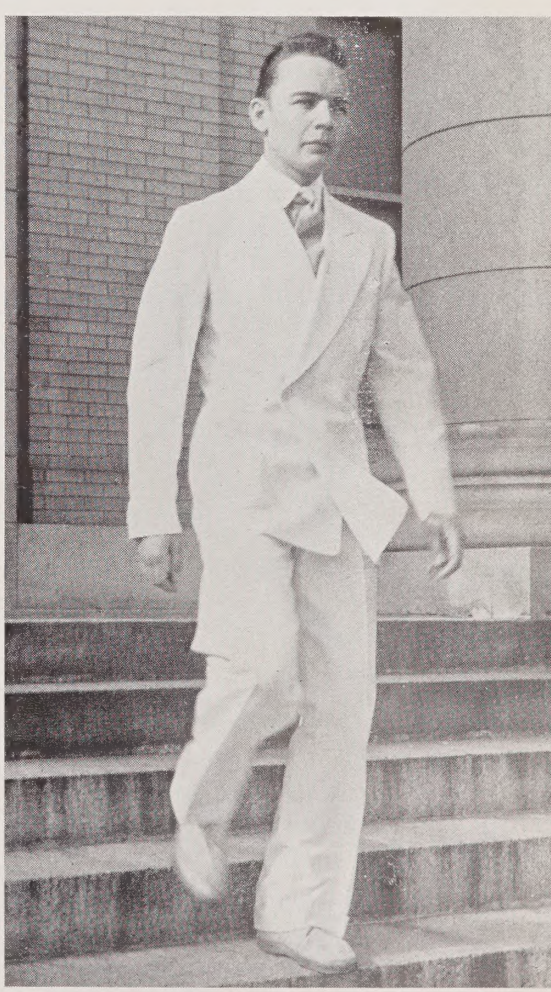
January 20th. X58)*!?X.R$

—Carnegie Tech Puppet.

"Eyes right!" thundered the Negro lieutenant.

"You's wrong!" came back from the depths of the black troop.

—*Maroon Bee.*



Fitzhugh Wallace is wearing the new white double breasted Palm Beach. This famous suit is also obtainable in a variety of smart colors — including Sun Tan. It comes in a number of models — single and double breasted, also sport backs.

DURHAM MEN'S SHOP

Song for a Latter-Day Victorian

By LOUETTE GLASER

No nudist I,
No communist,
No lover of the art Van Gogh,
No Gershwinited pianist,
No Freuderotic Romeo.
For I'm a gay Victorian, Victorian, Victorian,
For I'm a gay Victorian,
O, bring my Keats to me.
Bring back the days
Of snuff and swoon,
Bring back the bustle and the bust,
Bring back a virgin 'neath the moon,
And say again "In God we trust."
For I'm a gay Victorian, Victorian, Victorian,
For I'm a gay Victorian,
It's Elsie D. for me.
Away with No-
El Coward's wit,
Away with Parker pleasantries,
Away with Porter's newest hit,
And liberated peasantries.
For I'm a gay Victorian, Victorian, Victorian,
For I'm a gay Victorian,
The Children's Hour for me!

INQUIRY

We wonder if the single-breasted coat
Were not constructed to please
The professors who always seem to dote
On ostentatious Phi Bate keys.
—*Carl Selwyn.*

CYCLE OF DISILLUSIONMENT

One lone man did I possess—
Could it be that I lacked skill?
So I deserted faithfulness
For summer school at Chapel Hill.

Seven dates in seven nights:
Each one came to take me out,
Said he'd show me all the sights—
I'd enjoy them, no doubt.

Gimghoul Hill (you need a bike),
Arboretum (what again!)—
By my sixth noctural hike
I was growing tired of men.

As each evening's close drew near.
Each one tried the same finesse;
One line only did I hear—
I won't tell you; you can guess.

At present I possess one man;
I've given up the numbers game.
I know I'm back where I began—
But why not? They're all the same.
—*Amy.*

Thank You!

Carolina Students
and
Faculty Members

Efird's

Appreciates
Your
Cooperation

Shop at Efird's Store nearest you this summer

TO THE AUTHOR OF "ADVICE TO A CO-ED"

I could picture a man of "six feet two
With eyes of a blasphemous boudoir blue
With magic black hair of disturbing hue
And a profile that shrieks 'Hollywood' at you—"
I could *picture* that man without reservations
But no U. N. C. man has those qualifications.

I can't comply with your demand
I mean those words sincerely
Our love is ended—understand?
The case is stated clearly.

Oh darling, why do you hold my hand?
And why do you smile so queerly?

—*Claire.*

REVOLT OF A DODO

I've been a good girl, I am sure,
But I have found it rather tame.
Although my reputation's pure,
No man has cared to ask my name.

I've never smoked a cigarette,
Or tasted whiskey, gin, or wine;
I've never learned to neck or pet—
No man invites me out to dine.

My eyes are far too well-behaved
To give a sly, inviting glance;
My soul is too completely saved—
No man would take me to a dance.

My type's well-night extinct, they say.
(I've headed all the "thou-shalt-nots")
And heaven is so far away—
I guess I'll have to change my spots.
—*Amy.*

THE W. C. MAIDEN'S PRAYER

To men from nearby U. N. C.
My lot has been confined;
To Chi Phi, Beta, D. K. E.,
Or Phi Delt, I'm resigned.
But Lord, I pray, deliver me
From the boy with the one-track mind!

His hands are amorous antennae,
His tactics unrefined;
He dates on late dates—after three
His goal is well defined.
Again I pray, deliver me
From the boy with the one-track mind!

—*Amy.*

Sign on Theatre: "Mae West in 'It Ain't No Sin'."

Sign on tabernacle across the street: "'Tis too." —*Navy Log.*

He: A nice girl shouldn't hold a young man's hand.

She: A nice girl has to.

—*Yellow Jacket.*

Tar Heel on Hand

GOLFER JIM TAIT HITS HOLE-IN-ONE

Gains Unusual Honor on Fourth Hole at Hope Valley

Playing on the Hope Valley course Friday afternoon, Jim "Duke" Tait, University senior, took a hefty swing on the fourth hole and racked up a hole-in-one to tell his friends about.

. . . . . .

We say it's "unusual" for a man—even Duke Tait—to make an ace on a hole that's 419 yards up hill. "Hefty swing"!! uh! You couldn't do it with a cannon, Duke. Sorry.

Committee Will Try to Make Girls Return to Rooms

Seven student administrative officers late yesterday afternoon discussed University dance regulations particularly the matter of girls being in their rooms two hours after each dance with President Graham, Dean Bradshaw, Dr. Bernard, and Mrs. Stacy.

. . . . . .

Dean Bradshaw, in interview, stated, "I'm afraid Mrs. Stacy will cramp our style."

Mr. Rogerson stated, "I'm quite sure that the girls will be quite safe with Dean Bradshaw, President Graham, and Dr. Bernard."

The others were in hiding, and could not be contacted. Anyway, we are more than glad to see the faculty go a little Bohemian.

Dance Group Lists Rules

The student body is reminded to observe the rules of the University dance committee this weekend, as well as all times. The regulations are listed as follows:

(1) No drinking allowed at dances.

(2) No smoking on dance floor.

(3) Girls cannot leave dance and return.

(4) *Girls must be in rooms two hours after dance.*

(5) Conduct must be good at all times at all dances.

(Signed) University Dance Committee.

. . . . . .

Whose rooms?

Village Election

Judge L. J. Phipps was elected yesterday to the post of recorder of Chapel Hill. He won a 368-183 victory over his opponent, Roy McGinnis.

Judge Phipps assisted the election officials in tabulating the returns.

Durham Engraving Company

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DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA

SENIOR COMPREHENSIVE

(Continued from page 21)

3. Tennyson wrote a poem called "Grave's Energy."

4. Poetic license is a document certifying that a person has so mastered polysyllabic language that he can be dubbed a "poet."

5. Free verse is poetry written by poets who would rather write than eat—like unto the Buccaneer contributors.

GEOGRAPHY AND GEOLOGY

1. The Pyramids are a range of mountains between France and Spain.

2. The three highest mountains in Scotland are Ben Nevis, Ben Lomond and Ben Jonson.

3. The South of the U. S. A. grows oranges, figs, melons and a great quantity of preserved fruits, especially tinned meats.

4. The population of New England is too dry for farming.

5. The tides are caused by the sun drawing the water out and the moon drawing it in again.

6. Wind is air in a hurry.

7. Arabia has many syphoons and very bad ones; it gets into your hair even with your mouth shut.

8. Gravitation is that which if there were none we should all fly away.

9. A vacuum is a large empty space where the Pope lives.

10. Vapor is dried water.

11. Some of the West India Islands are subject to torpedoes.

12. The Zodiac is the zoo of the sky, where lions, goats and other animals go after they are dead.

13. An equinox is a man who lives near the North Pole.

14. The two races living in the north of Europe are Esquimaux and Archangels.

MATHEMATICS

1. Geometry teaches us how to bisex angels.

2. An angle is a triangle with only two sides.

3. A Linear Function is the distribution of self-help work at U. N. C.

4. Sixty secants make a minute.

CASE OF THE SUN-TANNED CORPSE

Mrs. Jones was dead. She was placed in state in the front room for her neighbors to pay their last respects before she was taken to the cemetery.

"How wonderful she looks!" one of them said sympathetically.

"And why shouldn't she?" demanded Mr. Jones. "She spent all of last winter in Miami."

—Punch Bowl.

The street car stopped at the intersection.

"All aboard," yelled the conductor from the front of the car.

"Wait!" cried a feminine voice. "Wait until I get my clothes on."

The naked girl came down the aisle. We had all expected a negress with a bundle of laundry.

—Tiger.

I WILL NOT TELL A LIE

Little Lucy had just returned from the children's party and had been called into the living room to be exhibited before the tea guests.

"Tell the ladies what mama's little darling did at the party," urged the proud mother.

"I frowed up," said little Lucy.

—Dr. Miles' Calendar.

TRUST IN ME

Clerk, to a suspicious looking couple in the hotel lobby: 'I don't believe you people are married after all."

Lady: "Sir, if my husband were only here he would make you swallow those words."

A lad looking through a telescope muttered, "Gawd." "Gwan," said his friend, "it ain't that powerful."

—Sour Owl.

RESIGNATION

Strong, silent men can always make me
Tear my hair;
And gabby runts often take me
Here and there.

Sometimes this being quite impartial
Seems enervating;
Still, though the whole thing's rather farcial,
I keep on dating. *—Amy.*

Strowd Motor Company Says—

What would you say

The same Ford car
Blue on Monday—

Then to a rosy red on weekends?
Crazy! I hope.

When others say in body construction "Steel alone is not enough"

In motors "so good it doesn't need replacing"

In economy "85 H.P. yet peak economy."

What do you say?

$1.00 to each first five giving correct answer in one word. Printers and publishers of Buccaneer excluded.

Bruce Strowd

Ford & Esso Products since 1914

Thanks a lot for your business.

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PET ICE CREAM

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Special wholesale prices for fraternities and other groups

Durham Road Dairy

Opposite the Carolina Theatre

THANKS TO VIRGINIA CAVALIER

It was intermission at the dance and everybody came inside for some fresh air.

"I hear that Smith refuses to speak to Jones any more. What's the trouble?"

"Well Jones' wife had girl twins, and they both look like Smith."

"Yeah, but Smith is sore."

"Yeah, he wanted boys."

—*Georgia Tech Yellow Jacket.*

The A. T. O. house sent their curtains to the cleaners. One morning the following note arrived from Mrs. Bason's next door:

Dear Sirs,

May we suggest that you procure curtains. We do not care for a course in anatomy.

They were highly insulted on receiving the following answer:

Dear Girls,

May we suggest that the course is entirely optional.

"Father O'Connor," one of the young men of the congregation was asking the preacher, "what type of enjoyment did you have during your four years in a monastery?"

"Nun." —*Medley.*

Little Audrey had a little baby, but she laughed and laughed and laughed, as she didn't care, because she knew that Italian Balm would take the little chap off her hands.

—*Punch Bowl.*

"There was a thief in my room last night and I thought it was my husband."

"Did he get anything?"

"Well, I didn't miss anything."

—*Yellow Jacket.*

"Have you heard how a bustle and an historical romance are alike?"

"No, how?"

"Both are fictitious tales, based on stern reality."

EVICTUS

Out of the dirt that covers me,
Black as the ink from front to back,
I thank whatever scribes may be
For each blood-thirsty censor's sack.

In the fell clutch of circumstance,
I have not weakened nor modified;
Under the faculty's critical glance,
My humor tho tested, will never subside.

Beyond this office of wails and tears
Looms the date of the campus thrill;
And so, the history of the years
Finds, and shall find, me published still.

It matters little how foul the rumor,
I publish it with never a fear;
For I am the spirit of Tar Heel humor;
I am forever—The Buccaneer!

—*D. M. Kerley.*

FREE! A Box of Life Savers for the Best Wisecrack!

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?

Send it in to your editor. You may wisecrack yourself into a free prize box of Life Savers!

For the best line submitted each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication. The right to publish any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions of the editors will be final. The winning wisecrack will be published the following month along with the lucky winner's name.

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